

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

10006-306
JUNE

introducing

PEBBLES



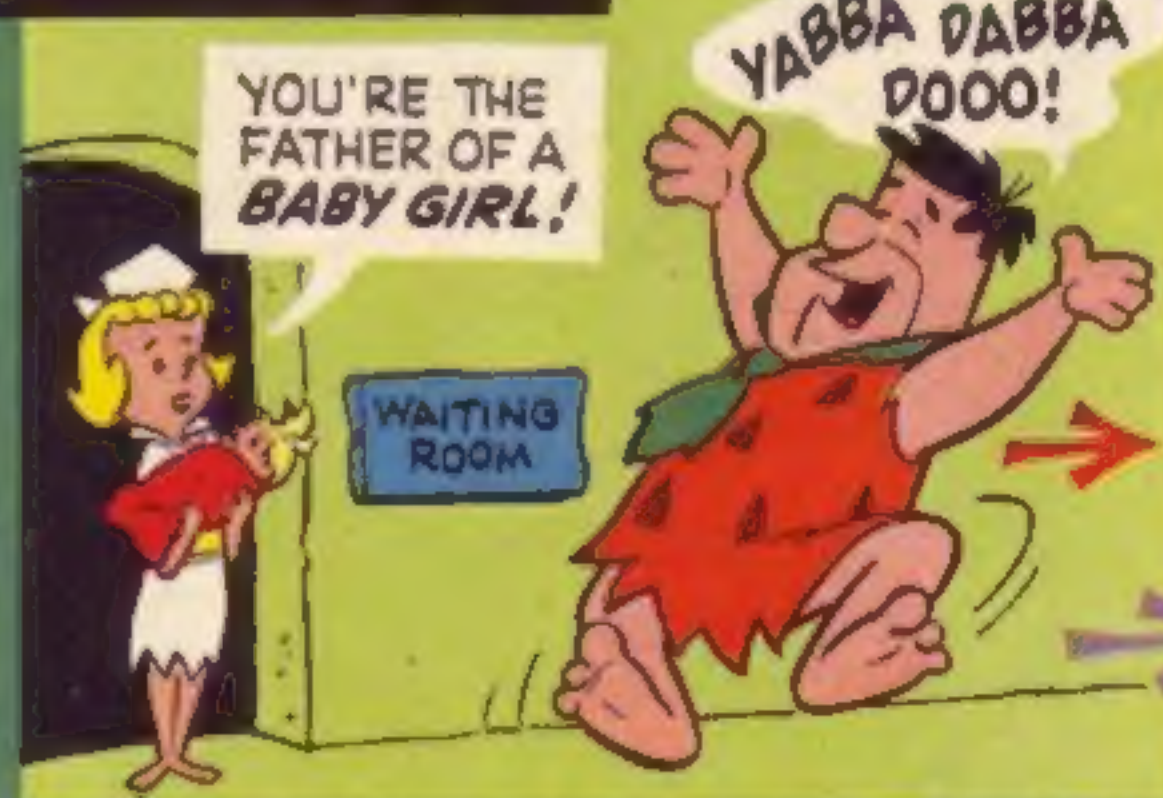
ONE DAY...



SOMETIME LATER...



AND FINALLY...



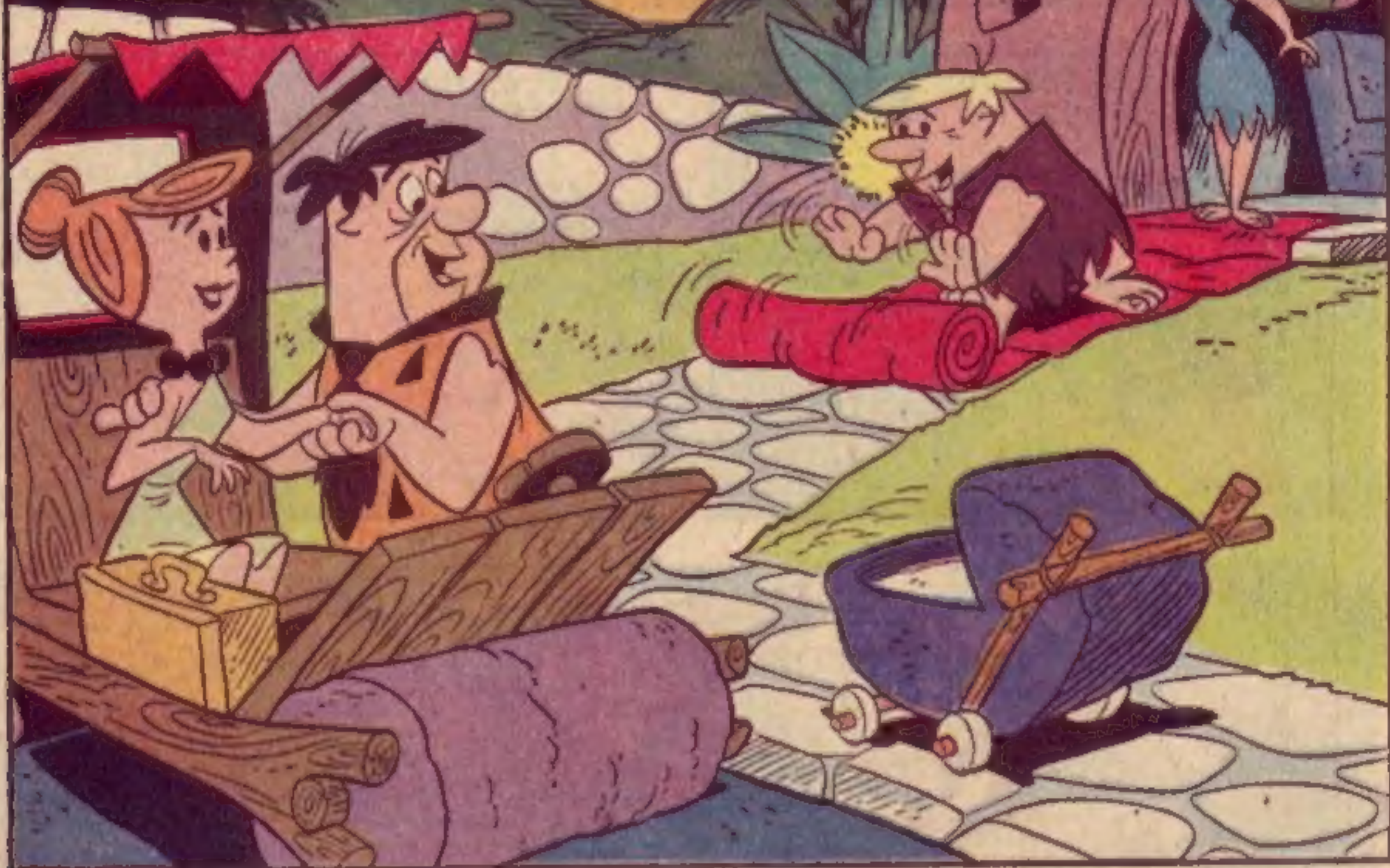
CONTINUED INSIDE ➡

Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES
 INTRODUCING
PEBBLES

CONTINUED FROM
 FRONT COVER

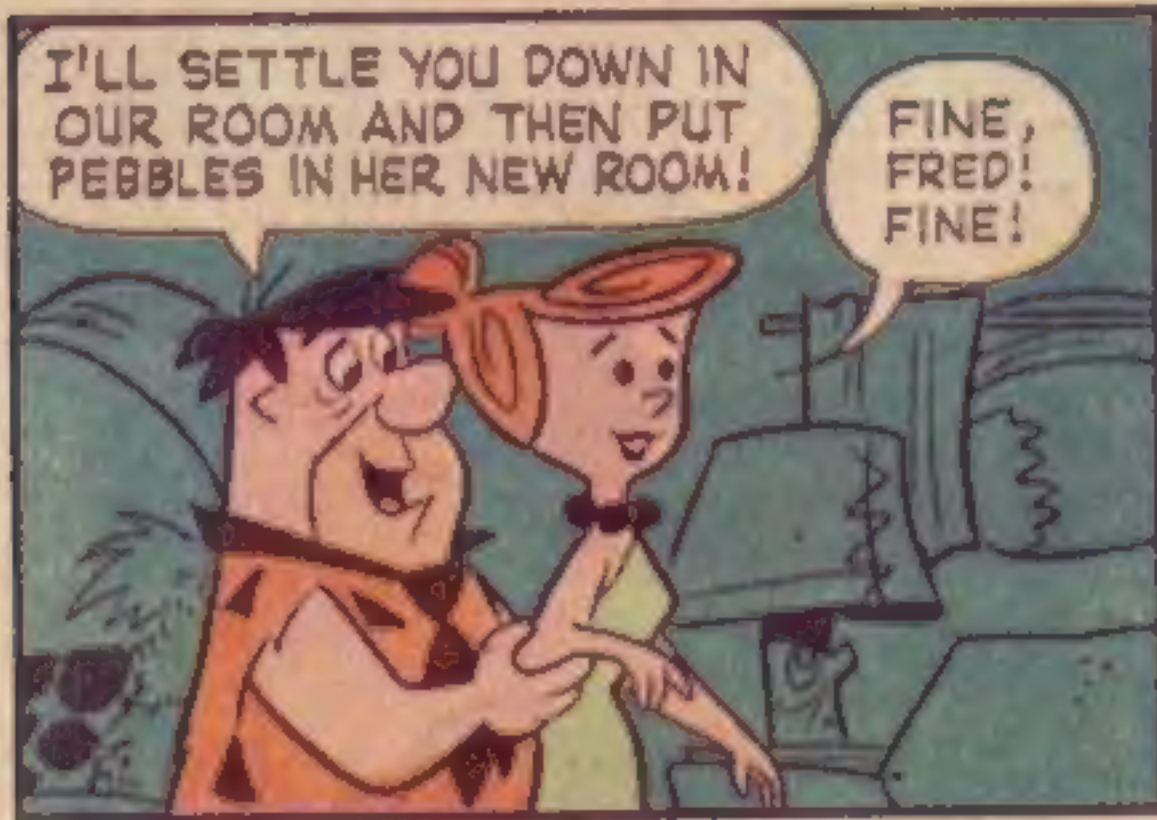
TA, DA!
 ANNOUNCING
 THE ARRIVAL
 OF PEBBLES
 FLINTSTONE!

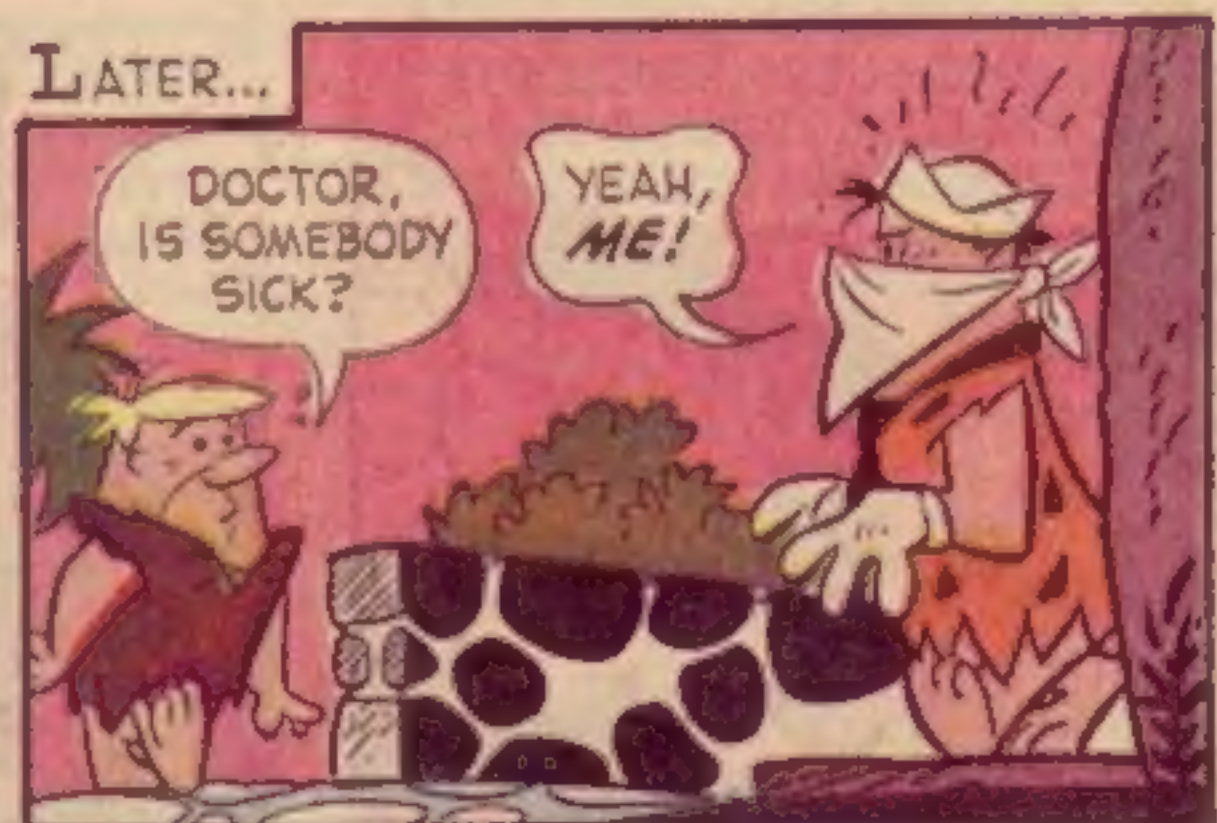
WELCOME HOME, FRED AND
 WILMA! AND ESPECIALLY
 WELCOME HOME TO LITTLE
 PEBBLES!

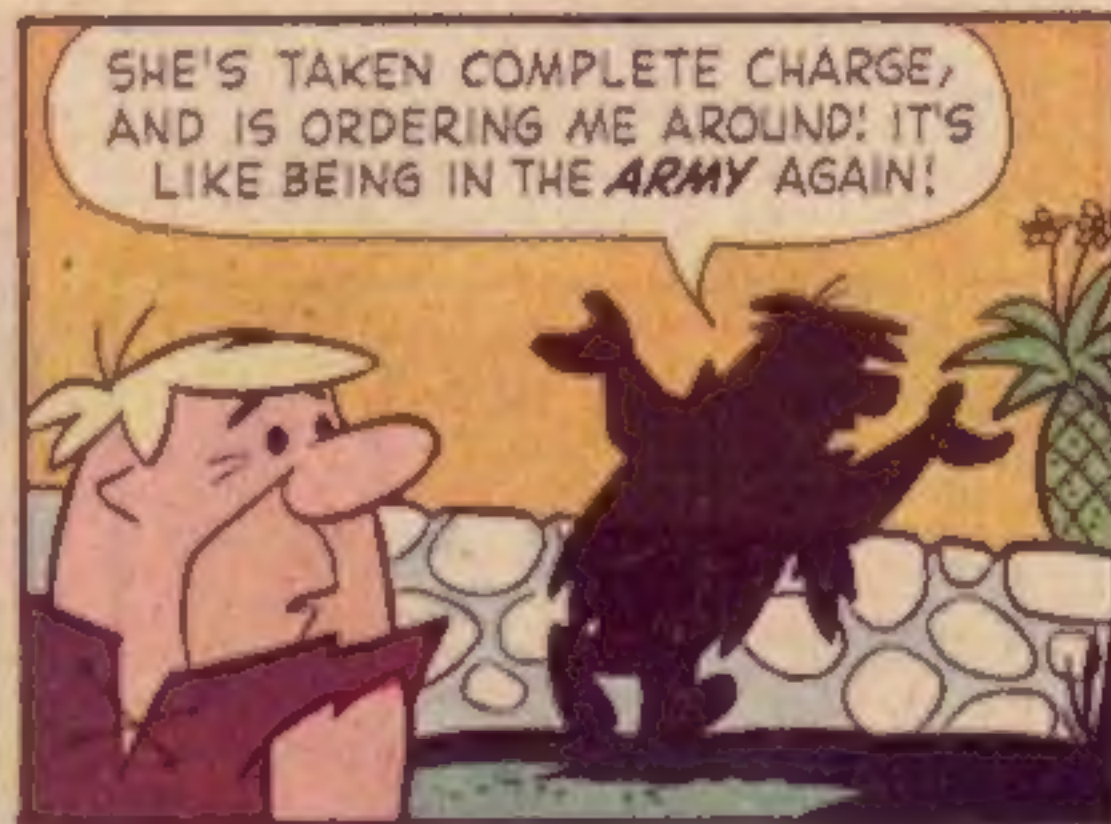


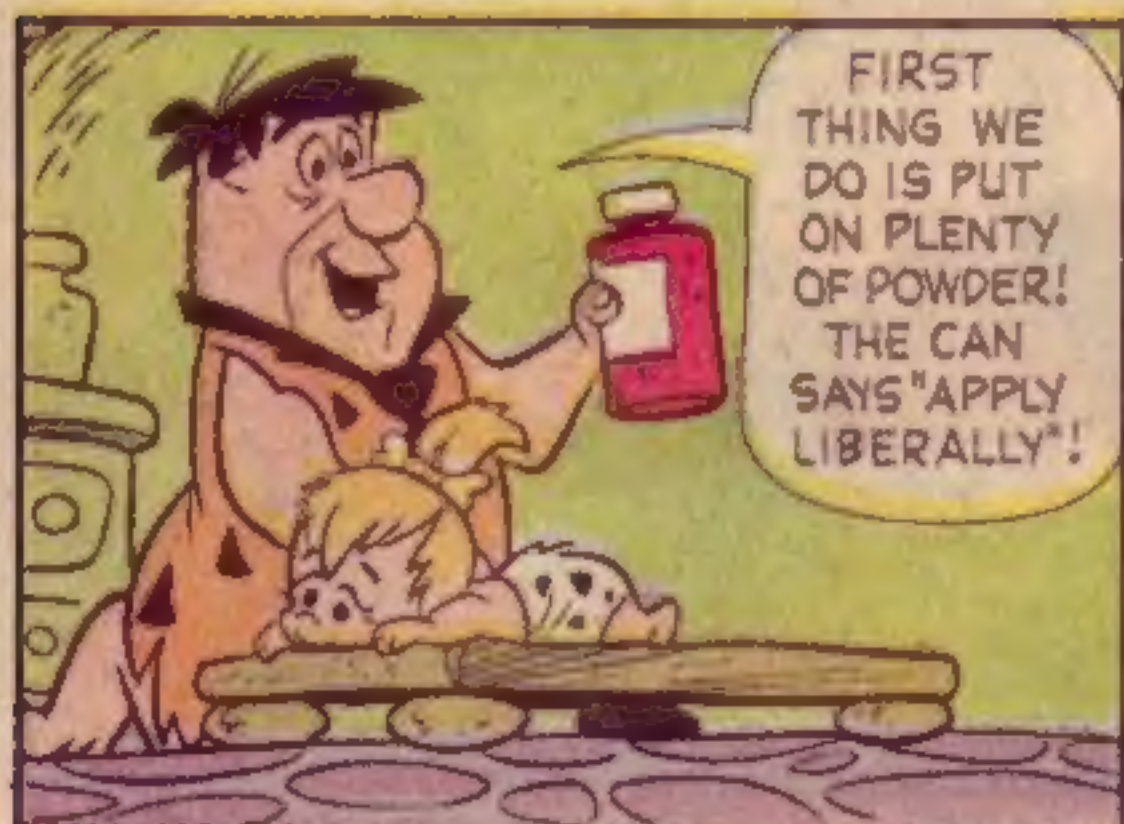
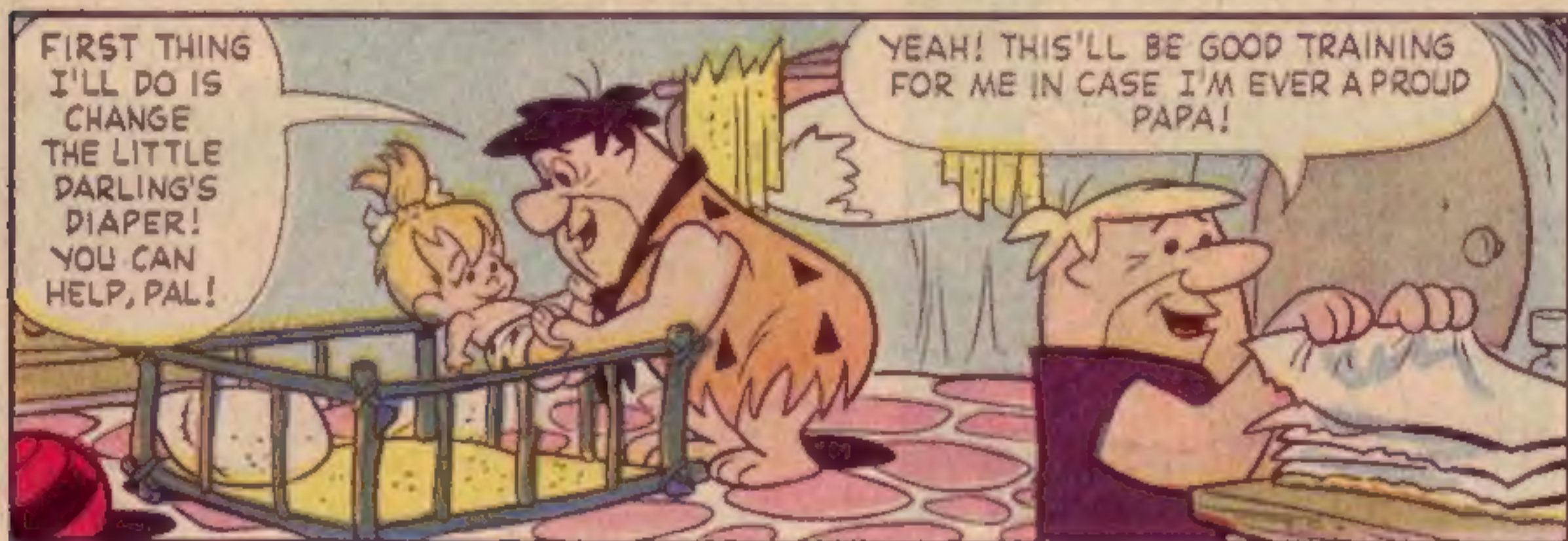
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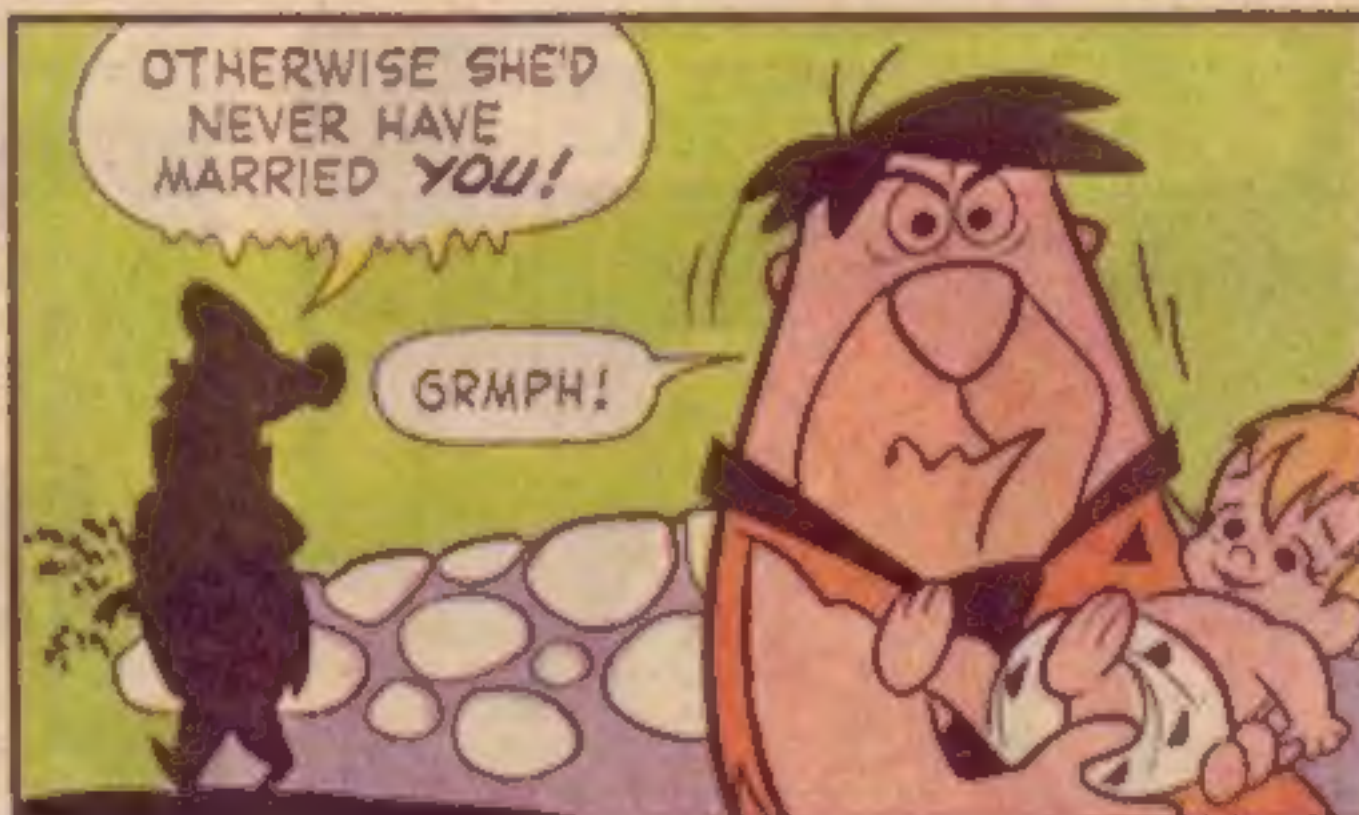














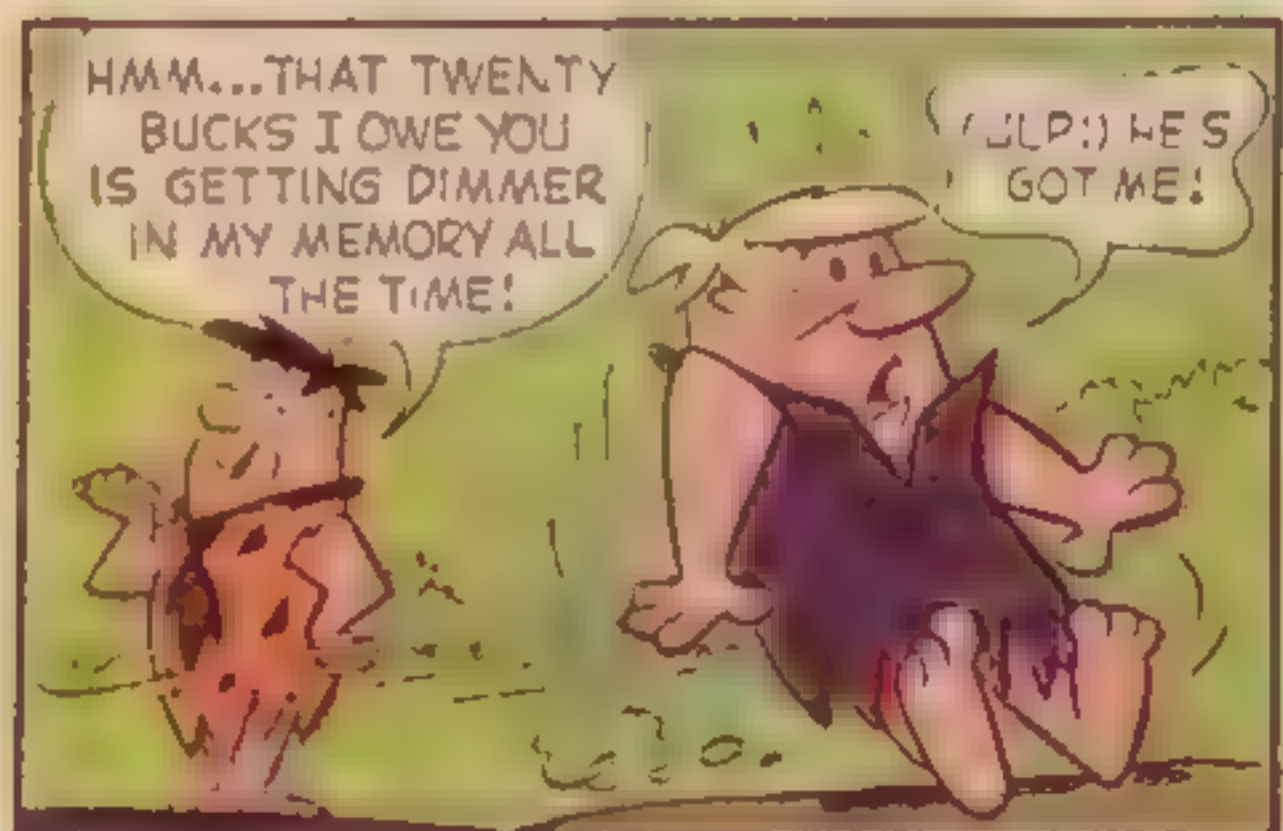
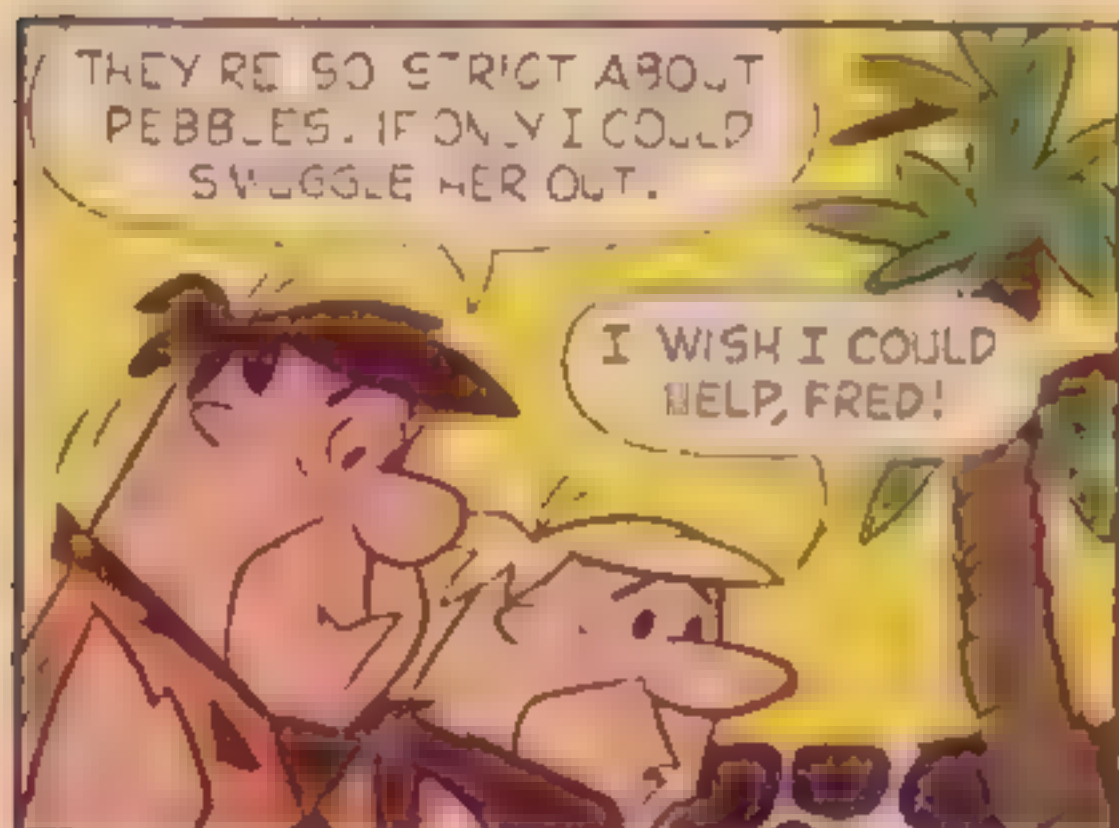
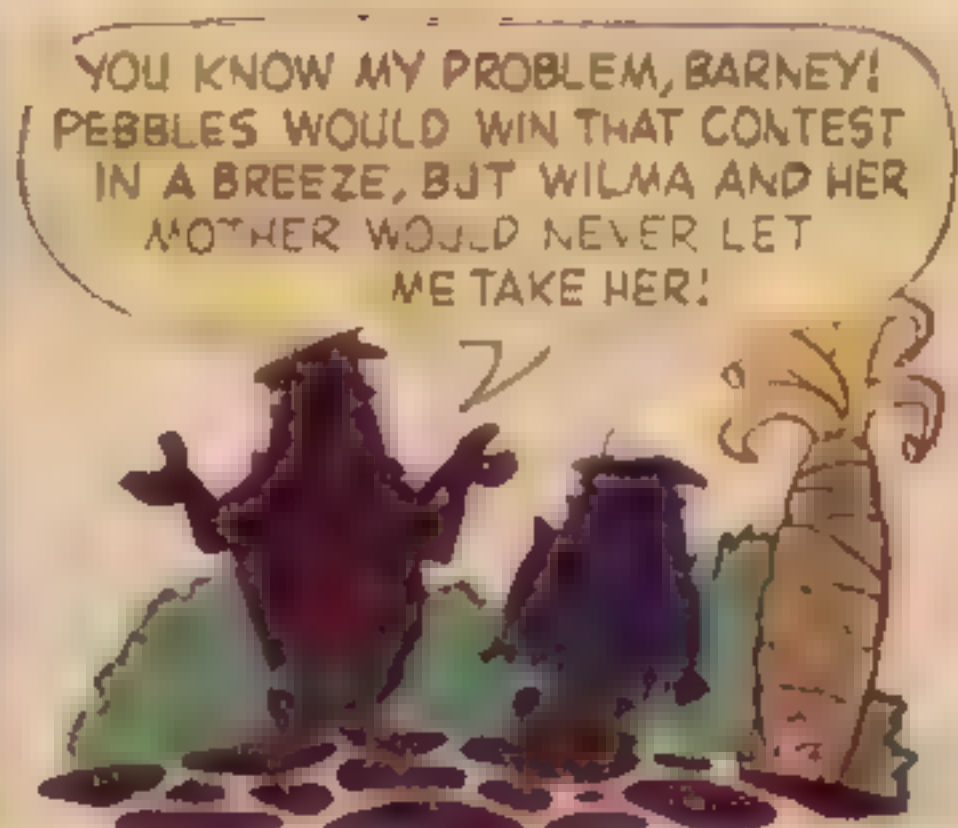


SO THINGS ARE PEACEFUL AT THE FLINTSTONE HOUSE... BUT IT'S ANOTHER STORY AT WORK...

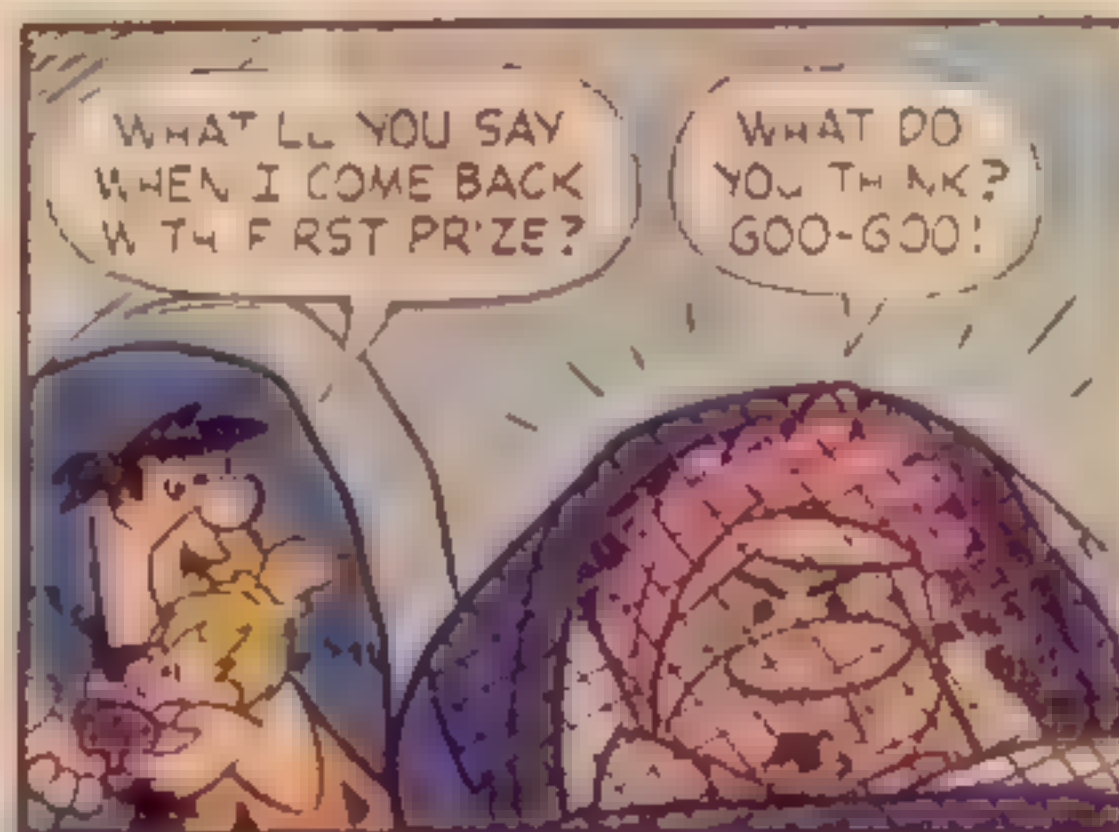
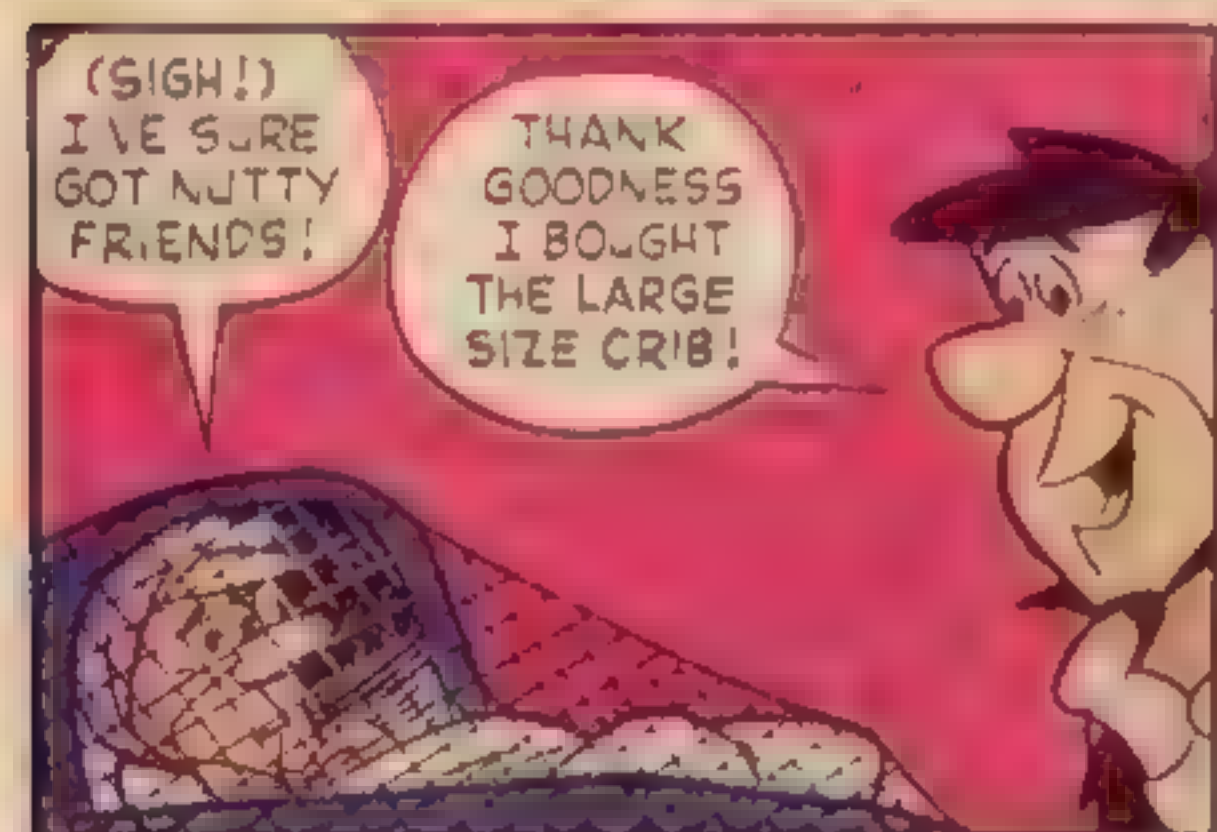
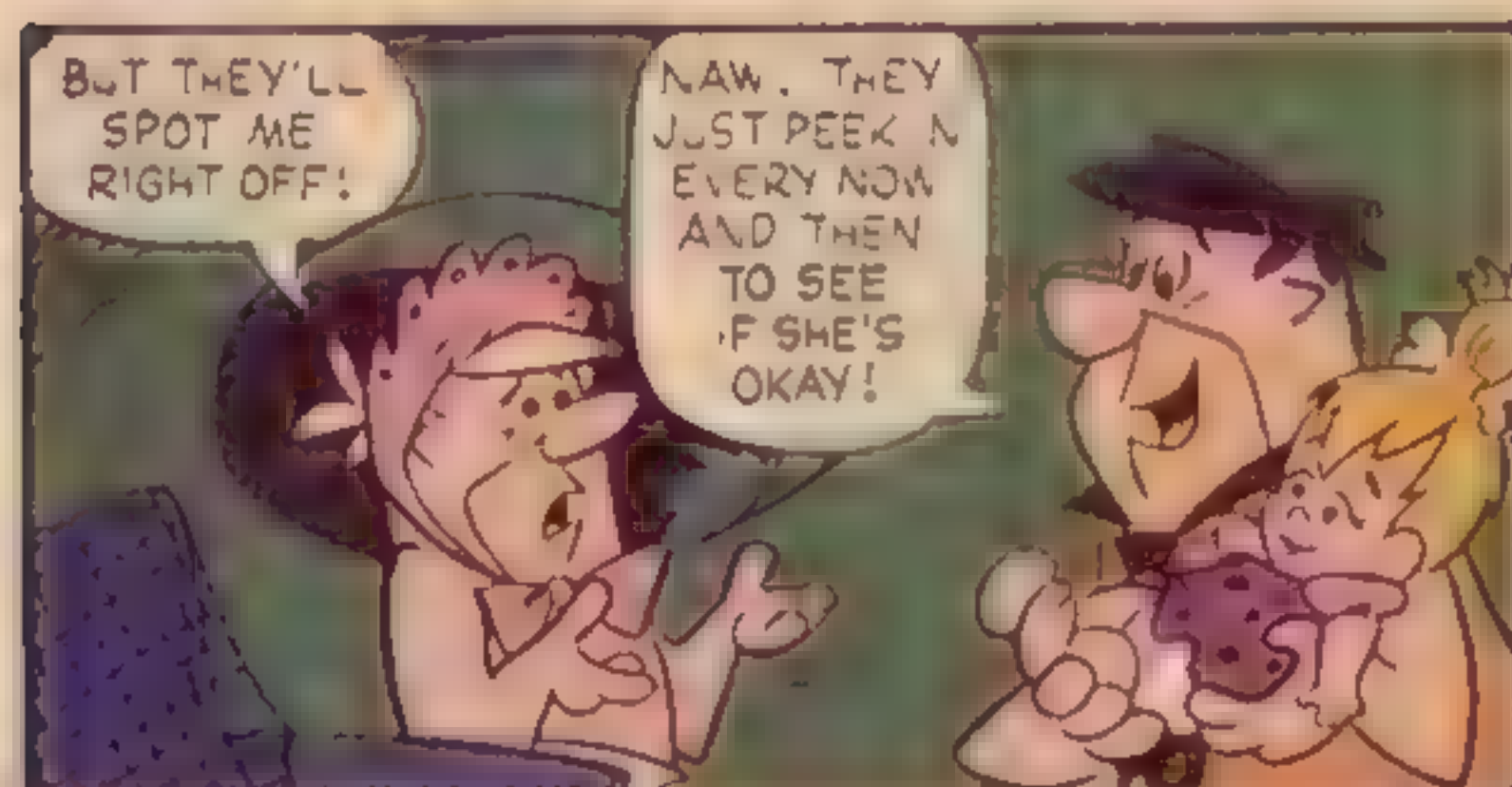
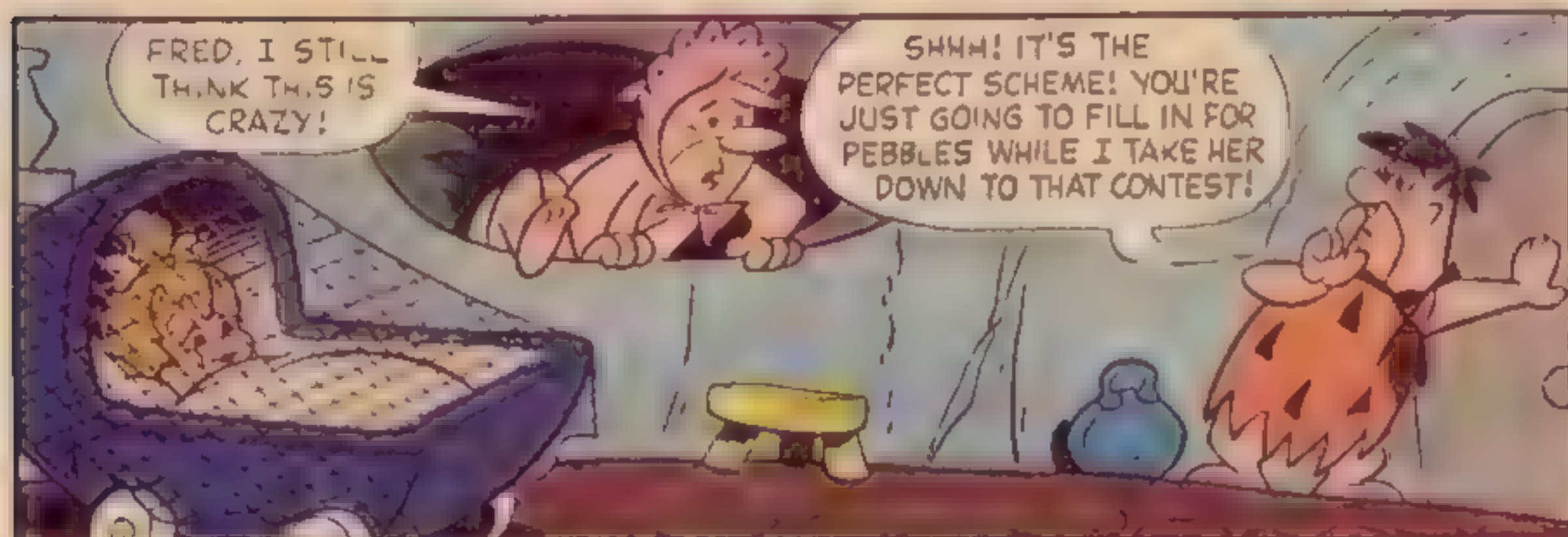
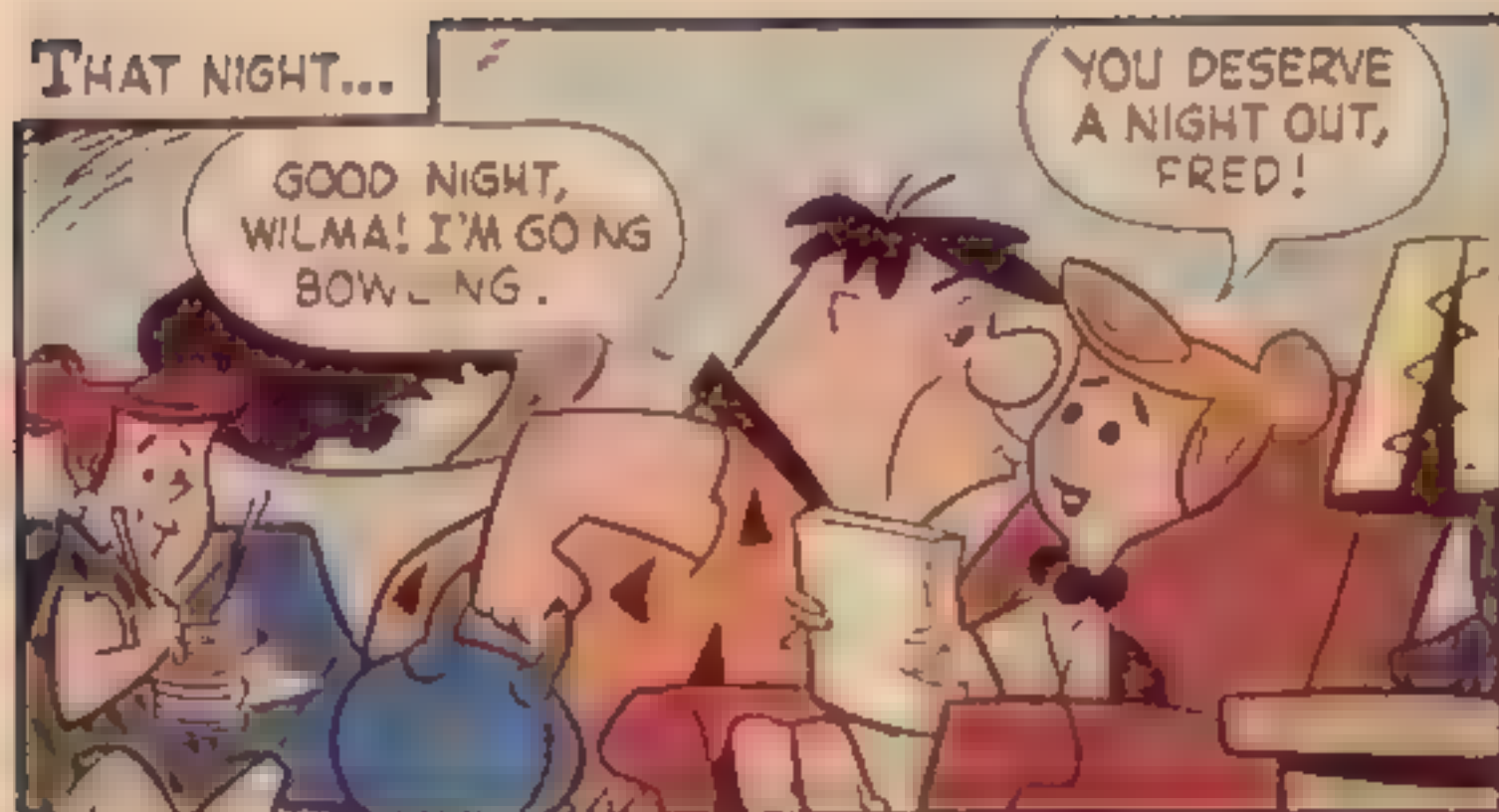


AFTER WORK...





THAT NIGHT...

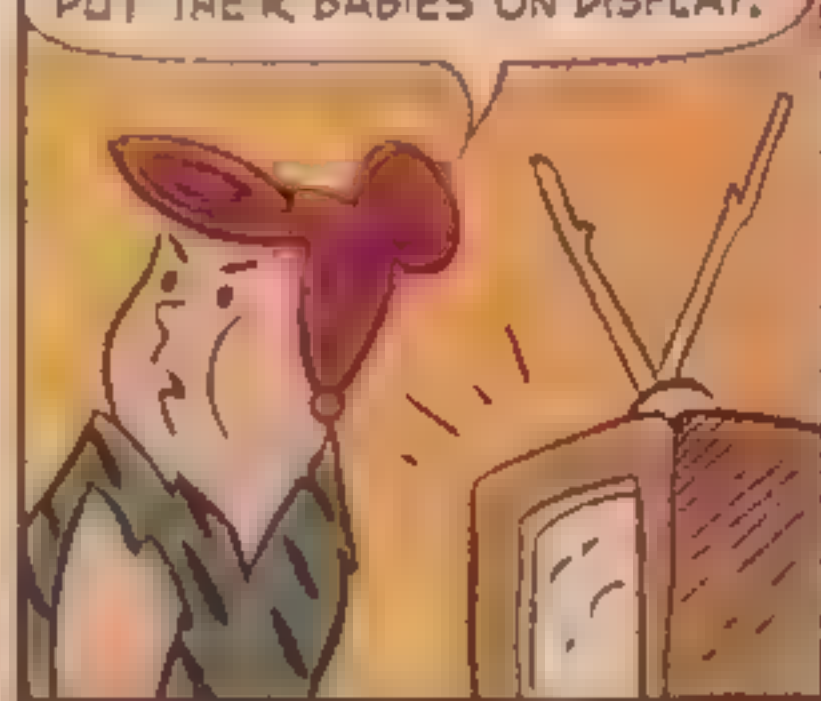
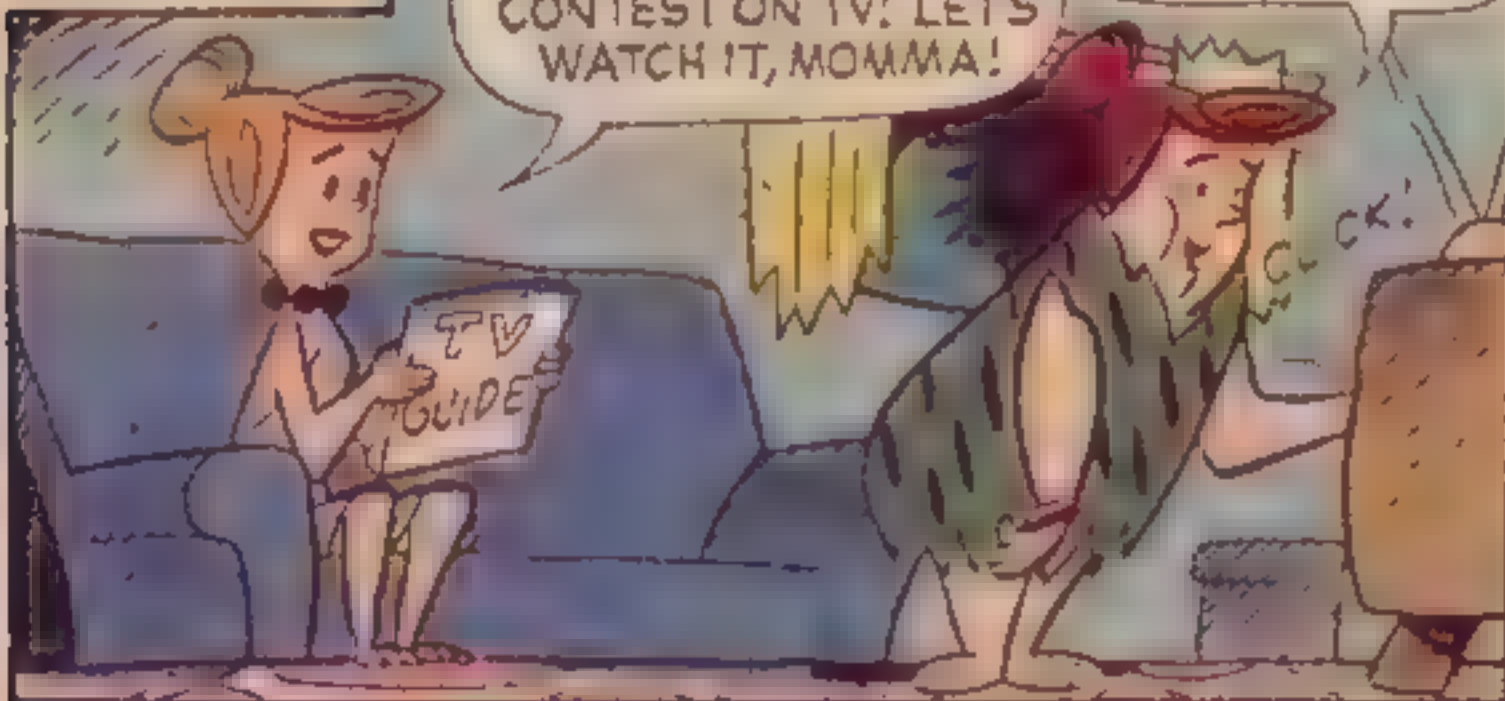


SHORTLY...

OH, A BABY BEAUTY CONTEST ON TV! LET'S WATCH IT, MOMMA!

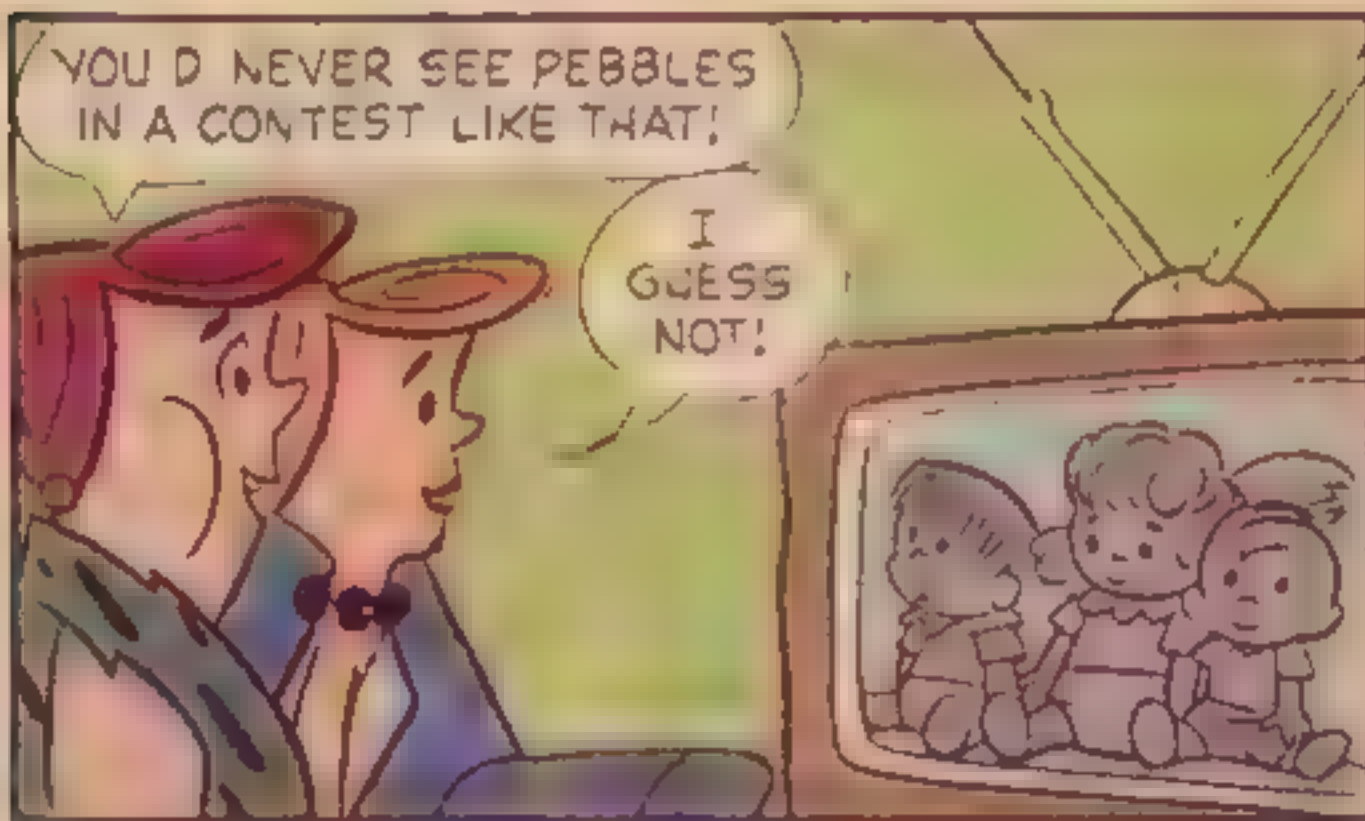
ALL RIGHT, DEAR.

HMPH! HOW CAN MOTHERS PUT THEIR BABIES ON DISPLAY?



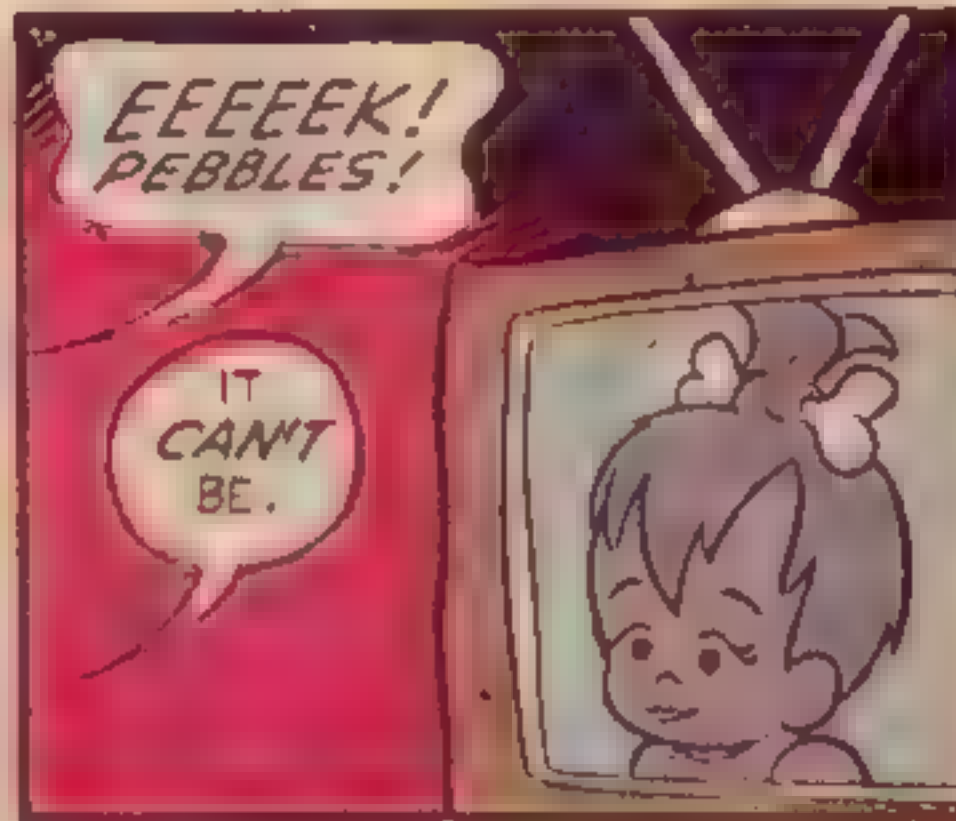
YOU'D NEVER SEE PEBBLES IN A CONTEST LIKE THAT!

I GUESS NOT!



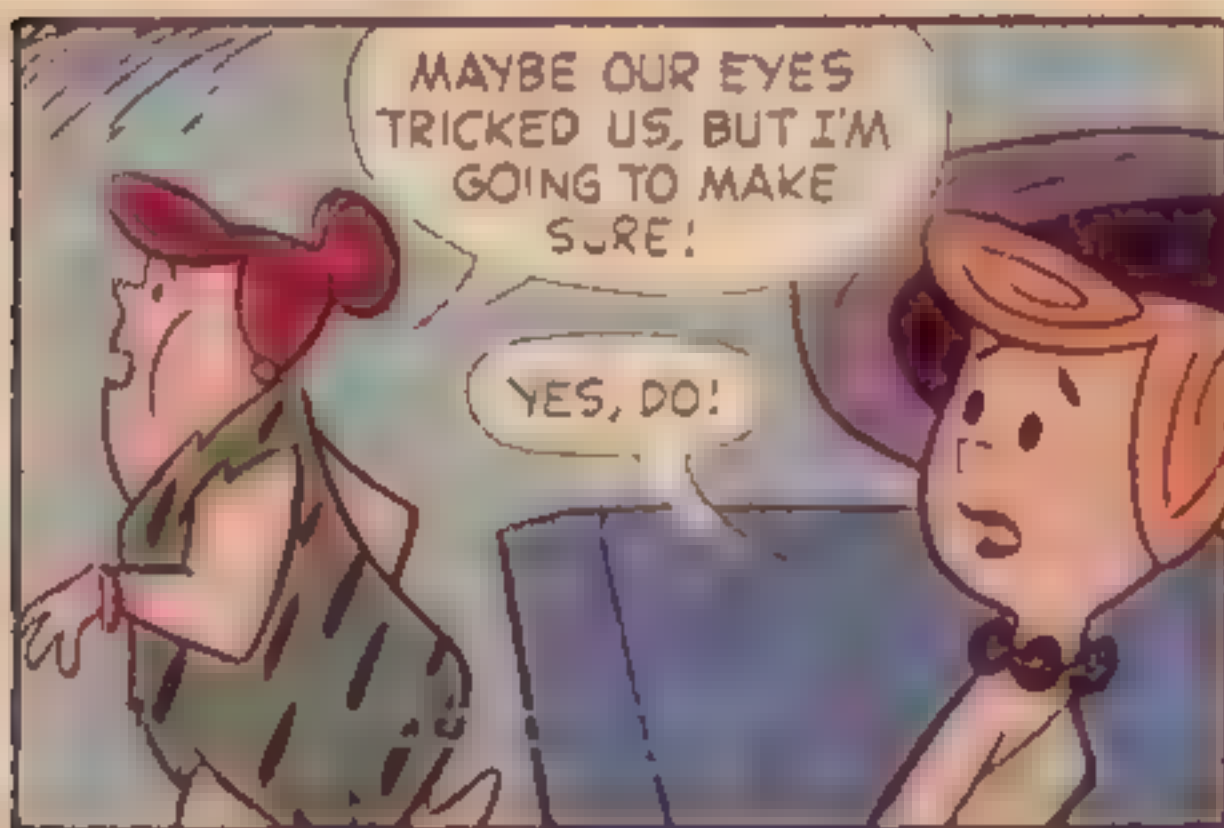
EEEEEEK! PEBBLES!

IT CAN'T BE.



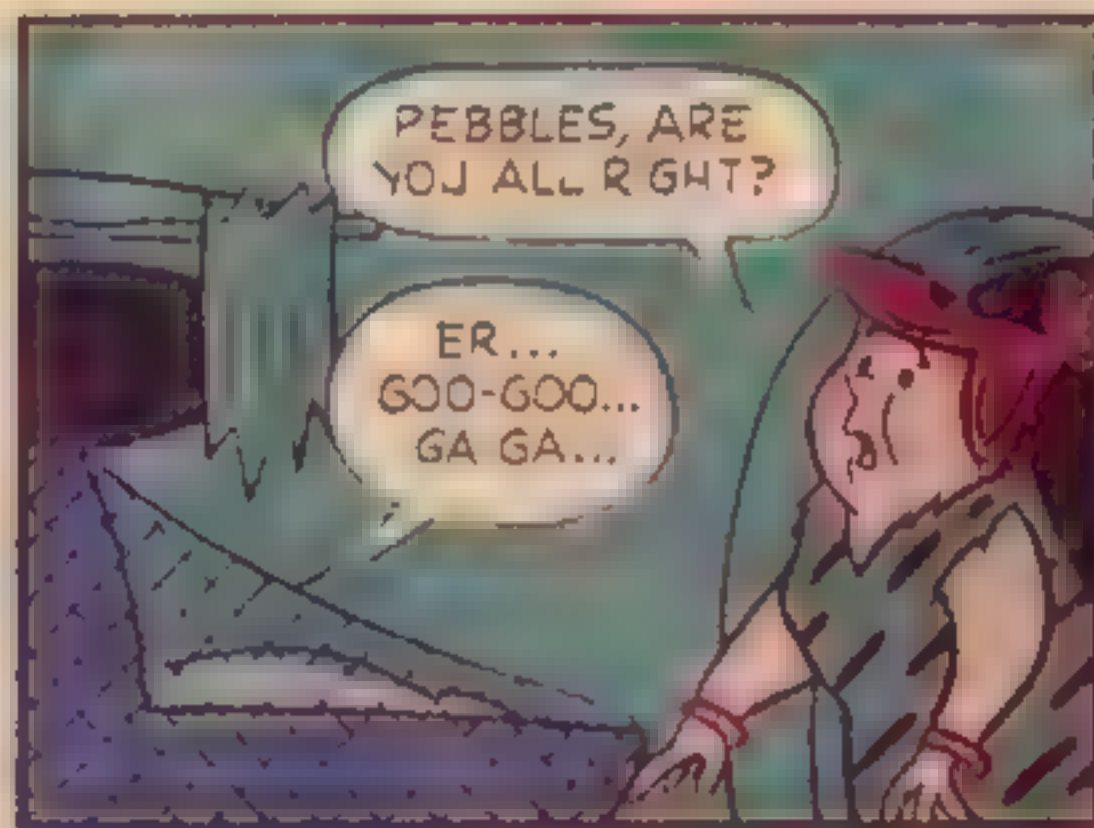
MAYBE OUR EYES TRICKED US, BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE!

YES, DO!



PEBBLES, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

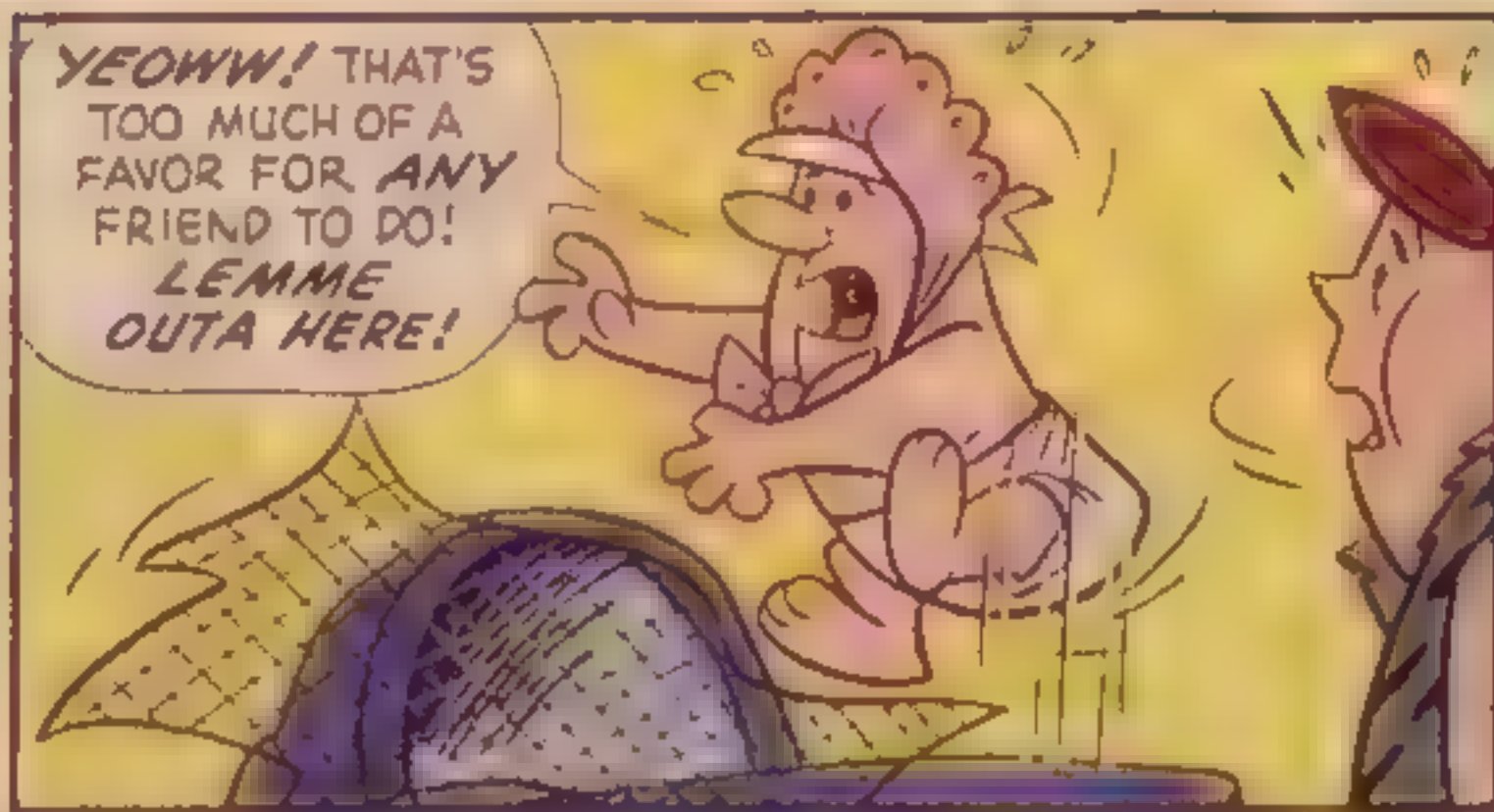
ER... GOO-GOO... GA GA...

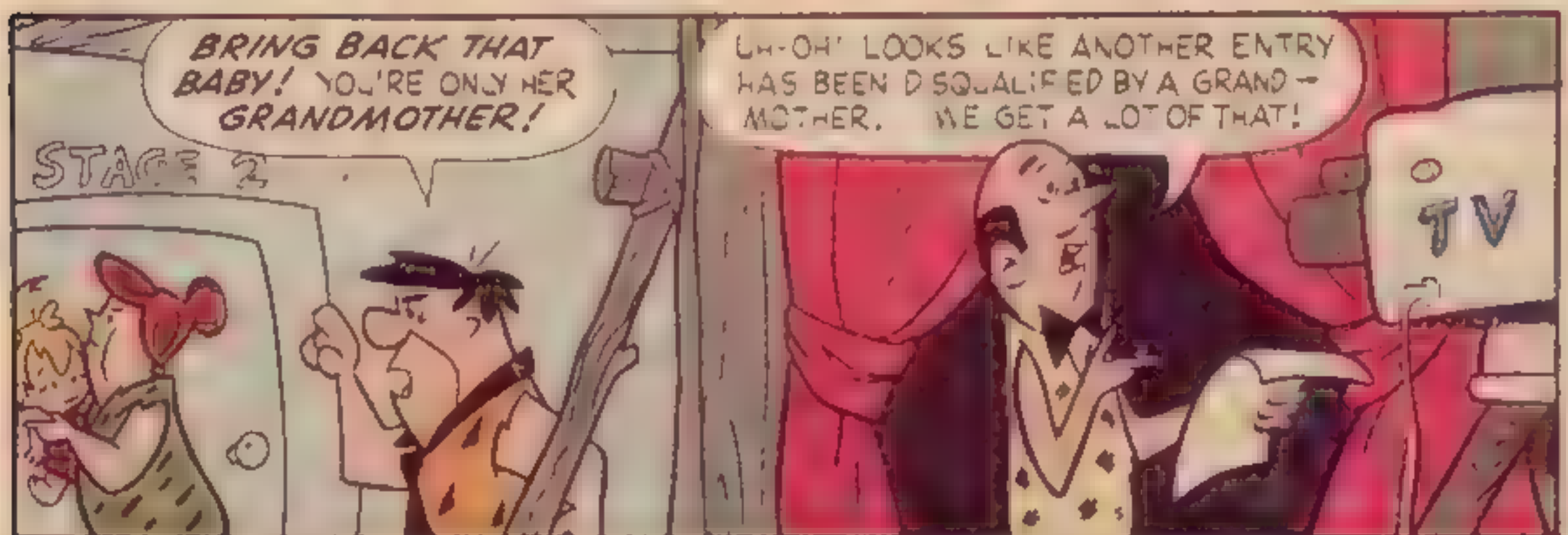
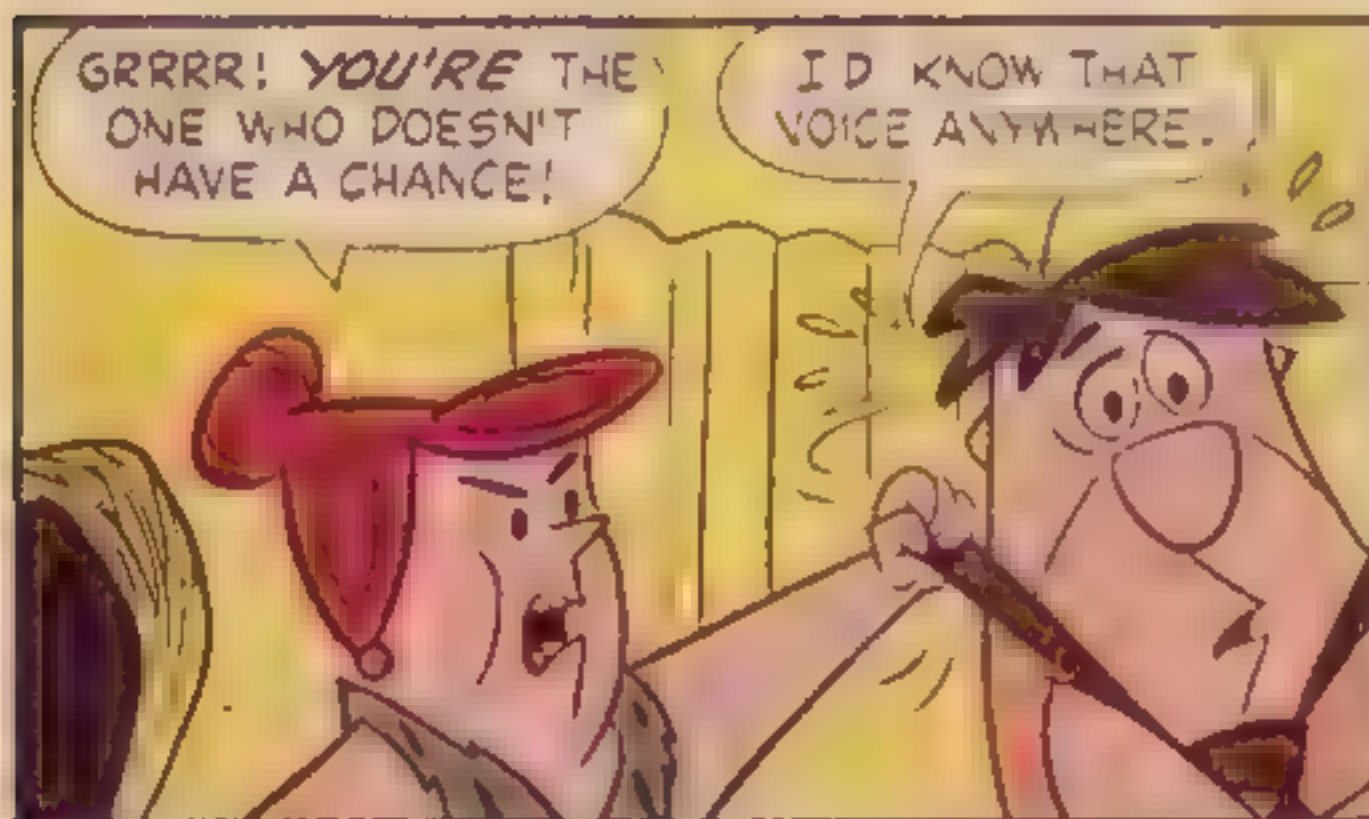
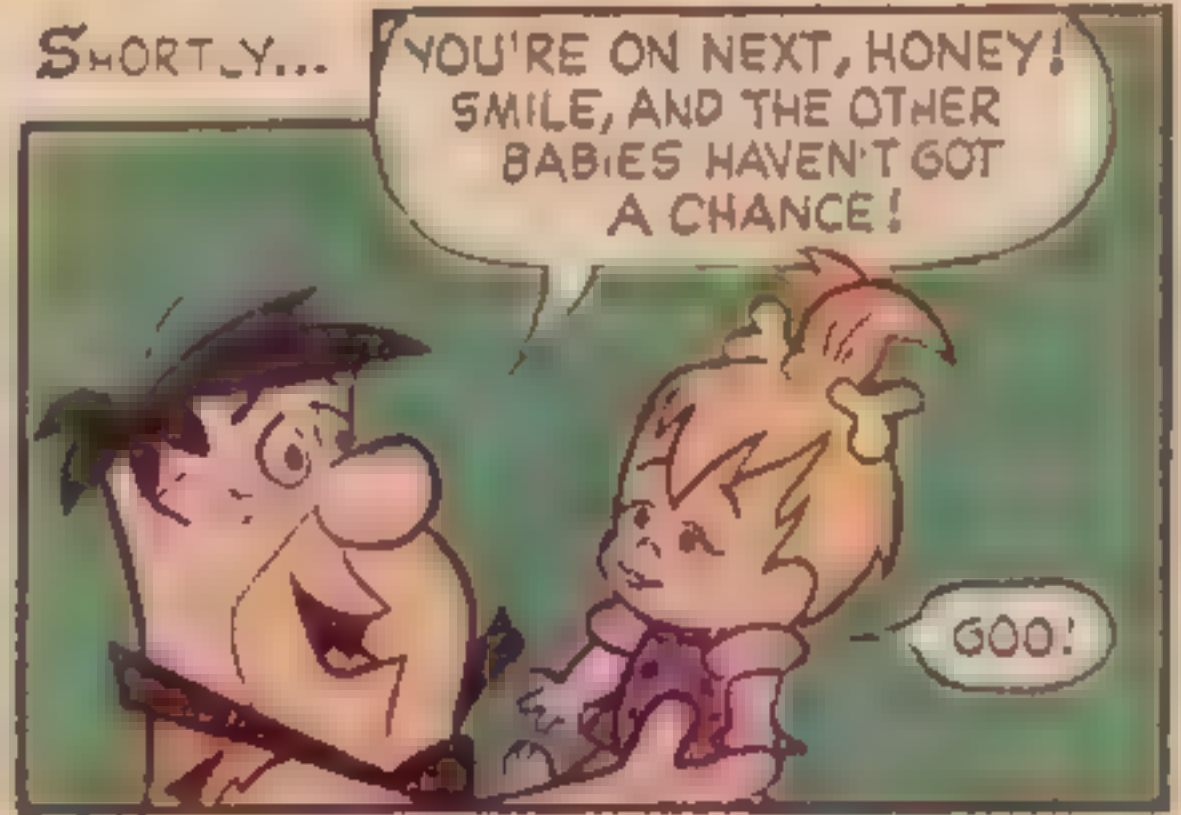
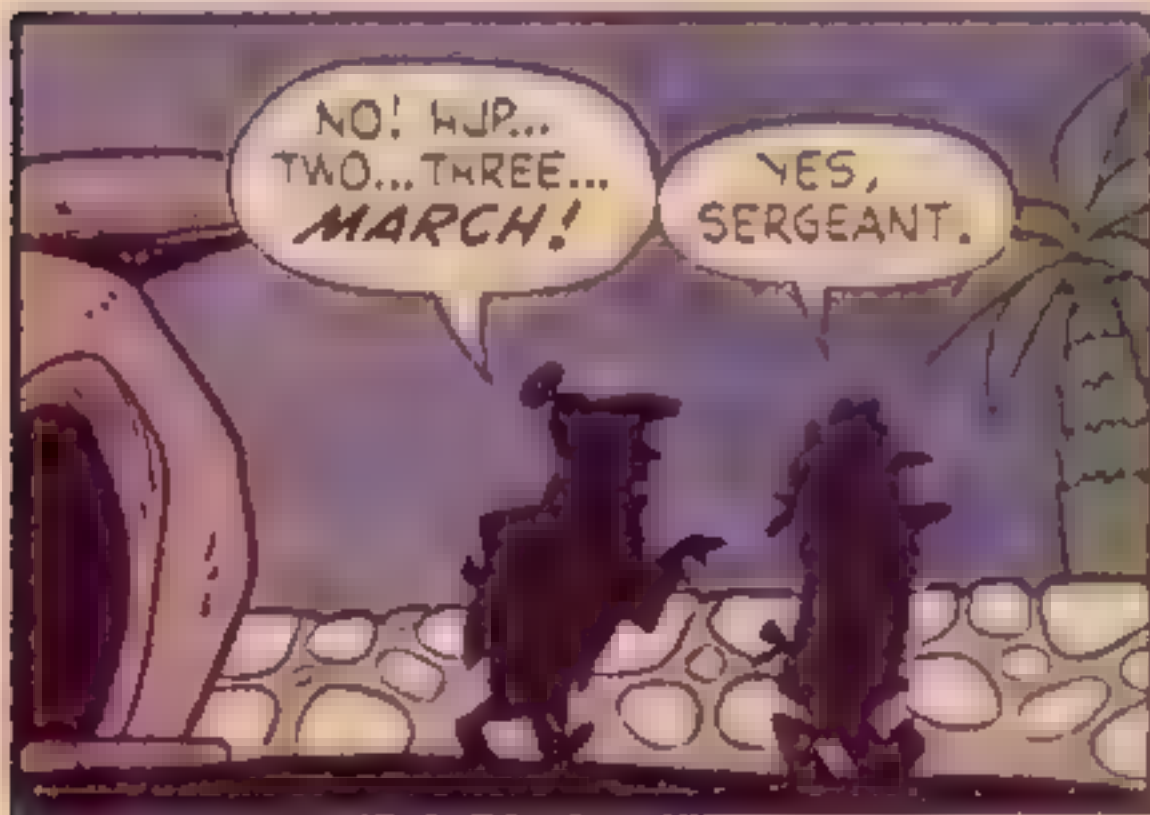
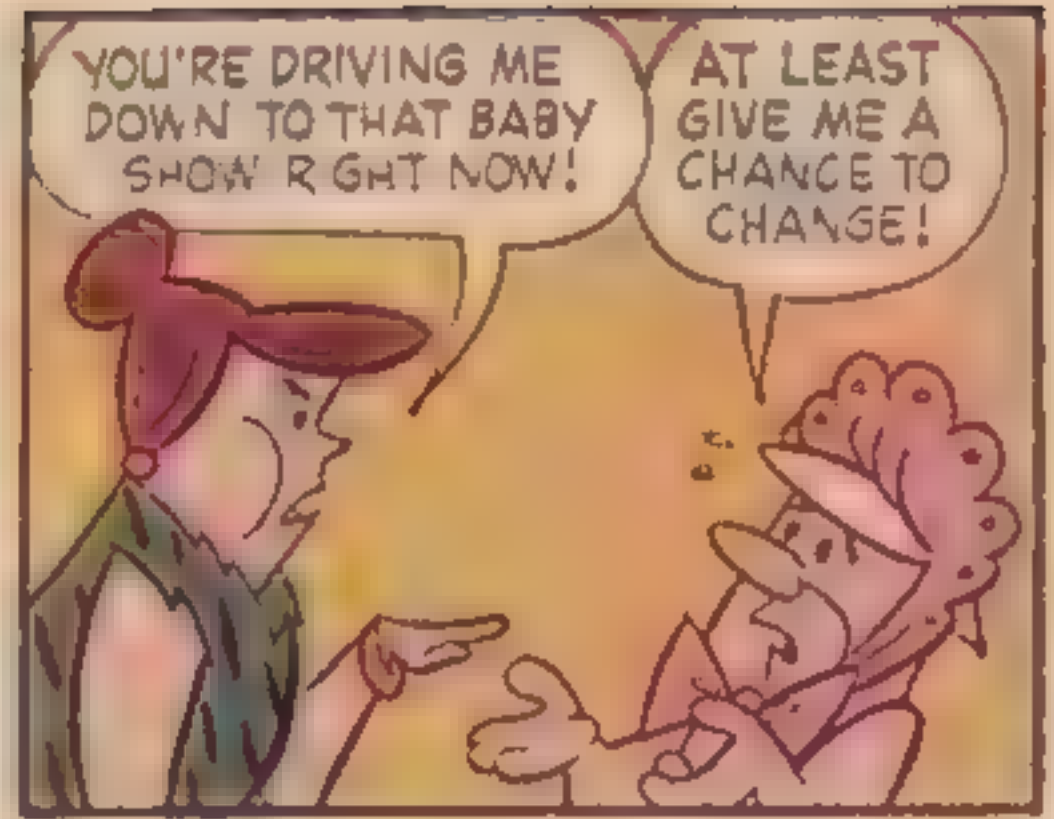
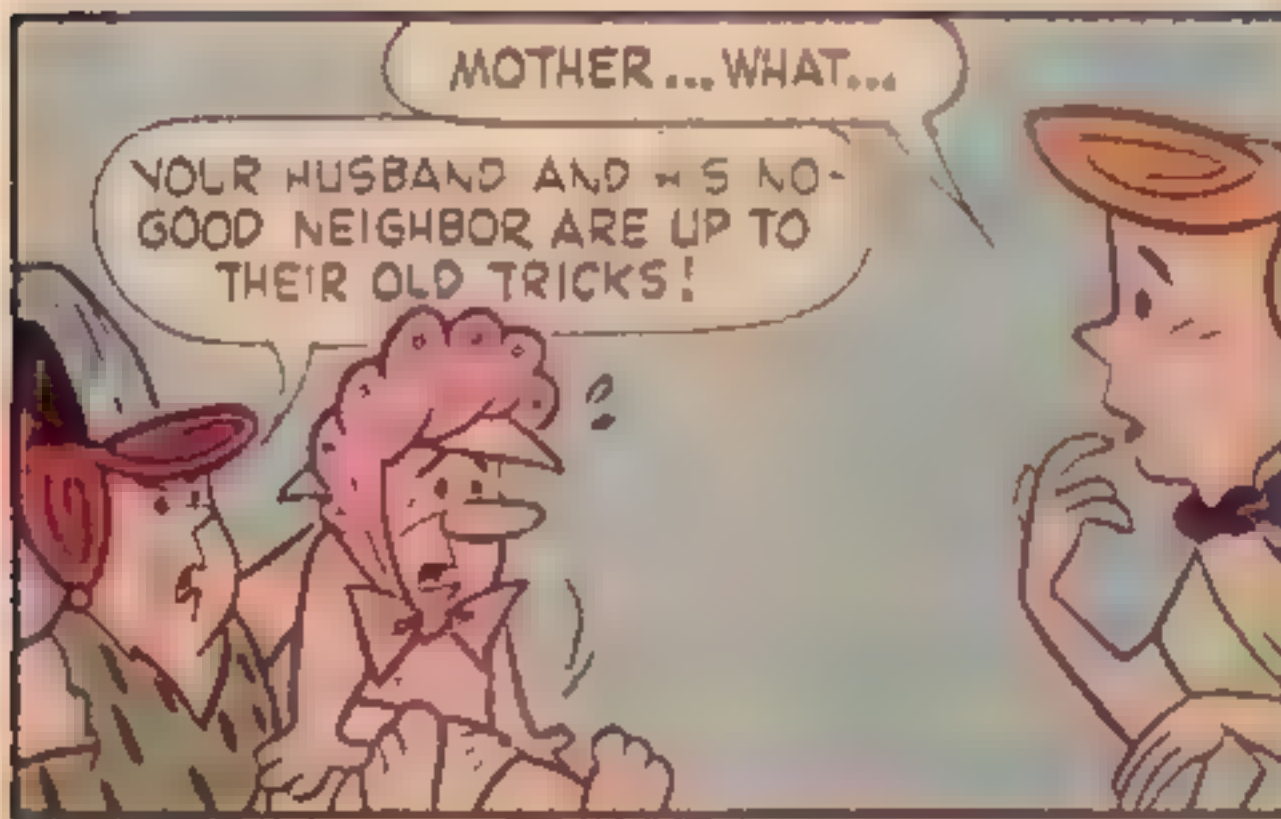


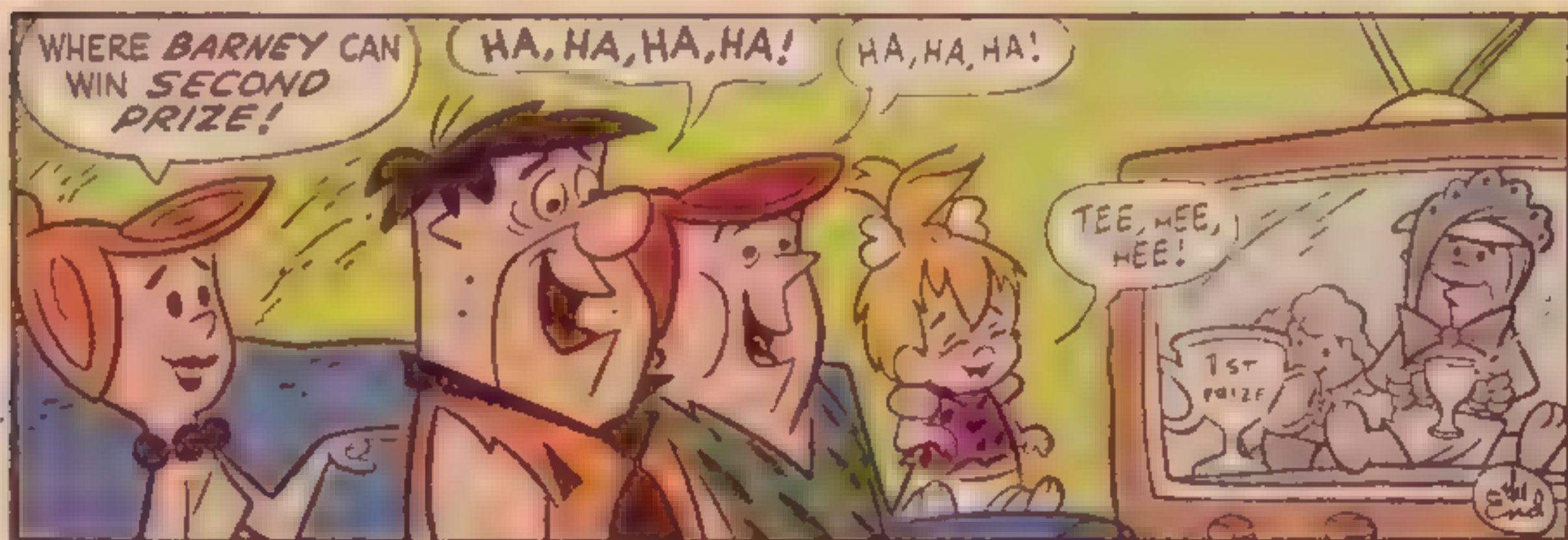
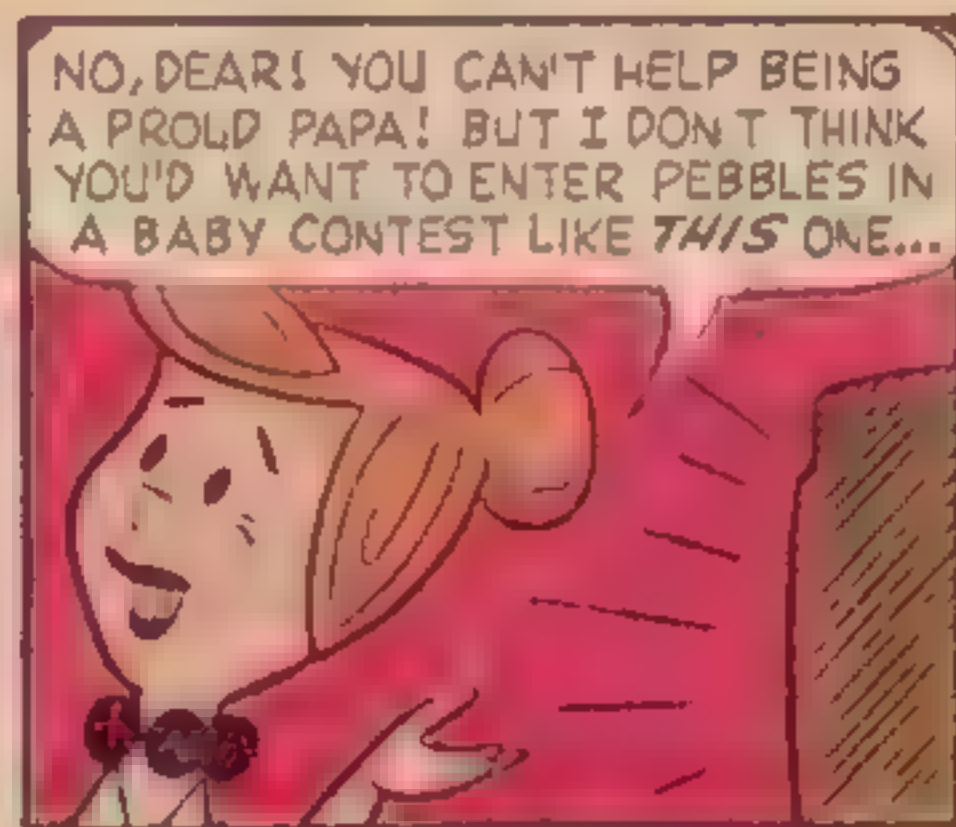
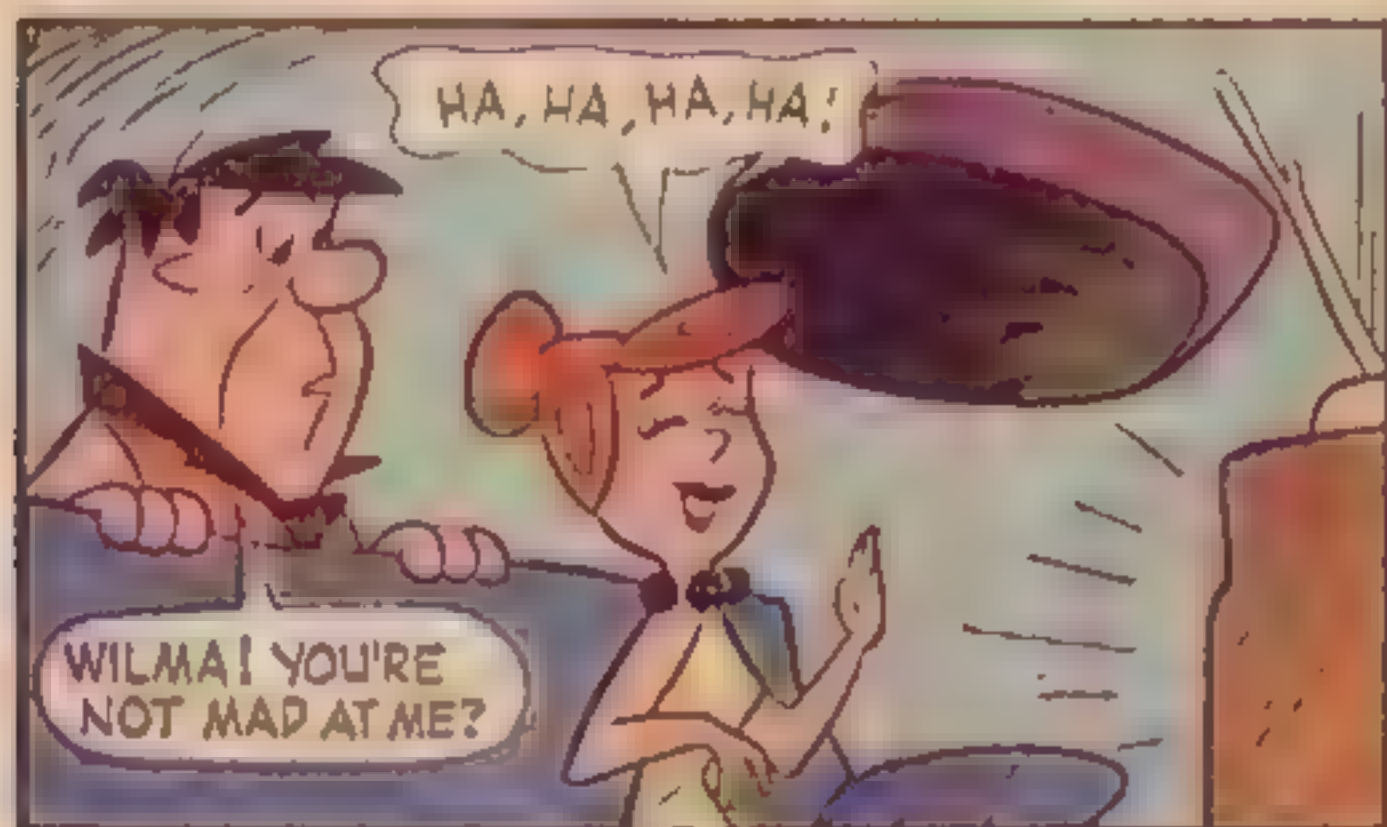
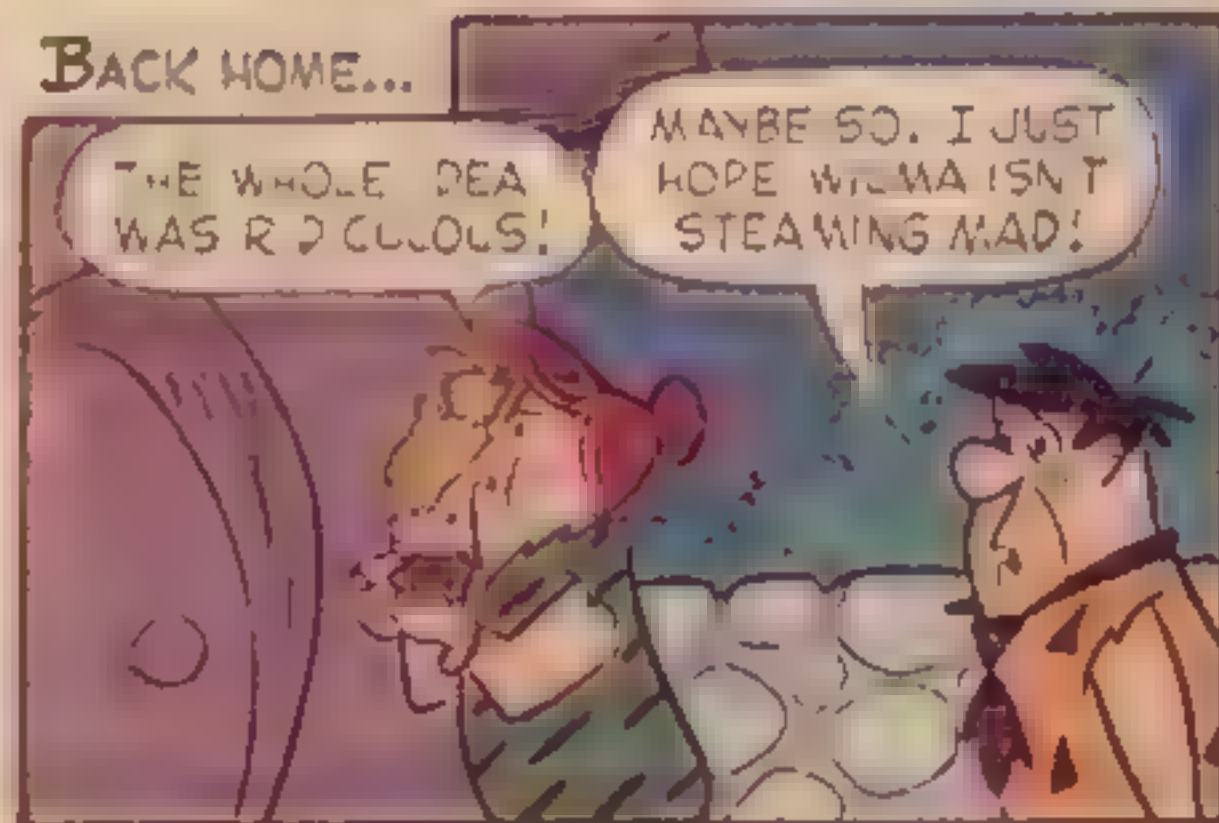
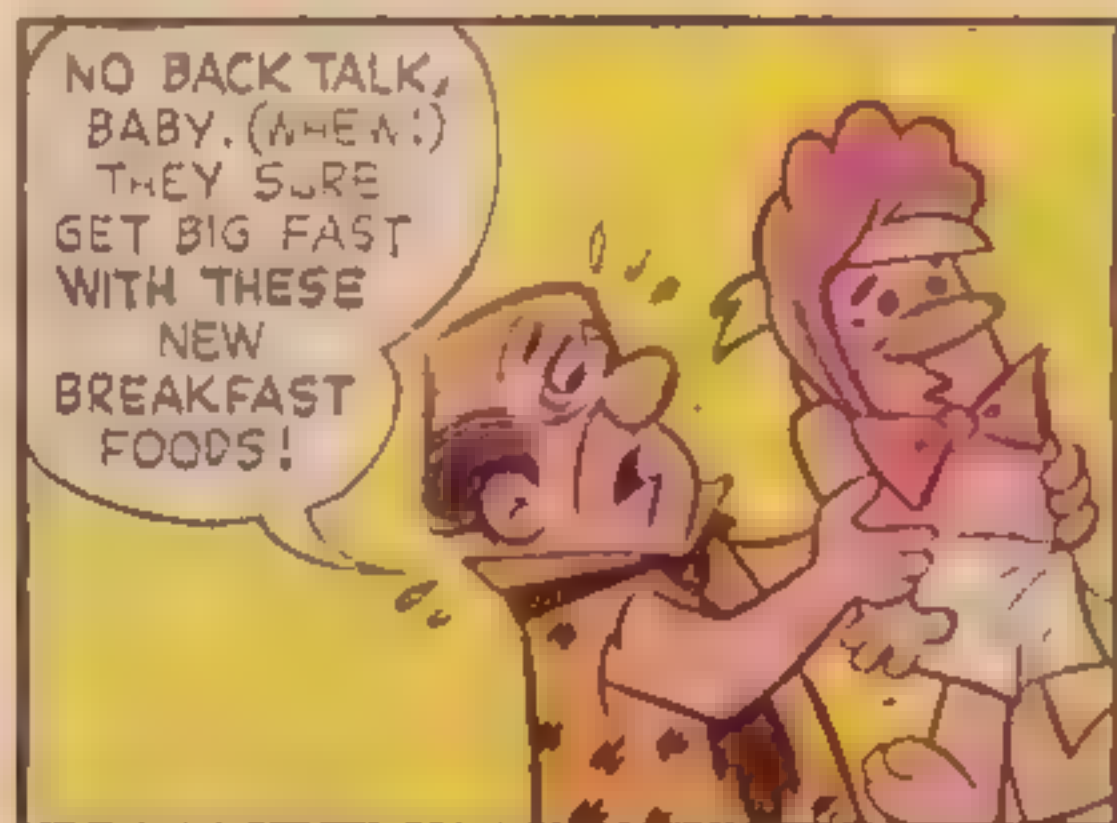
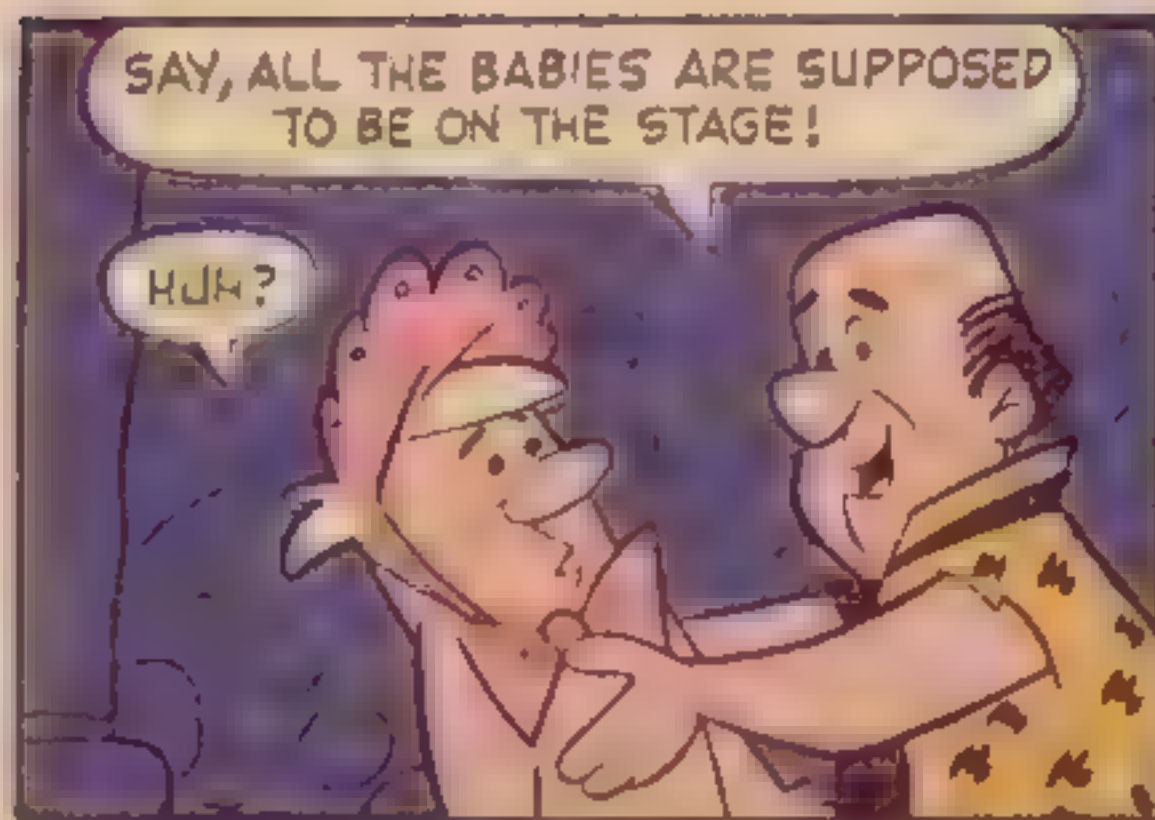
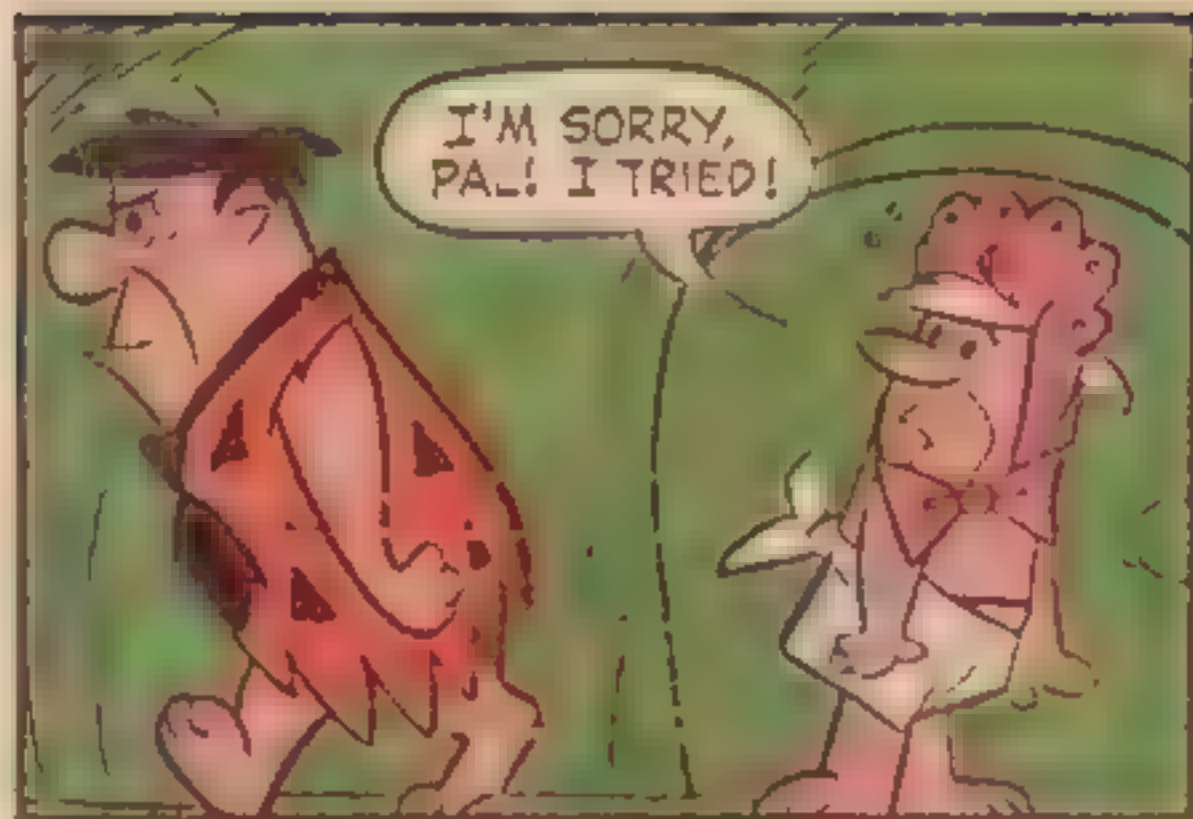
OH, I'M SO RELIEVED! GRANNY-WANNY IS GOING TO GIVE YOU A BIG, FAT KISS!



YEOWW! THAT'S TOO MUCH OF A FAVOR FOR ANY FRIEND TO DO! LEMME OUTA HERE!







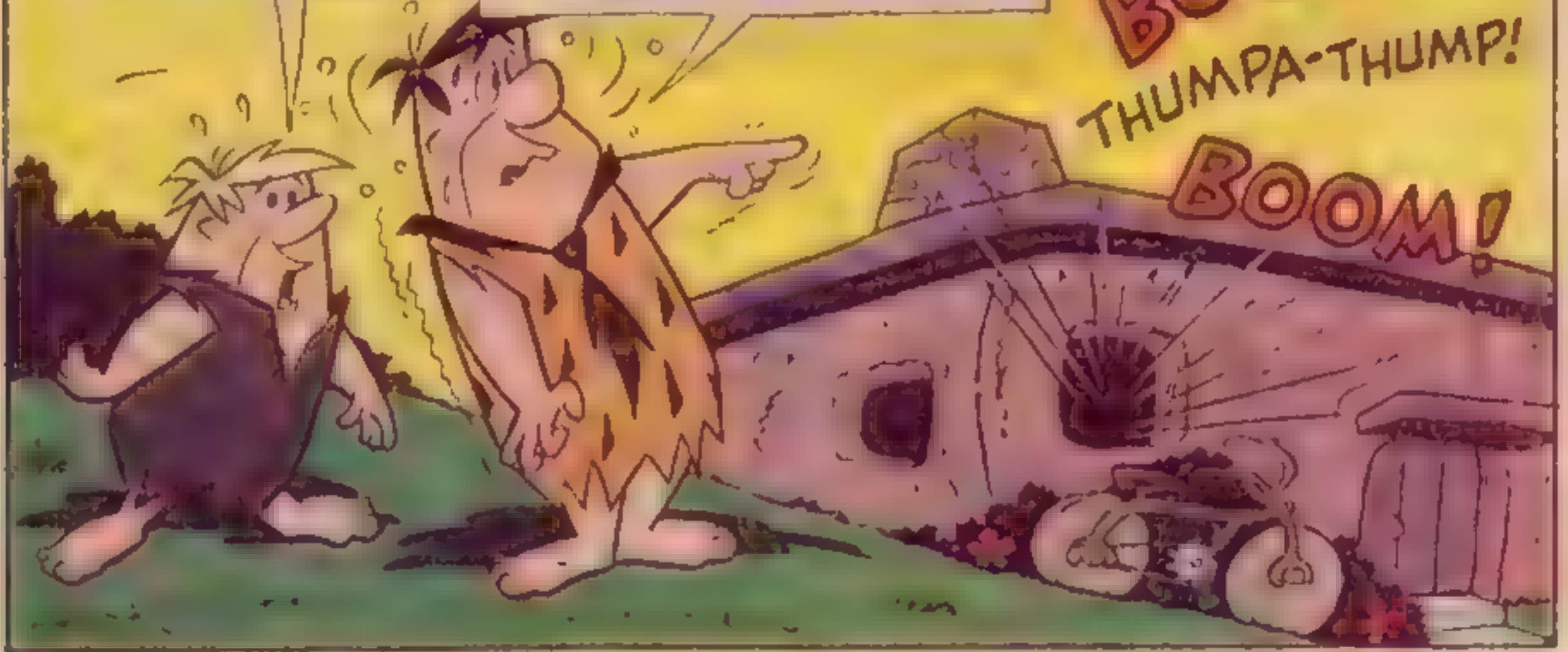
Hanna-Barbara THE FLINTSTONES

TOO MANY BONGOS

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRED? YOU JUST TURNED PALE AS A GHOST!

THAT TERRACYCLE PARKED IN MY FLOWER BED! THOSE AWFUL BONGO NOISES COMING FROM THE HOUSE! IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING!

BOOM!
THUMPA-THUMP!
BOOM!



RODNEY ROCKTOP IS BACK!

RIGHTO, UNC FROM SQUARESVILLE! I HAVE COME TO, LIKE, VISIT!



ER... SO LONG, FRED! I THINK MY WIFE WANTS ME!

COWARD!



LIKE, YOU DON'T LOOK HAPPY TO SEE ME, BIG DADDY!

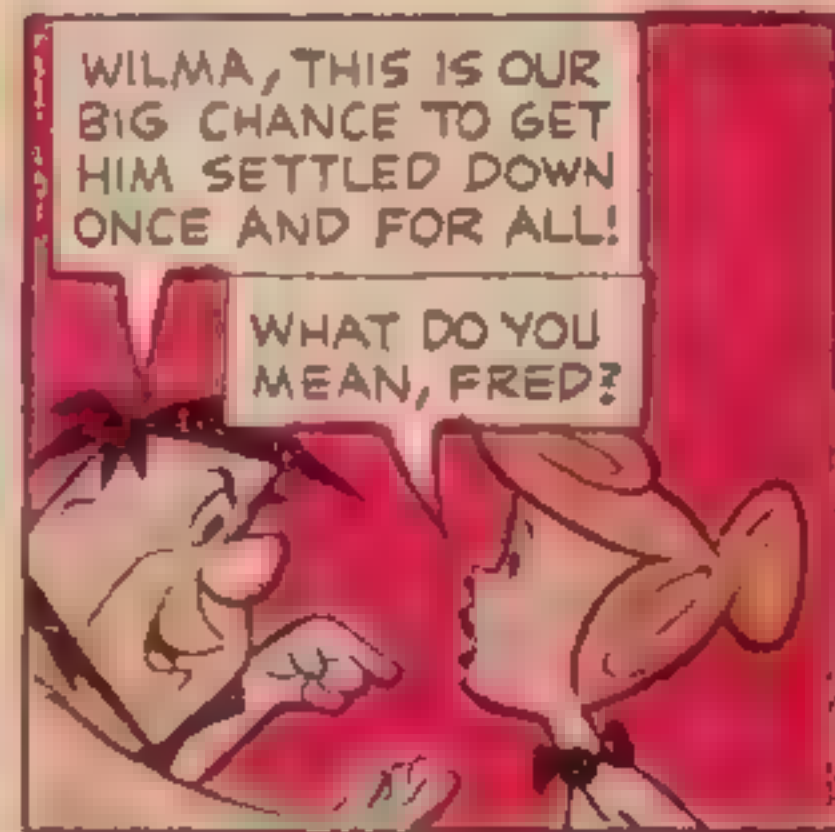
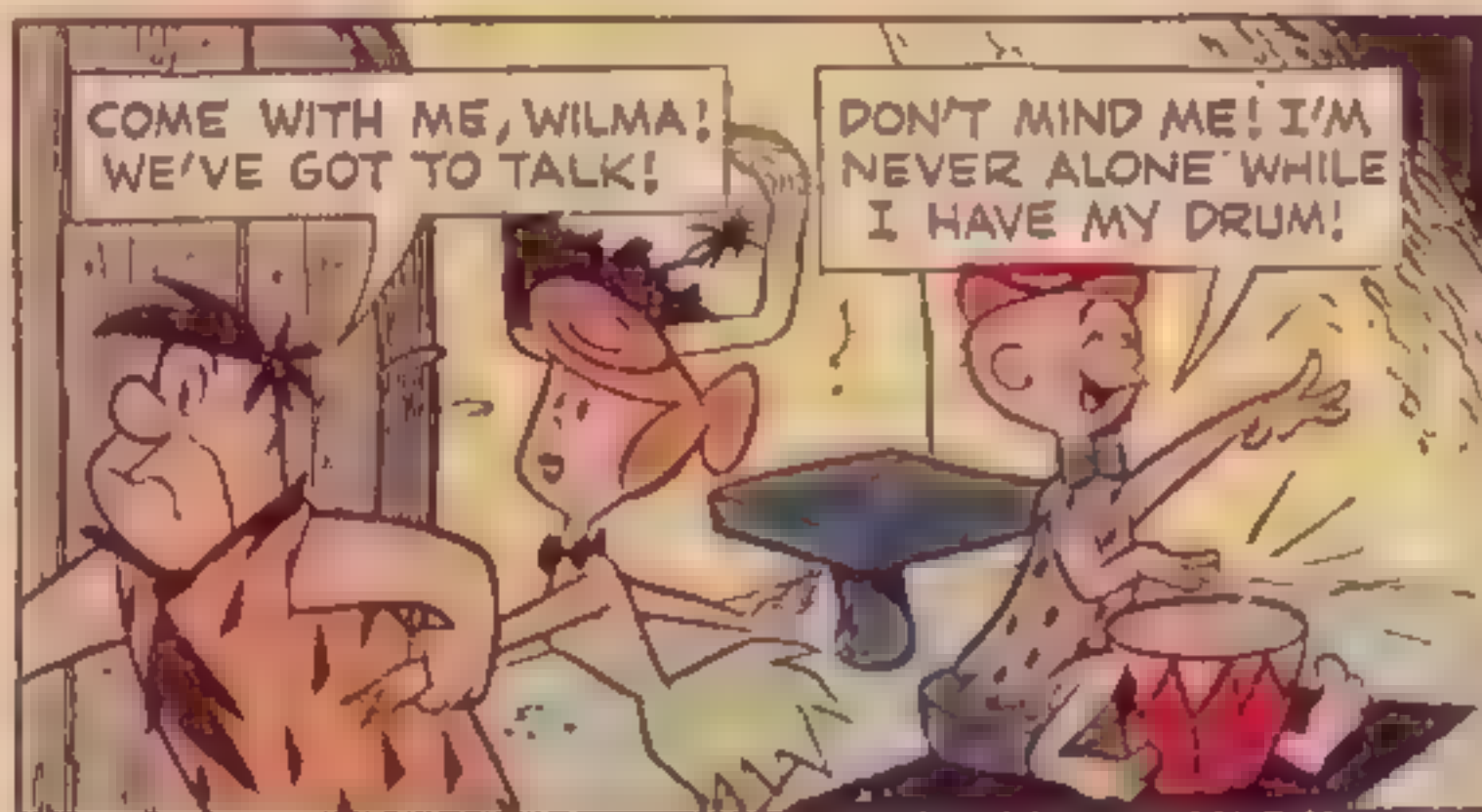
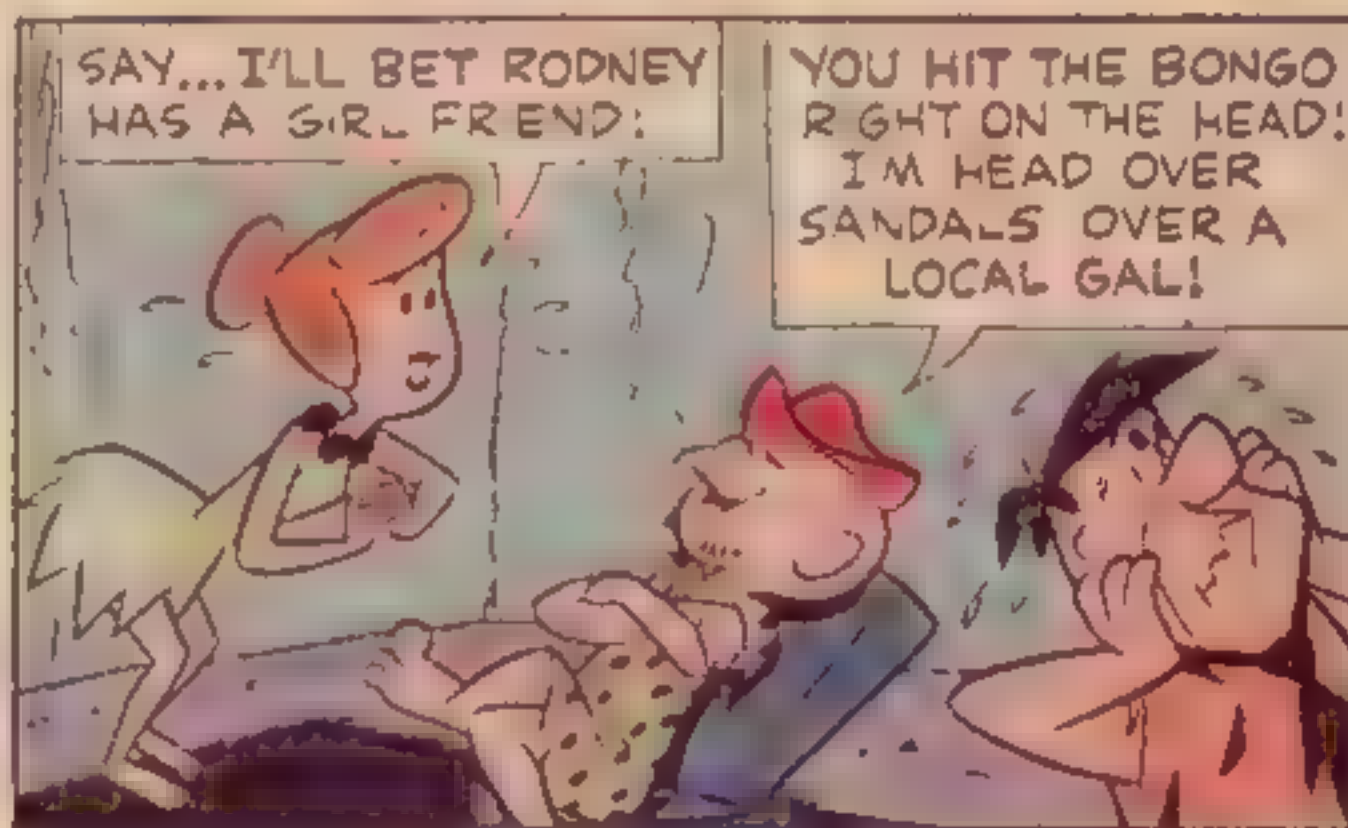
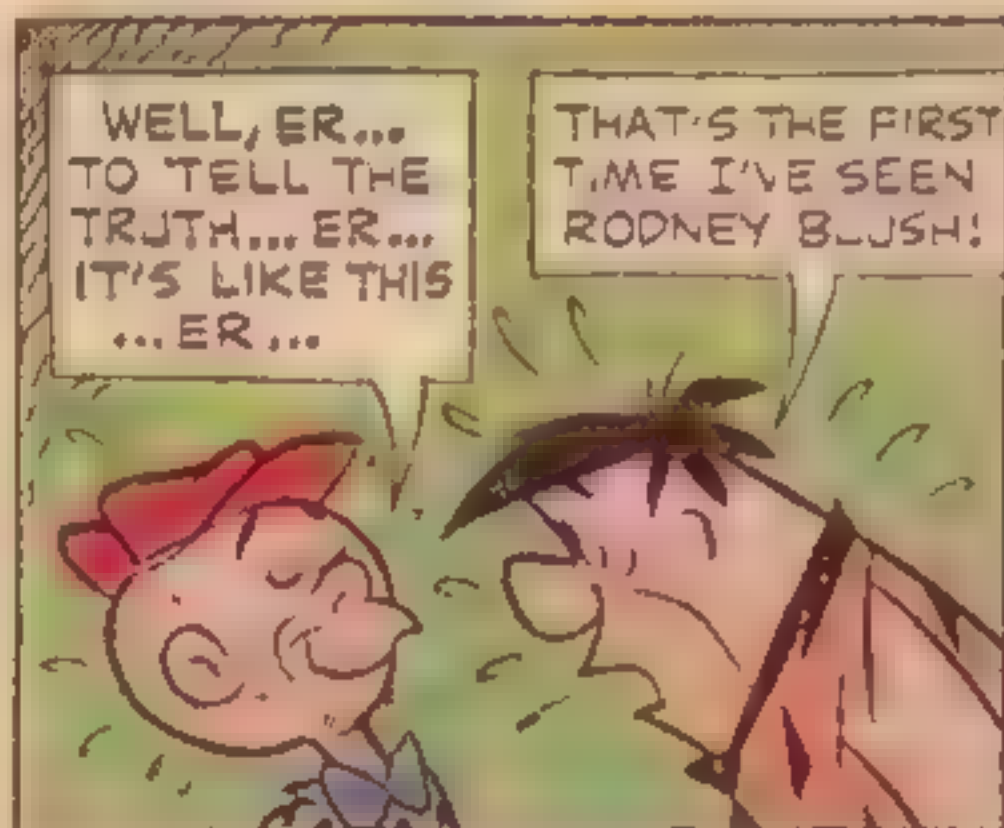
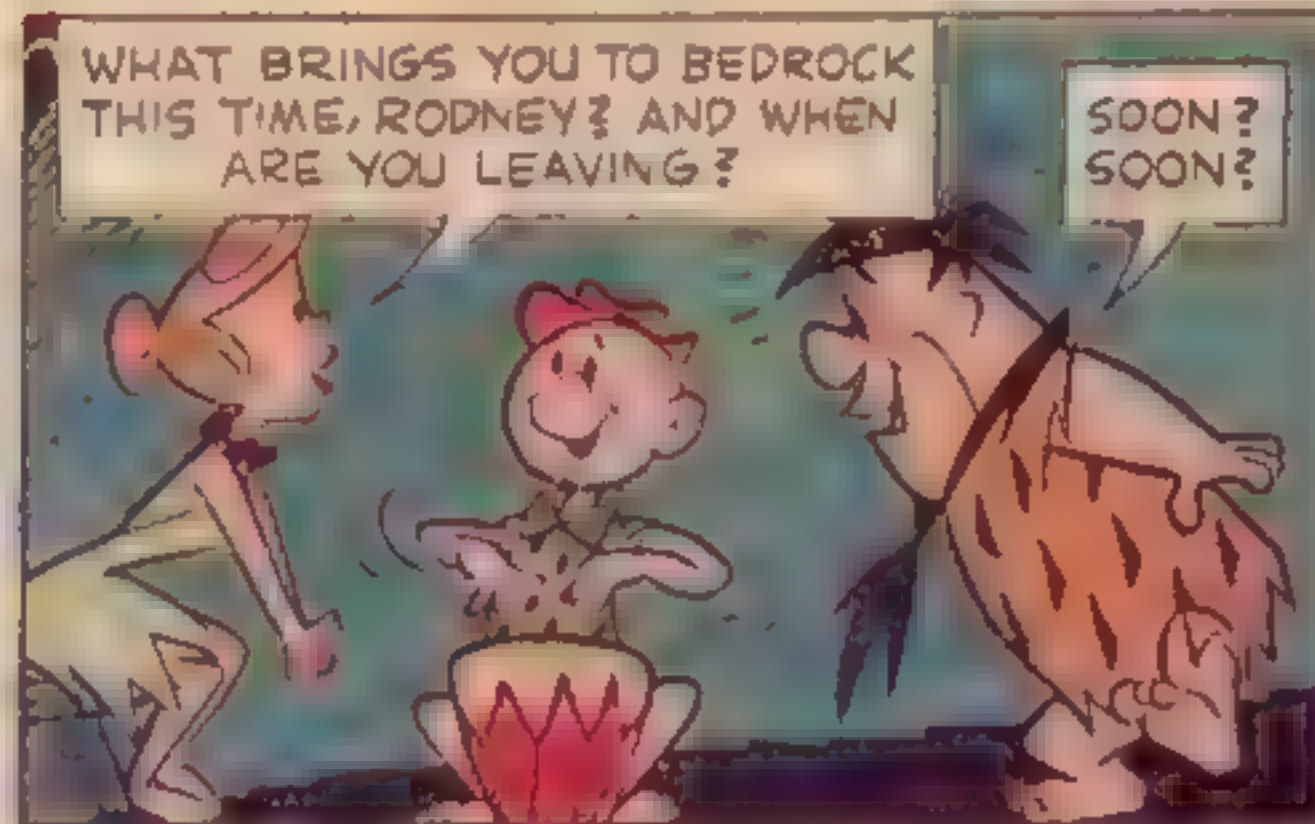
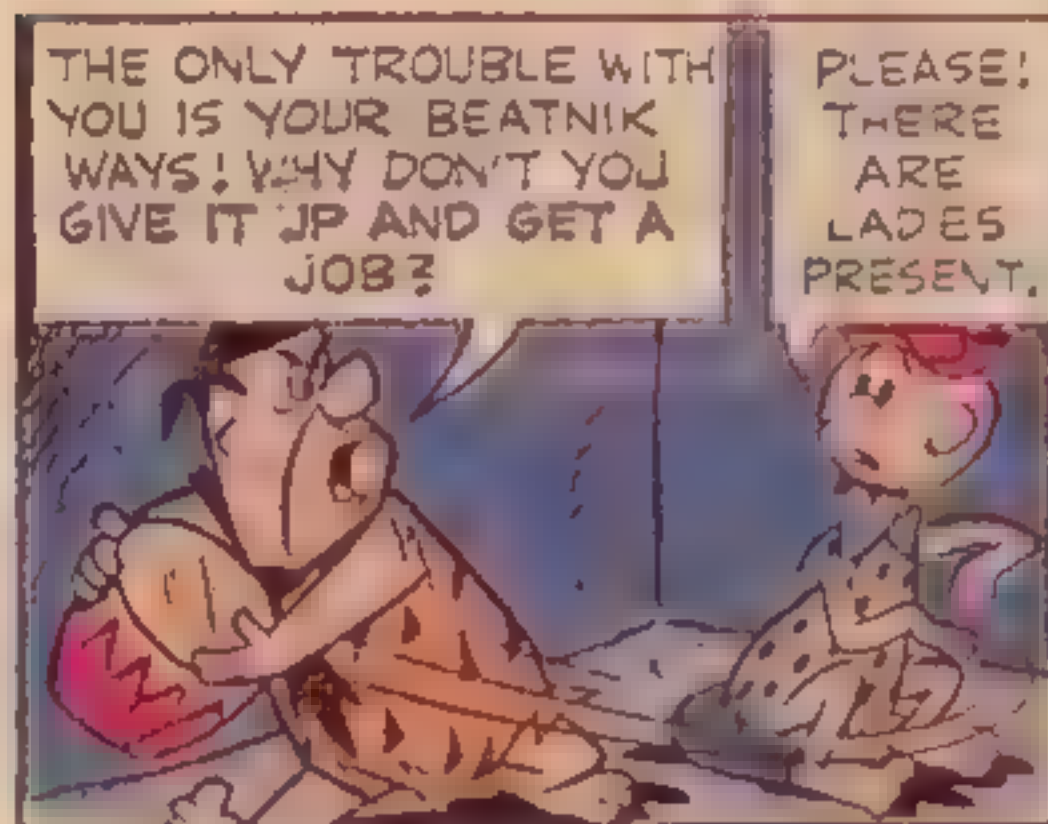
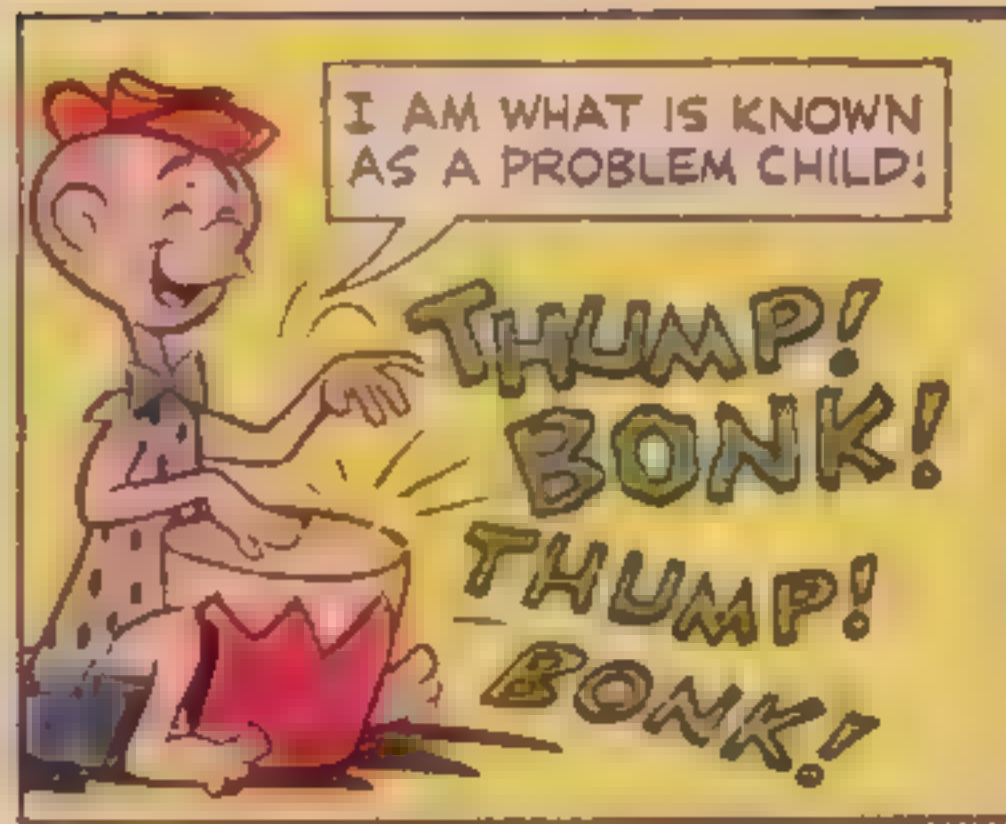
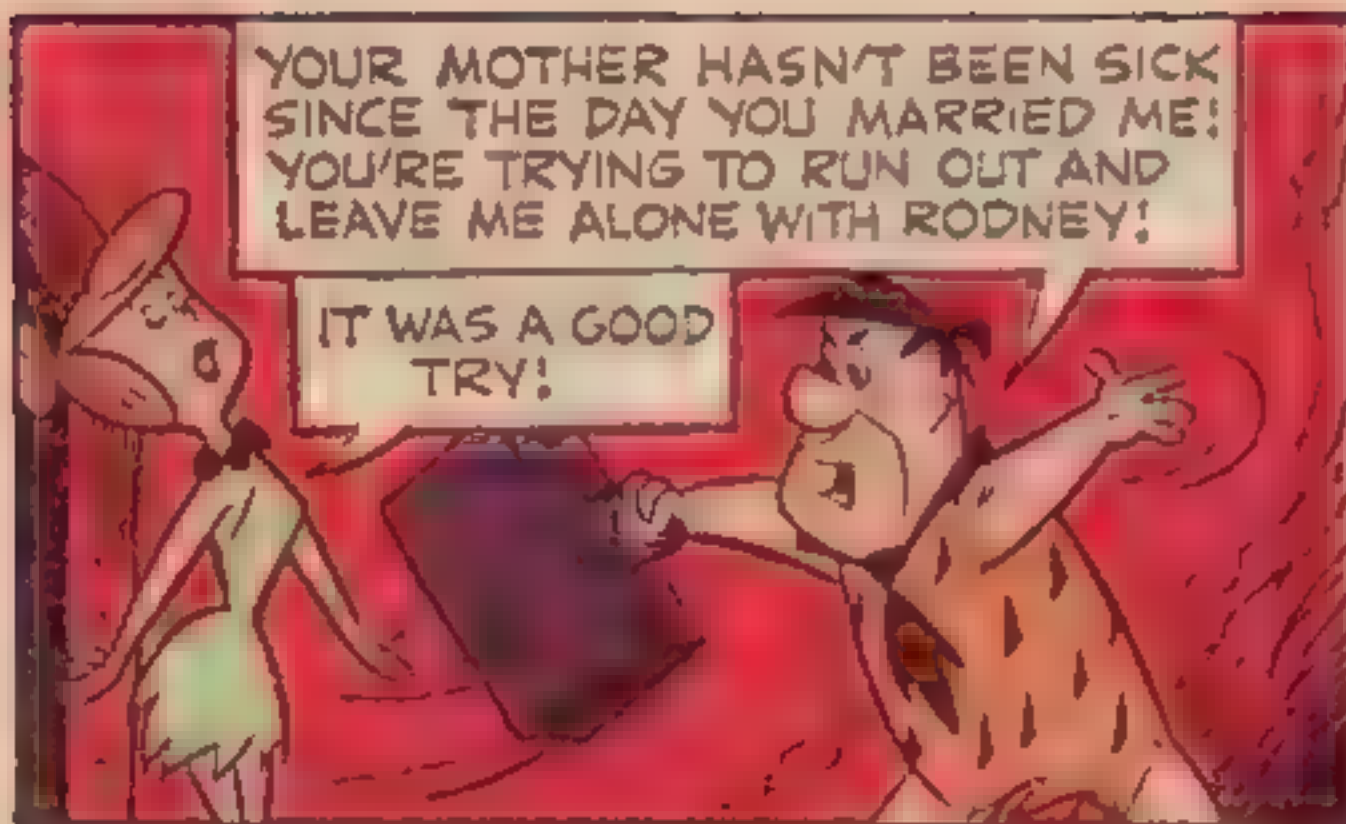
I'M JUST GOOD AT HIDING MY EMOTIONS!

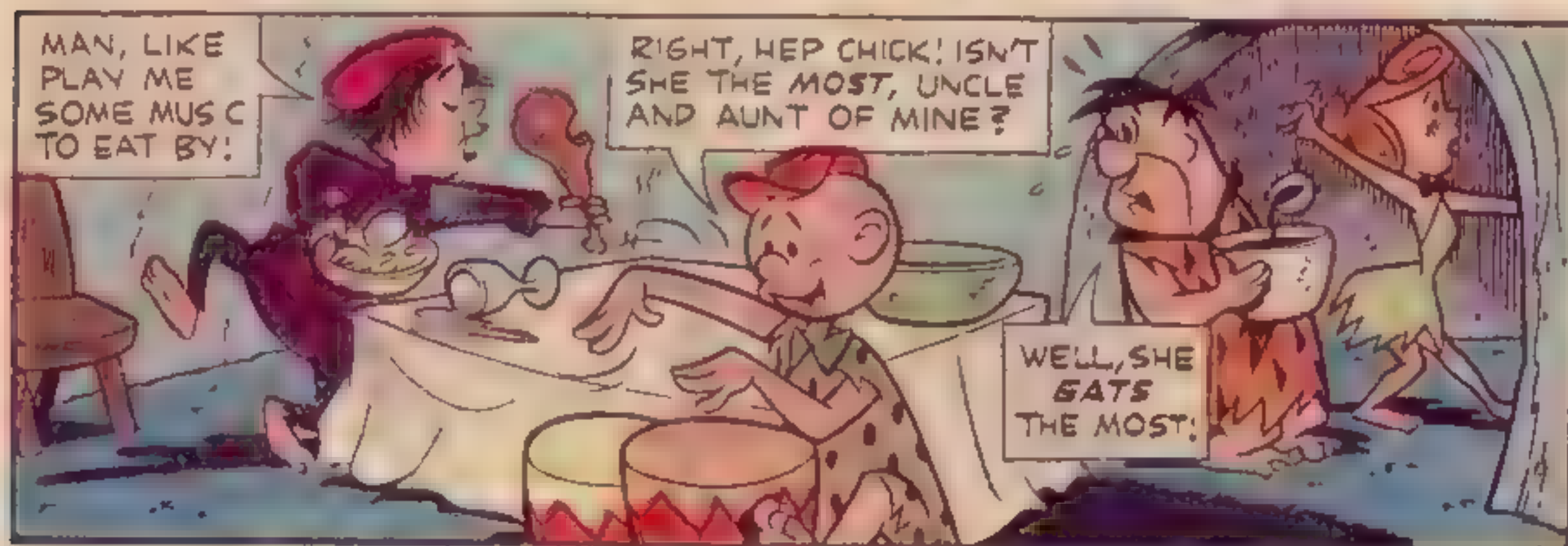
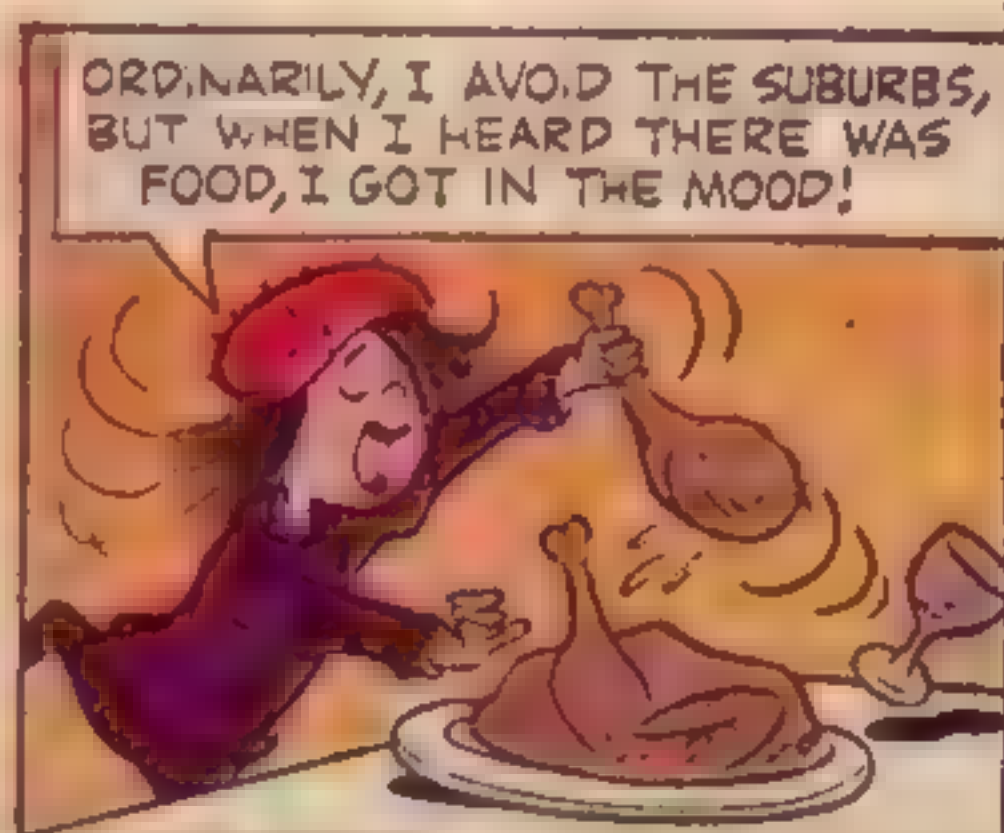
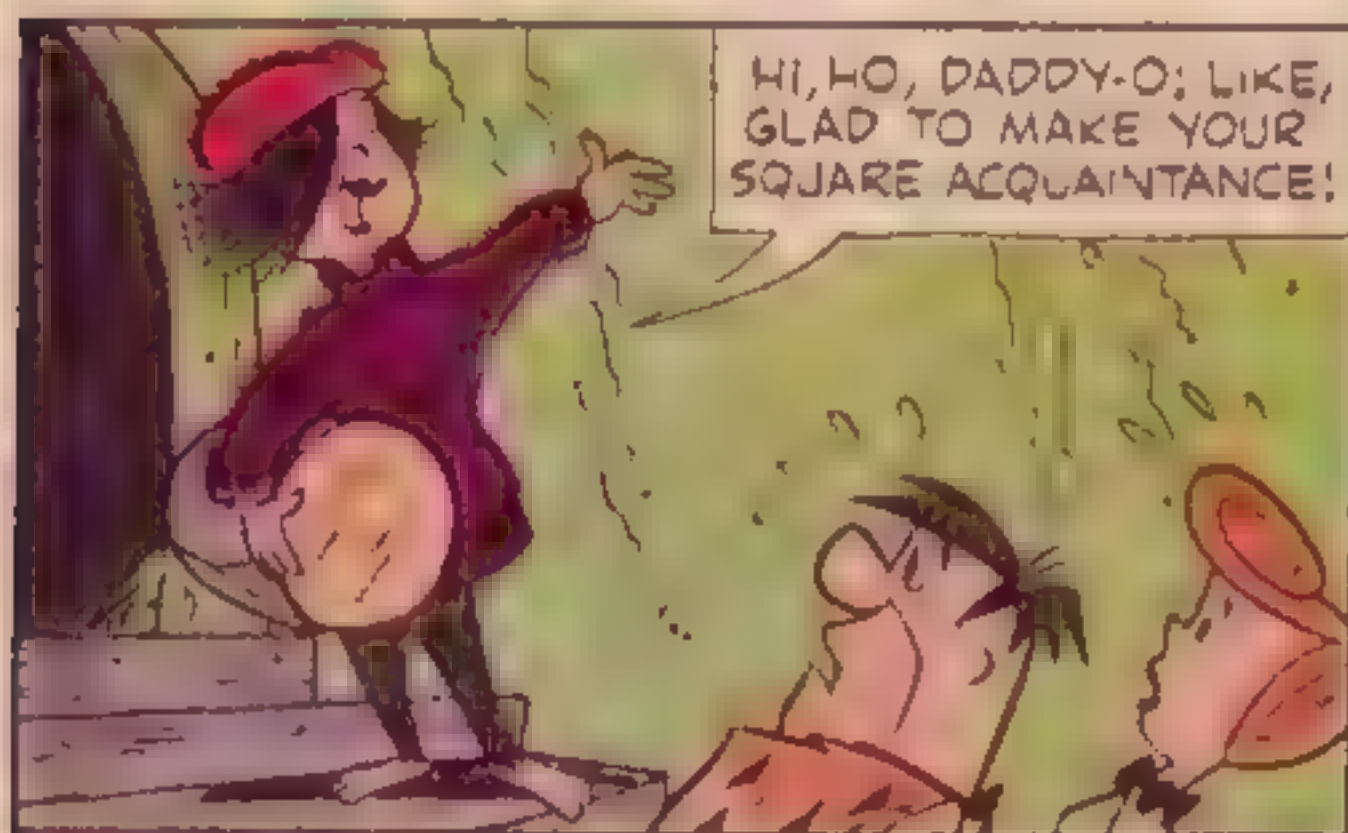
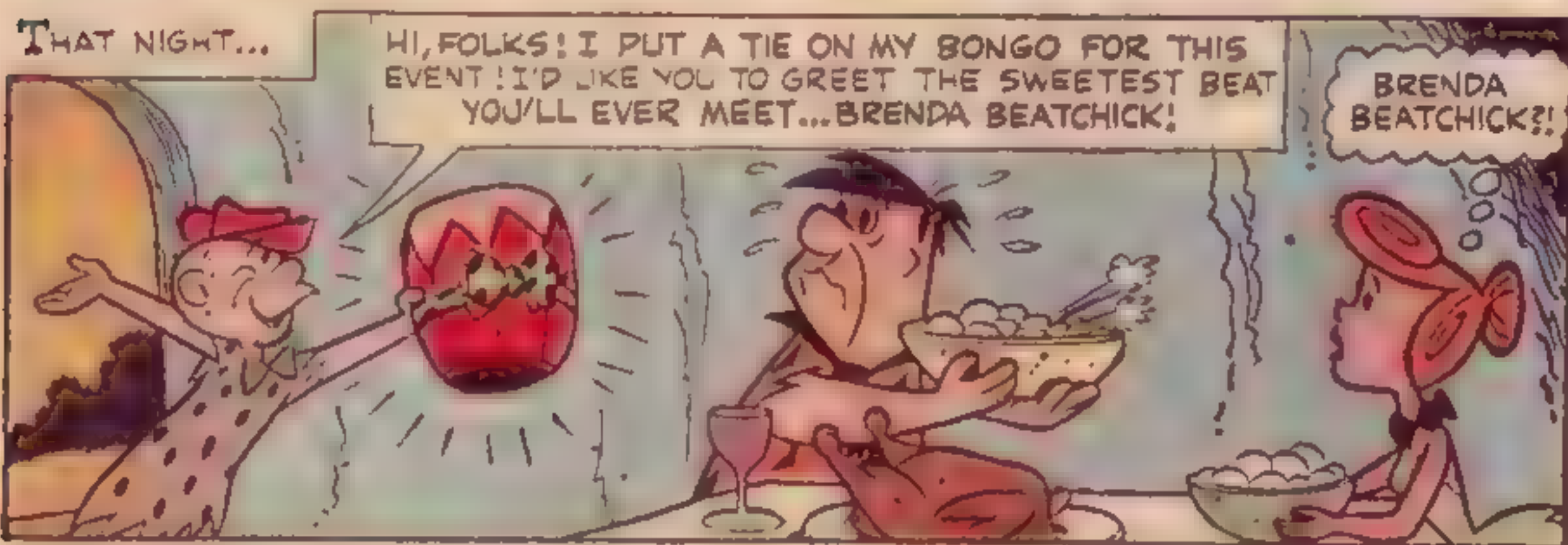
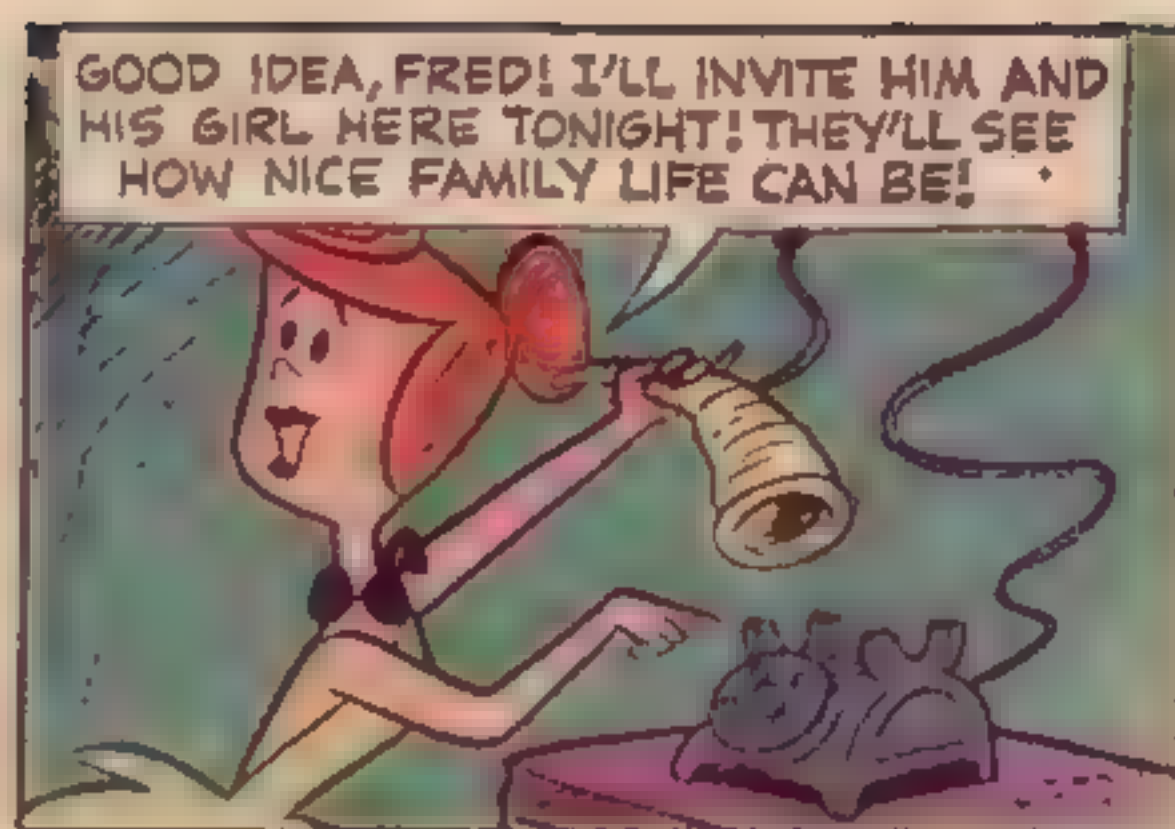
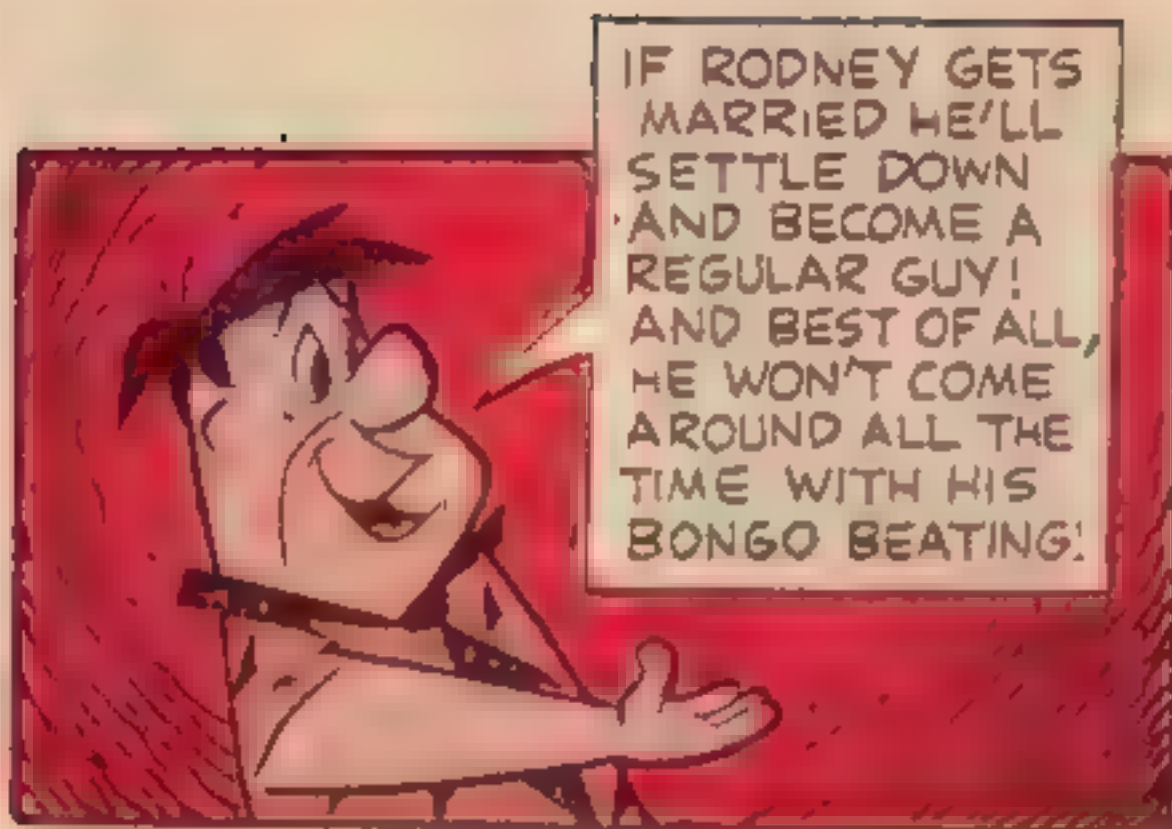


ER... BYE, FRED! I HAVE TO VISIT MY MOTHER! SHE'S SICK! YOU STAY AND KEEP OUR NEPHEW COMPANY!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!







AFTER THE BALL
IS OVER...



IF RODNEY
MARRIES THAT
GIRL THEY'LL
BOTH COME
AROUND
BEATING THEIR
BONGOS!

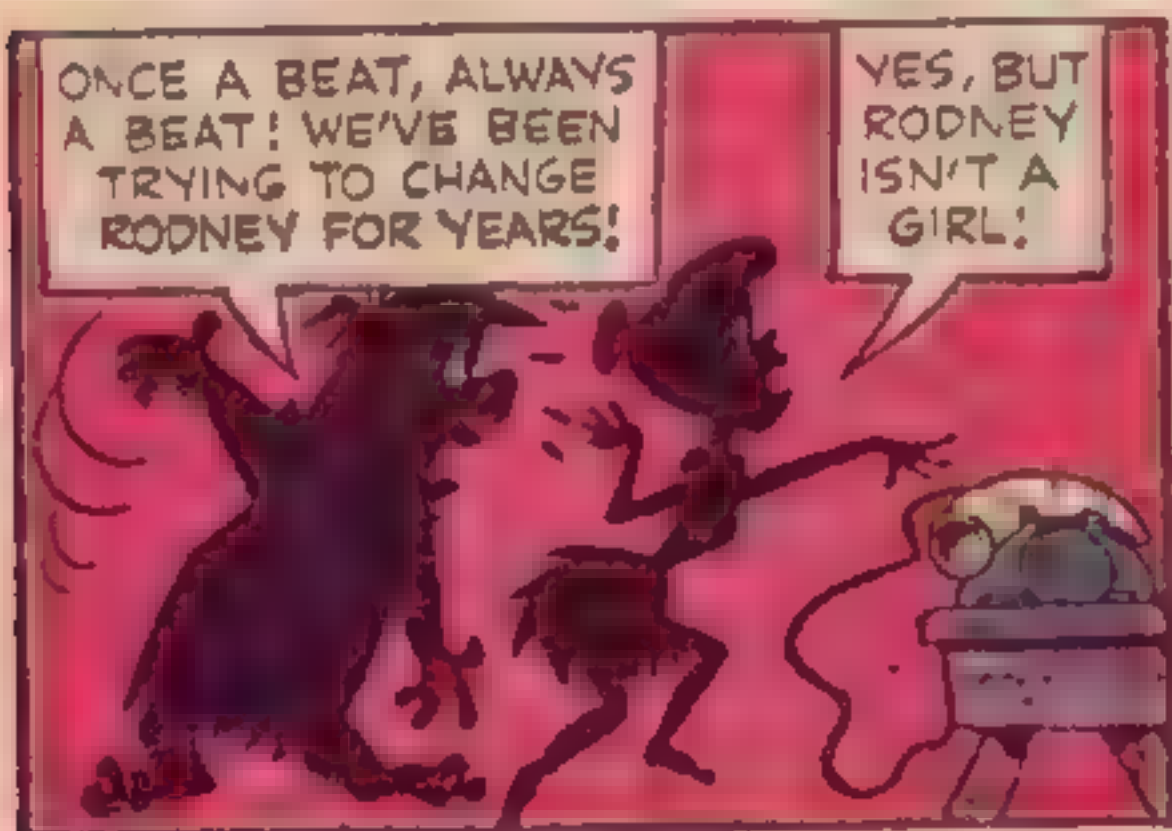
AND SHE PLAYS
LOUDER THAN HE
DOES! WHAT NOW,
WILMA?

SIMPLE, FRED!
WE CHANGE
BRENDA'S
PERSONALITY!



ONCE A BEAT, ALWAYS
A BEAT! WE'VE BEEN
TRYING TO CHANGE
RODNEY FOR YEARS!

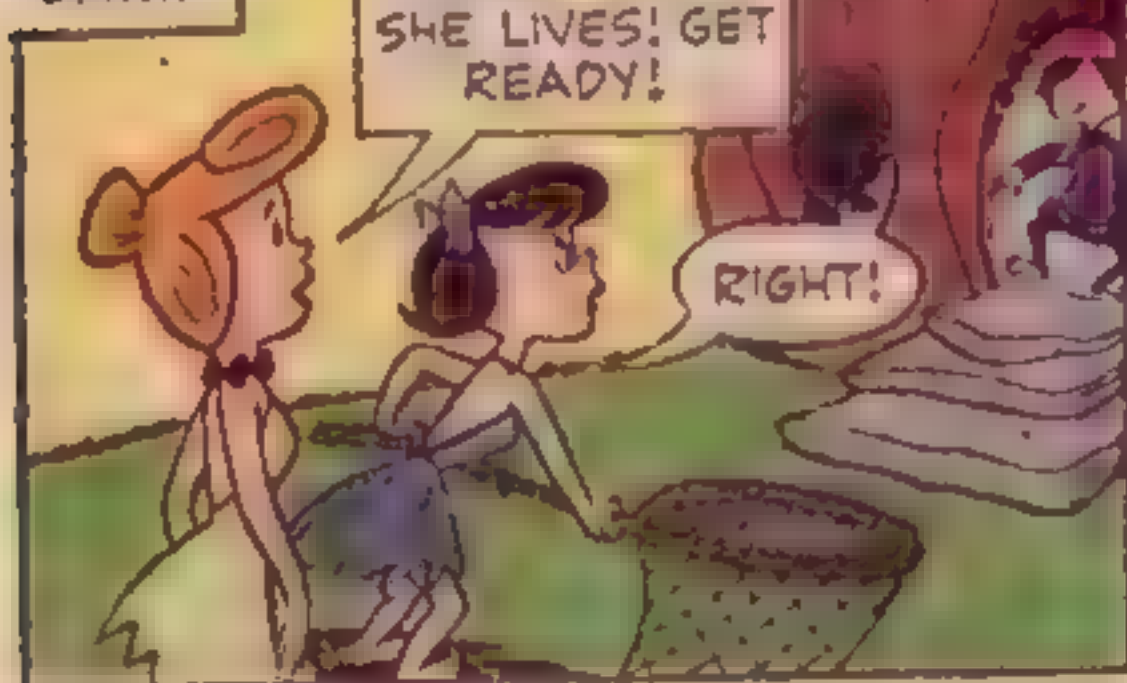
YES, BUT
RODNEY
ISN'T A
GIRL!



YOU JUST LEAVE IT TO OLD WILMA AND
BETTY! WE'LL TURN BRENDA *BEATCHICK*
INTO BRENDA *NEATCHICK* IN NO TIME!



NEXT
DAY...

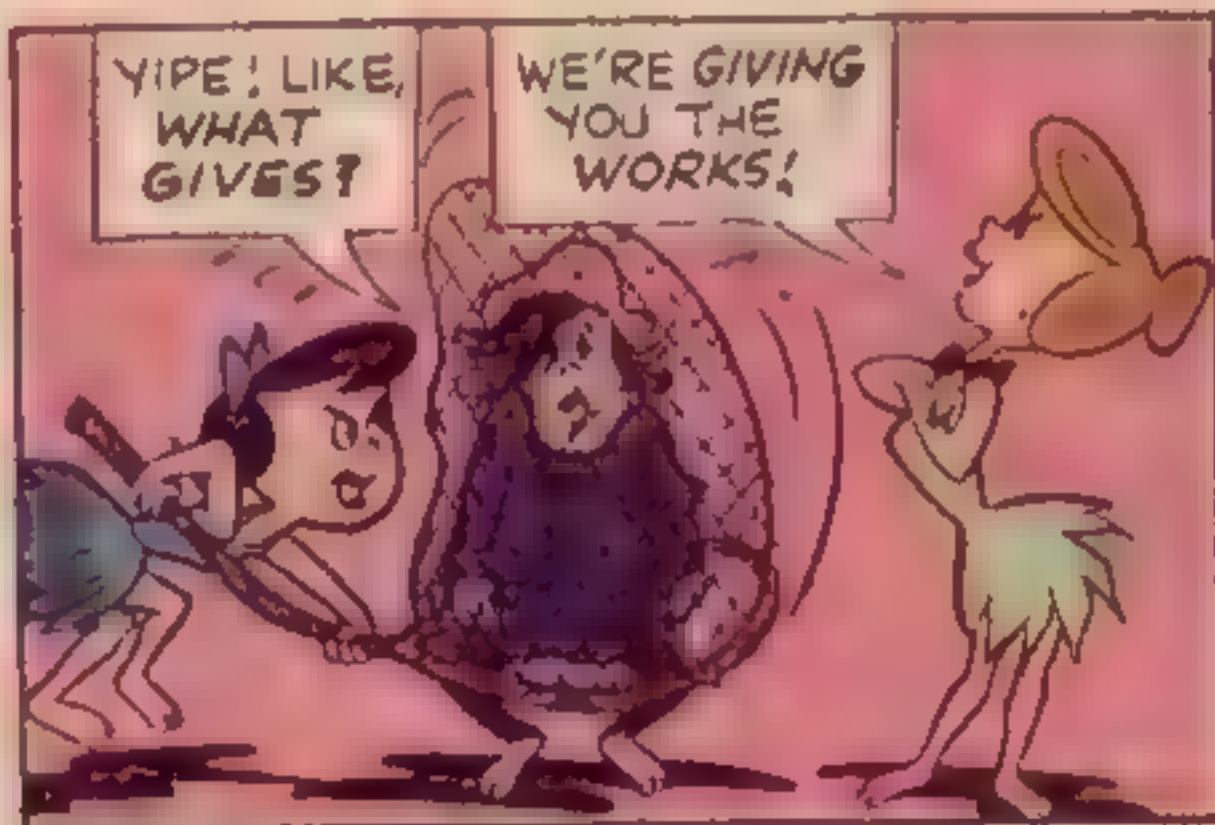


THIS IS WHERE
SHE LIVES! GET
READY!

RIGHT!

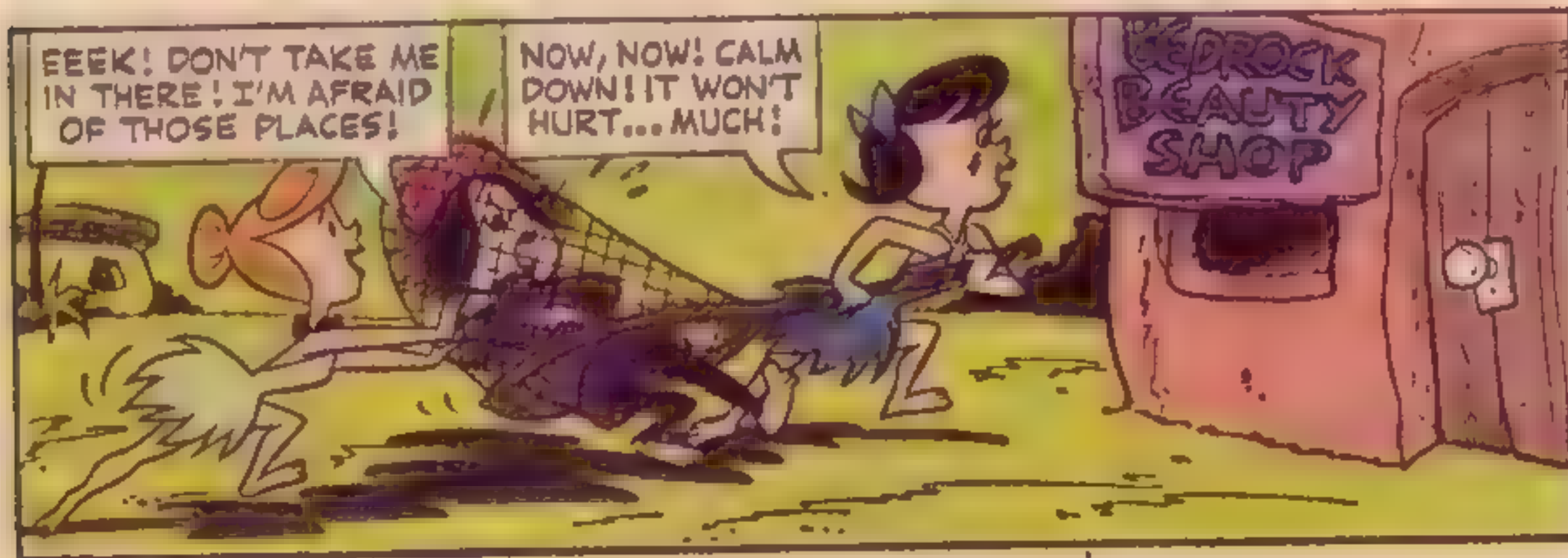
YIPE! LIKE,
WHAT
GIVES?

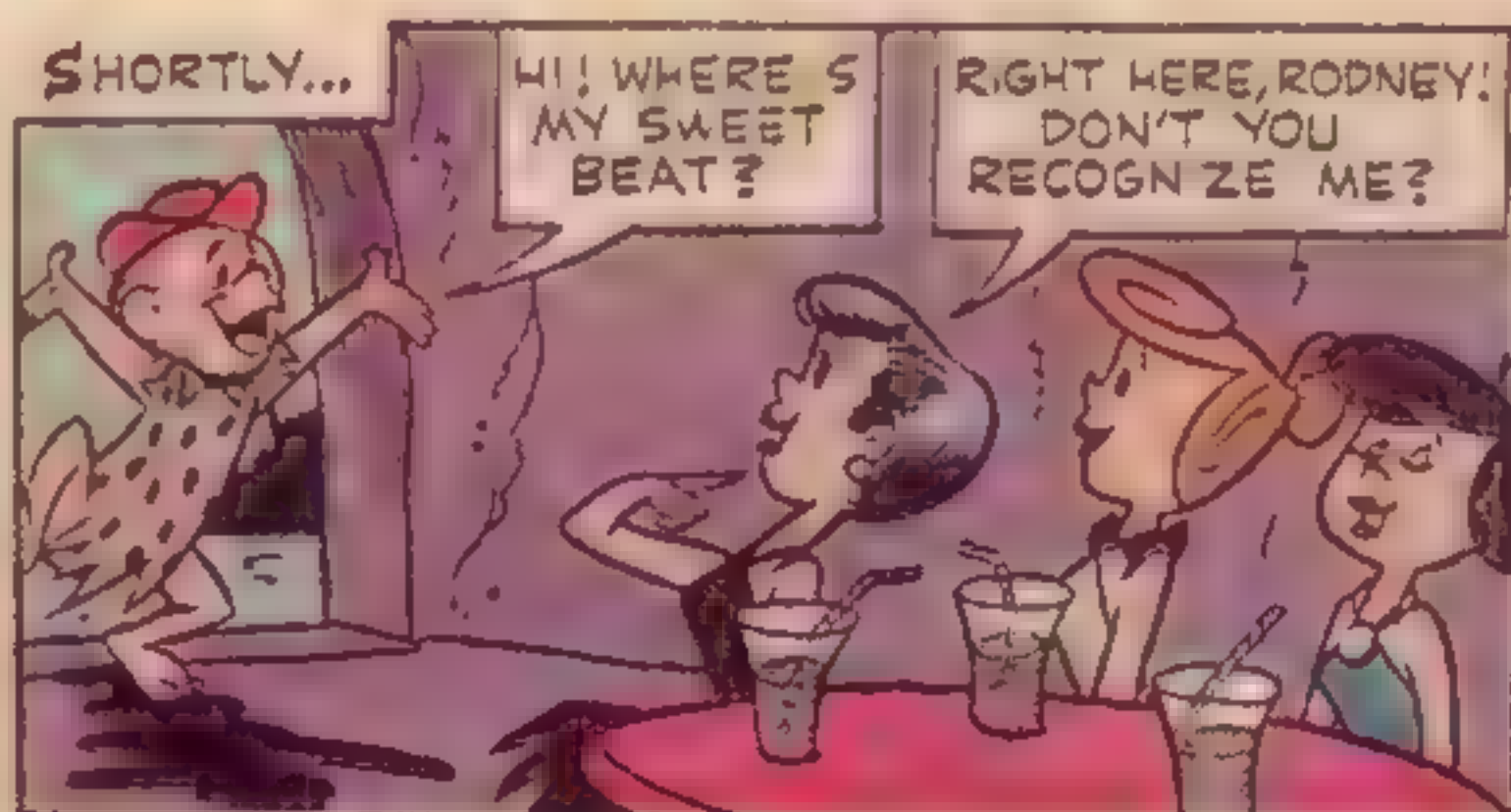
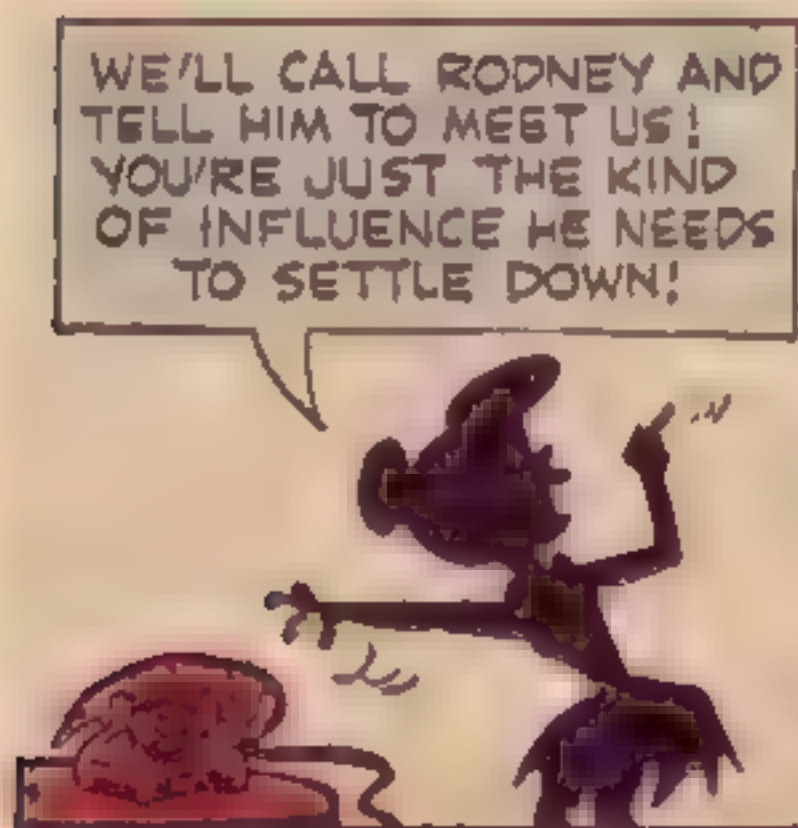
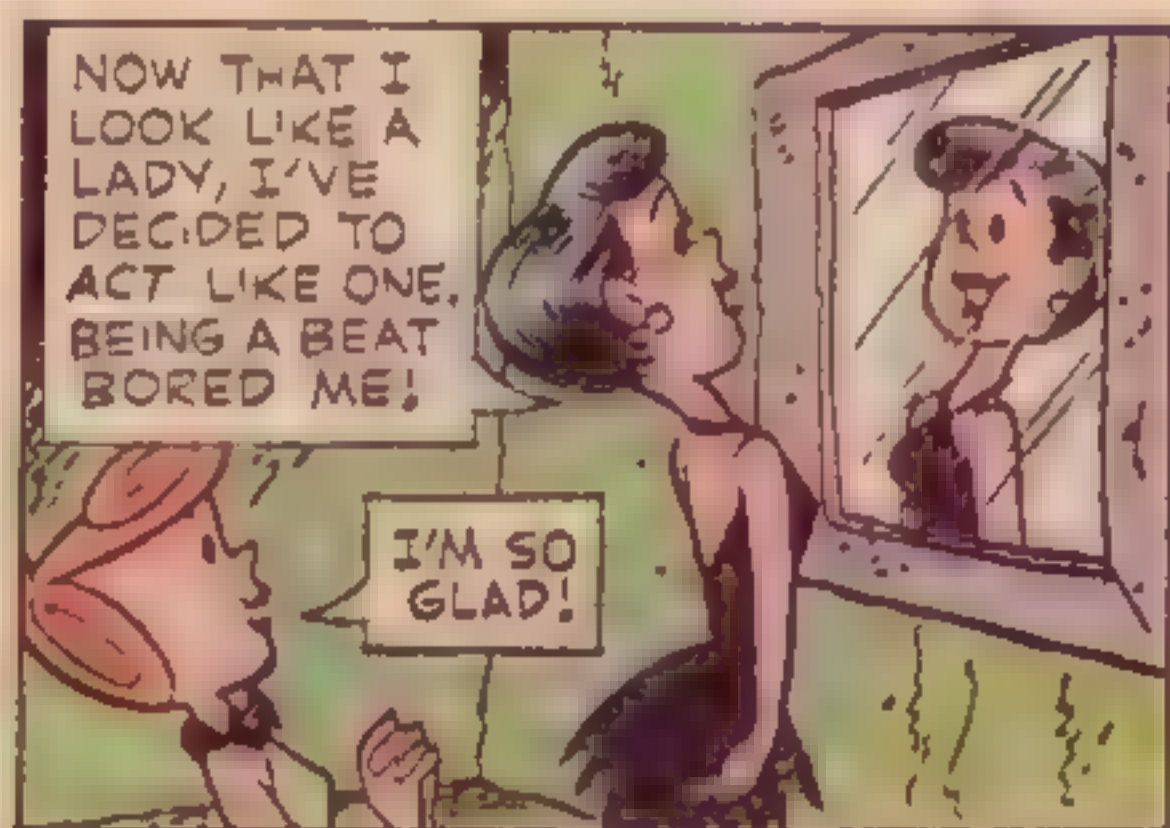
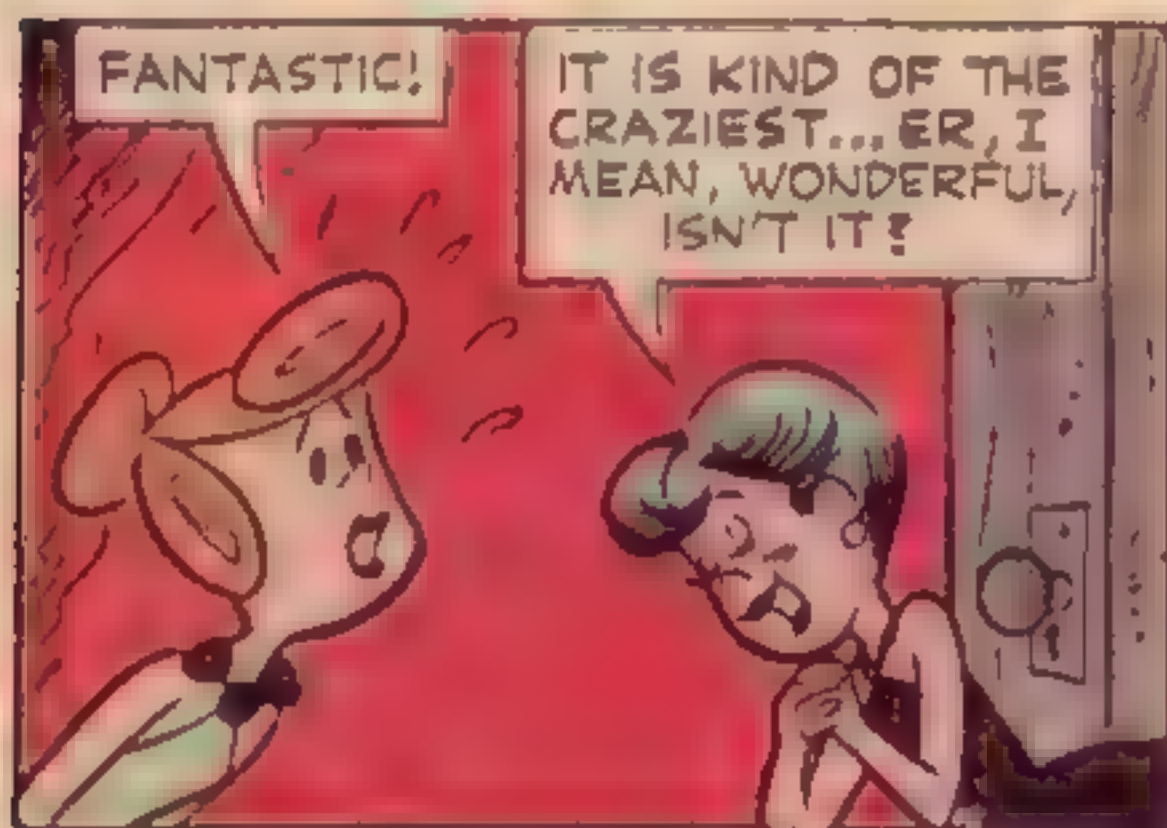
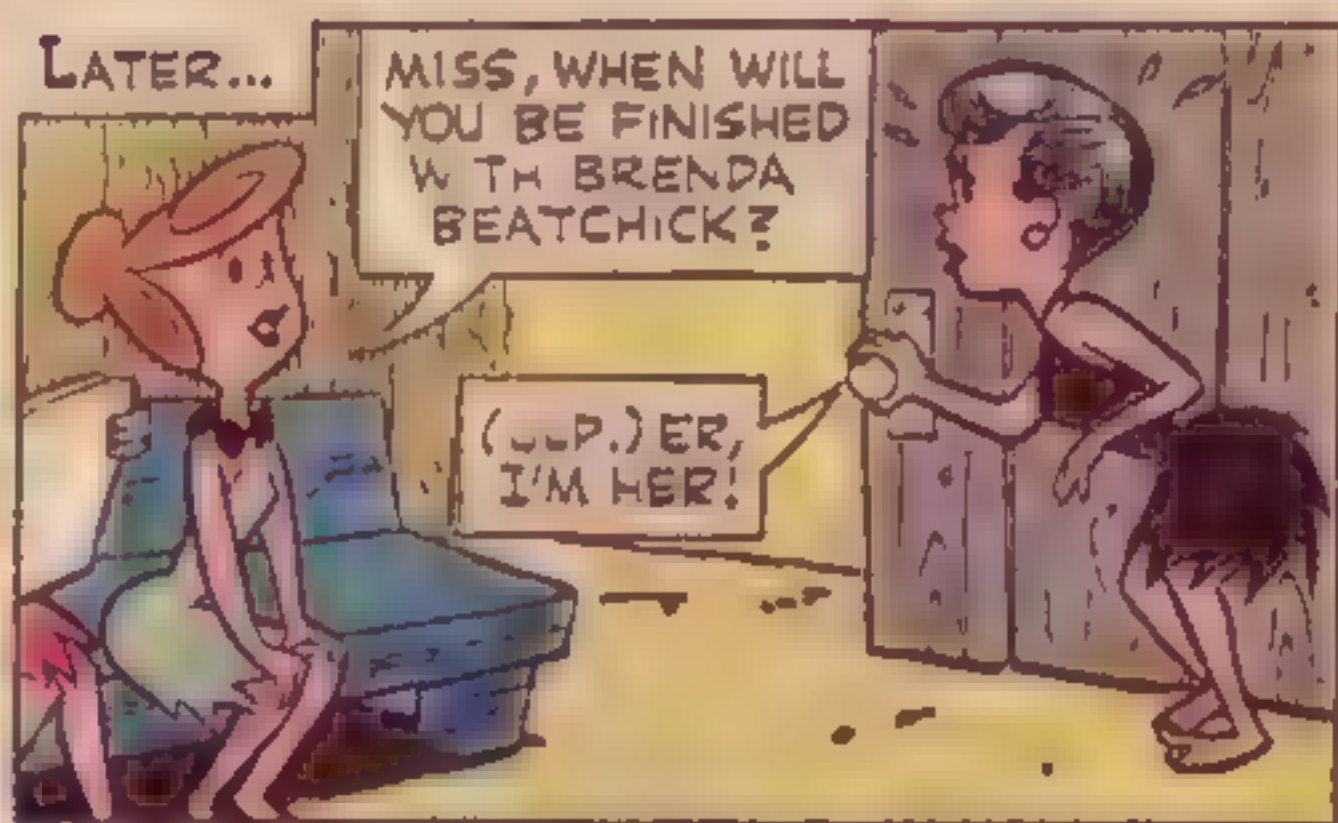
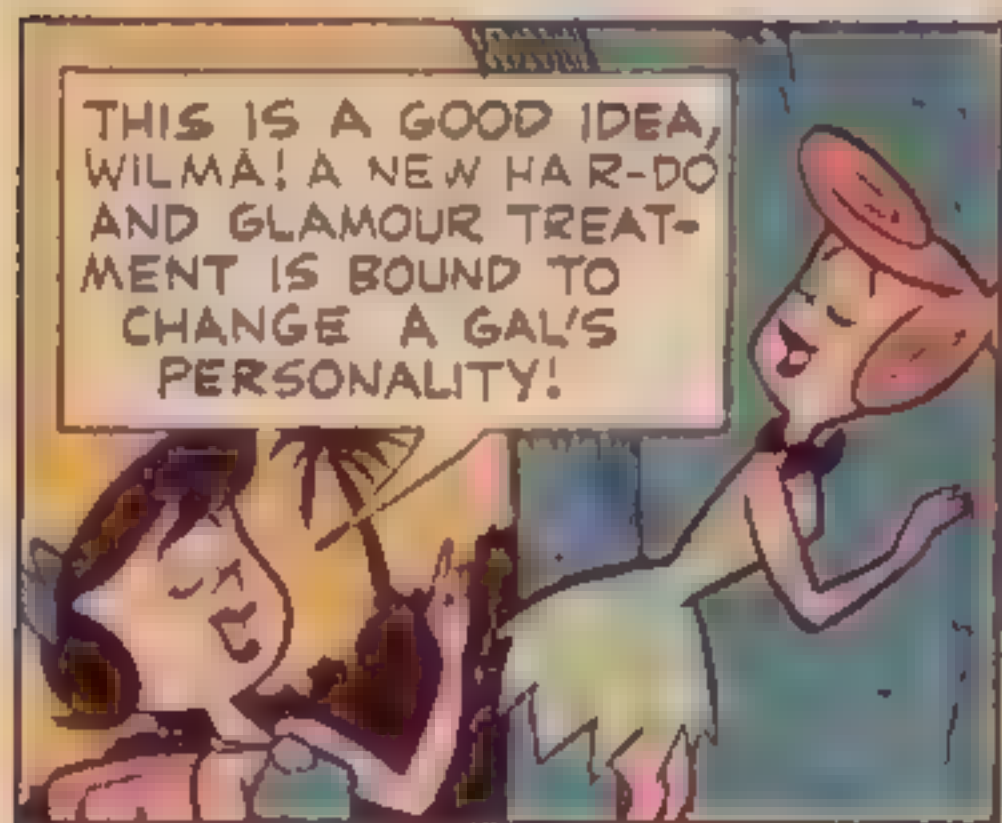
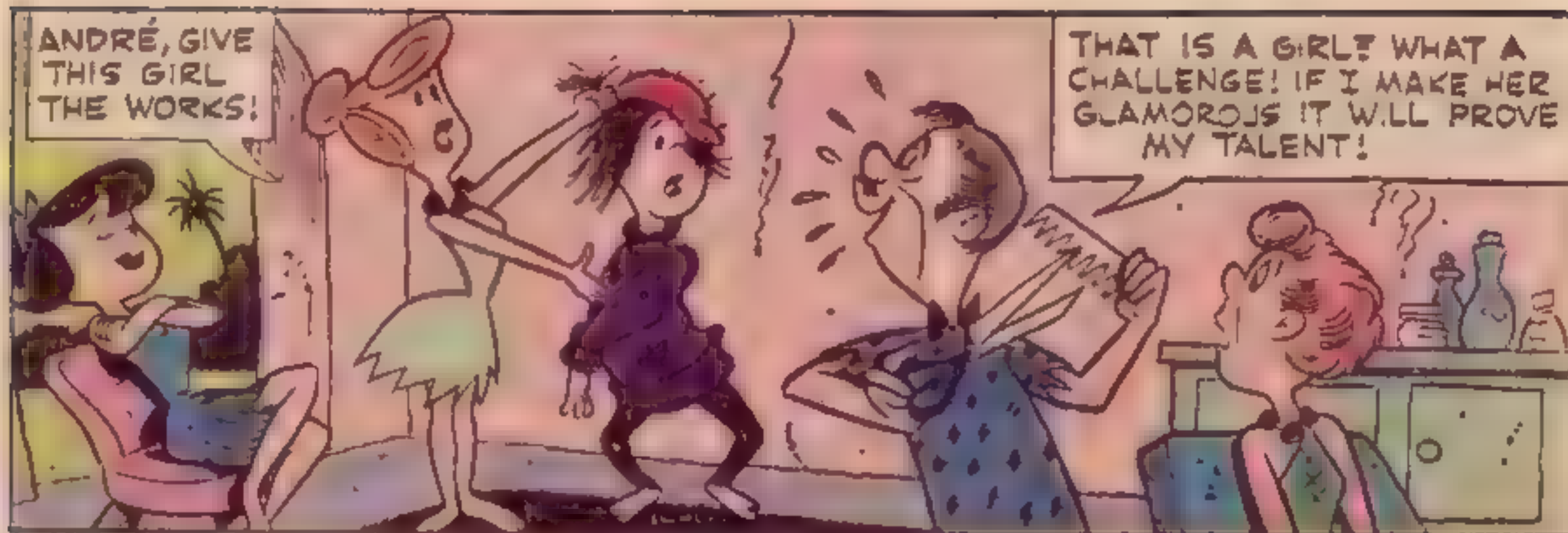
WE'RE GIVING
YOU THE
WORKS!

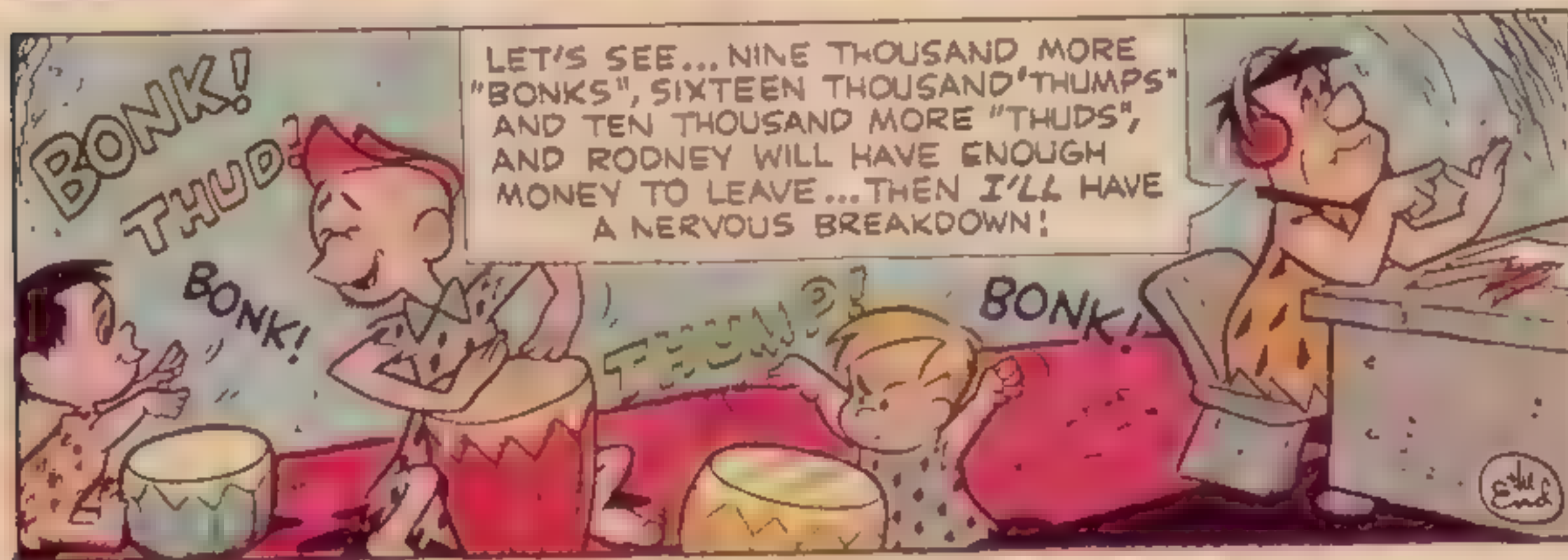
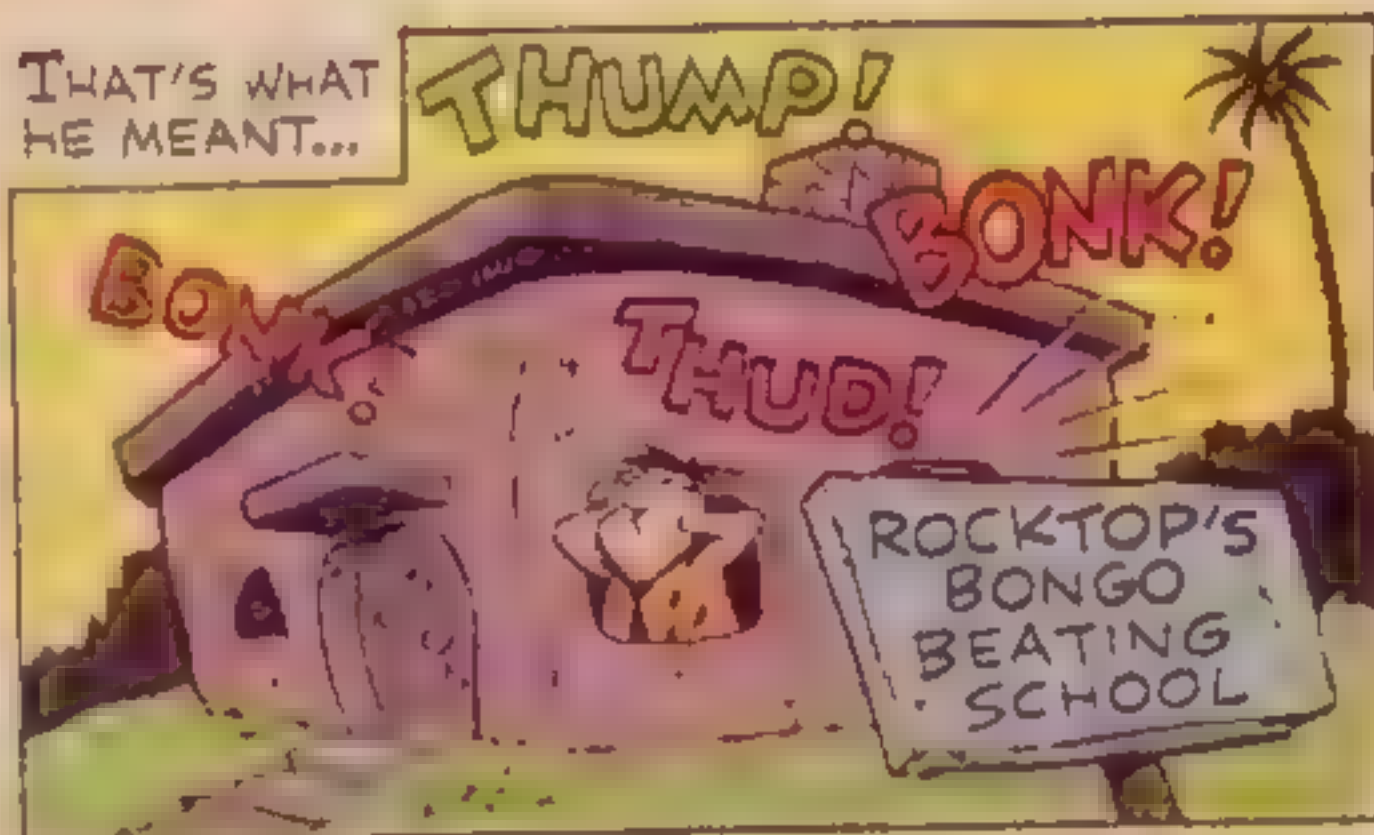
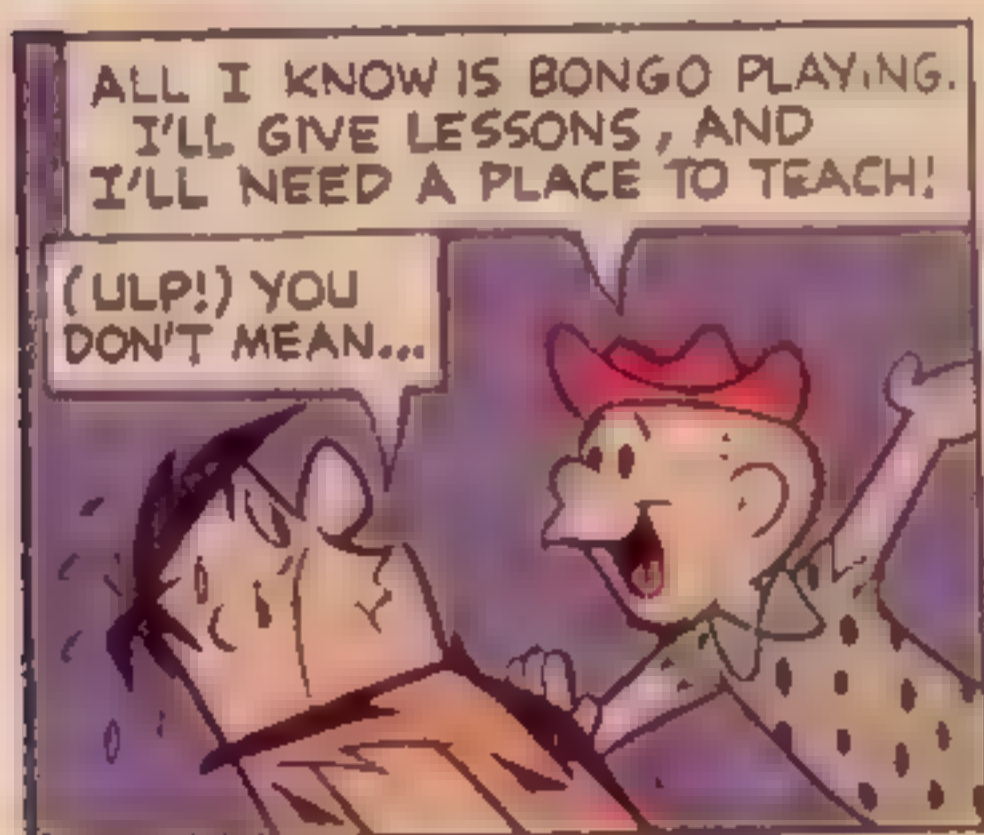
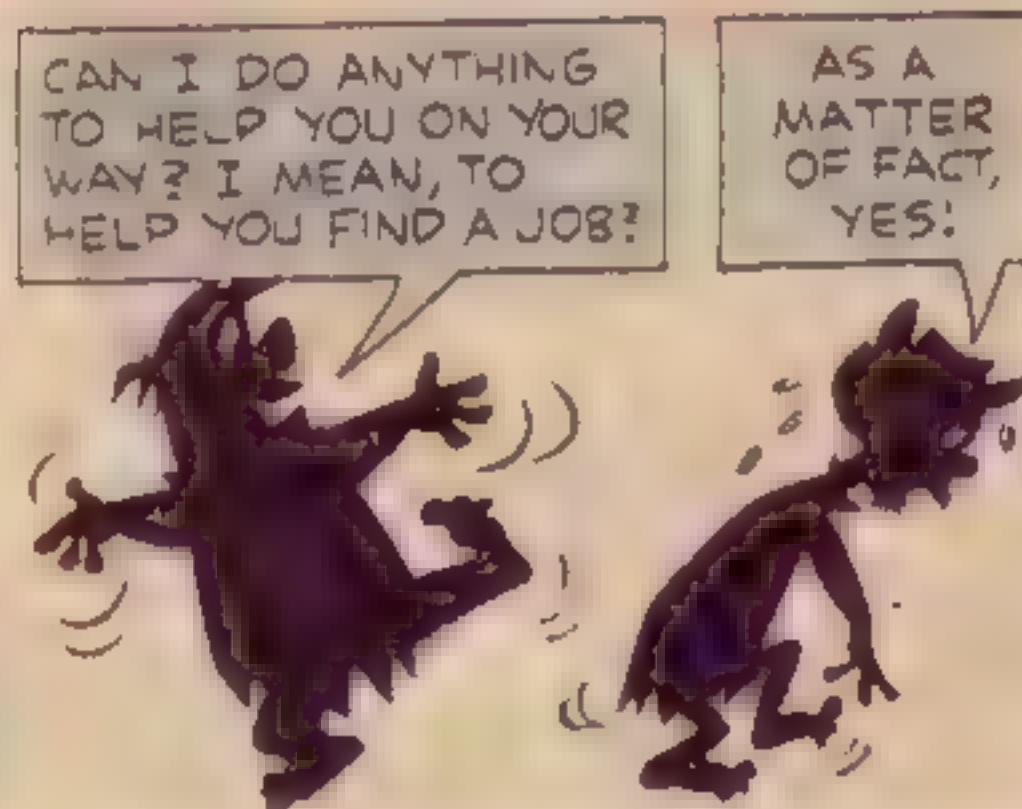
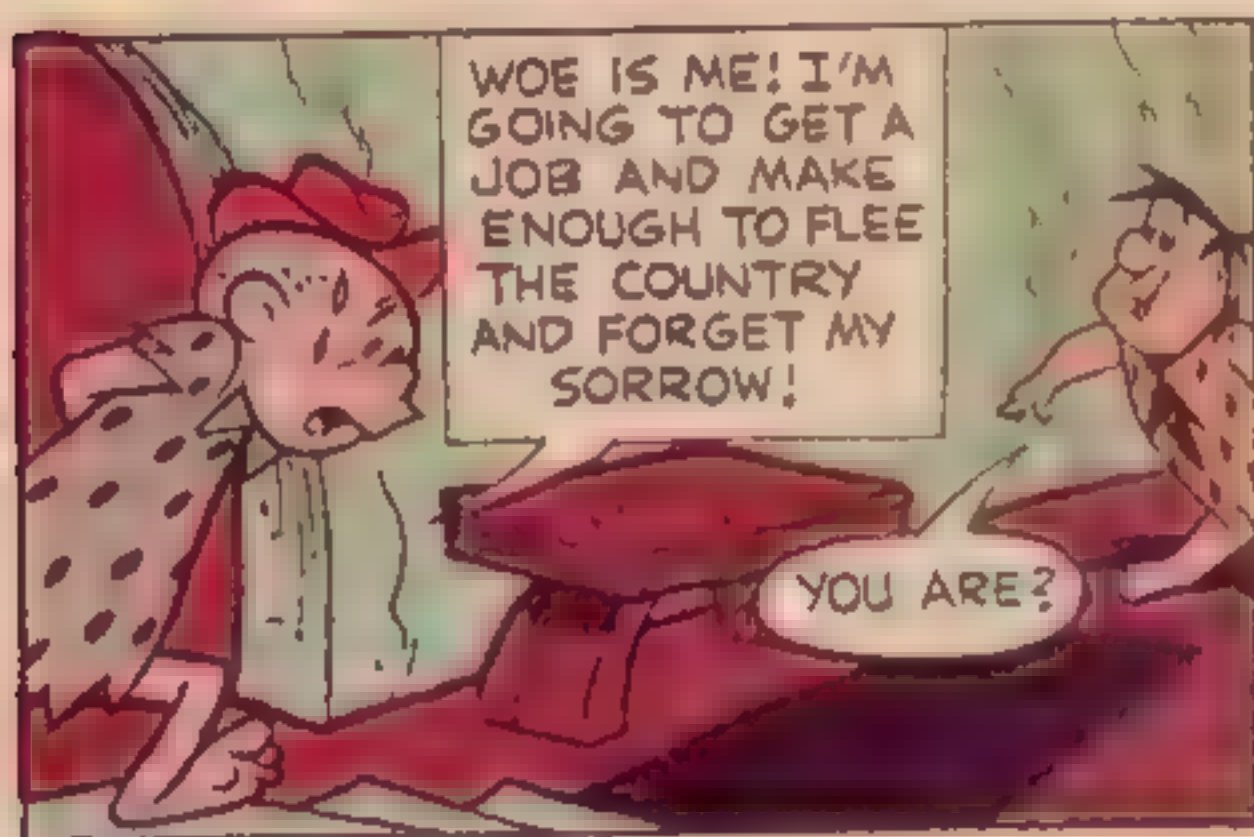
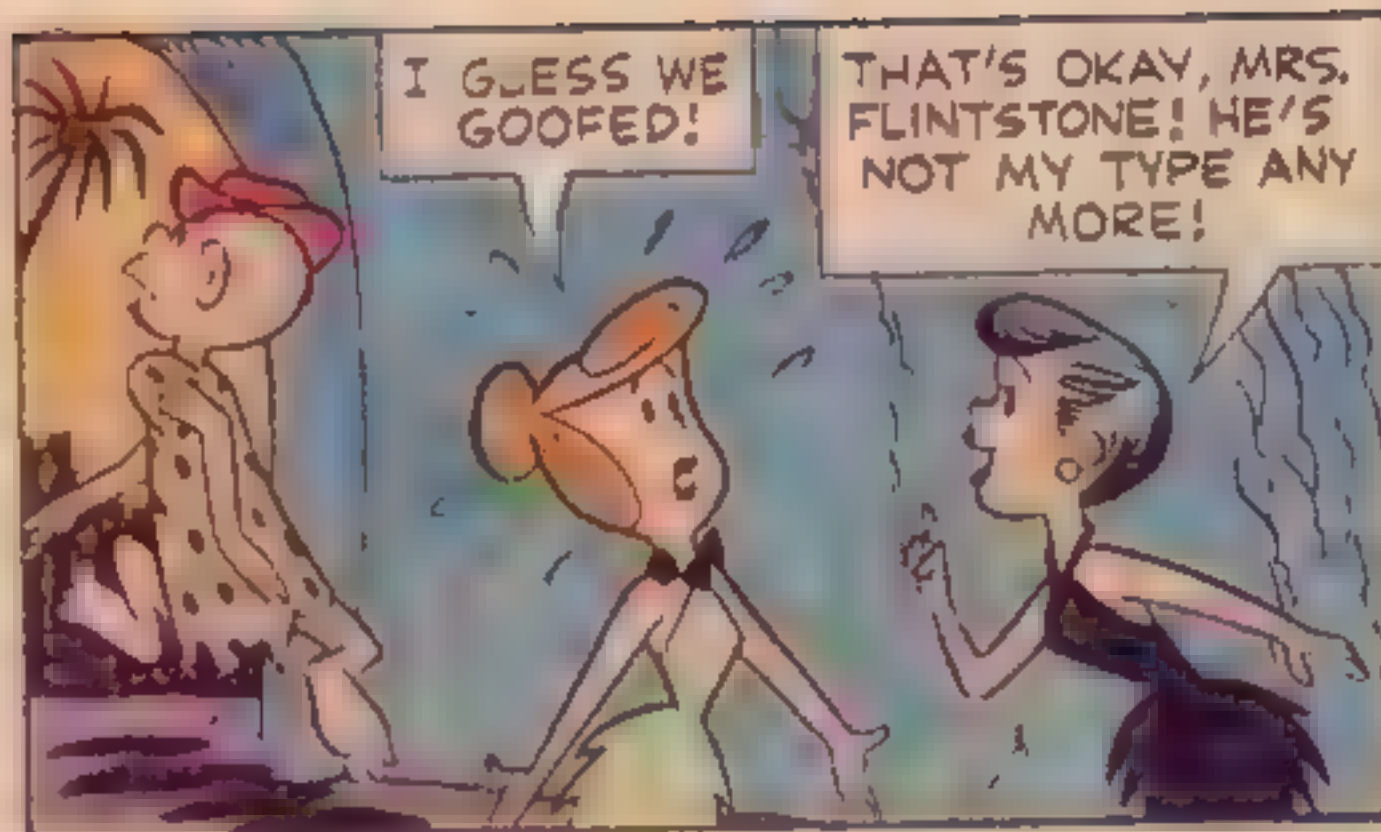
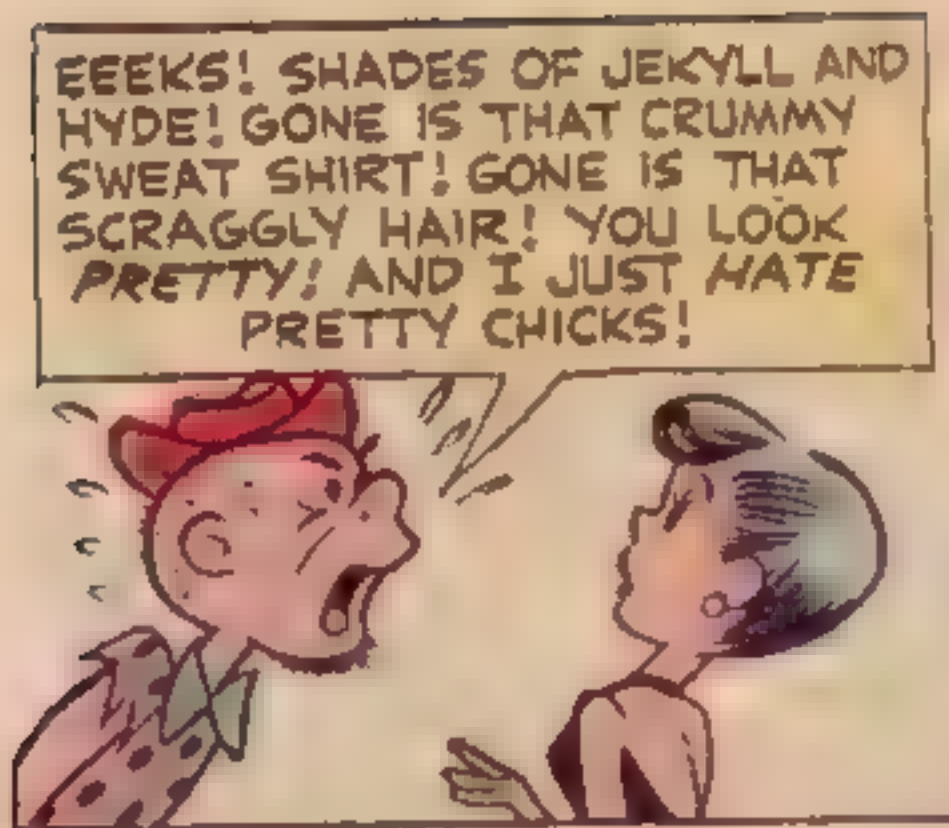


EEEK! DON'T TAKE ME
IN THERE! I'M AFRAID
OF THOSE PLACES!

NOW, NOW! CALM
DOWN! IT WON'T
HURT... MUCH!







PREHISTORIC GRAVEYARD



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Facing one of the longest, most fashionable, and most famous streets in the world, Wilshire Boulevard, in Los Angeles, California, lies a five hundred thousand-year-old graveyard of the prehistoric animal kingdom. Here have been found the skeletal remains of monstrous beasts who literally paid with their lives for a drink of water.

Known as Rancho La Brea, or the La Brea Tar Pits, this small fossil-bearing area, only a few city blocks square, has yielded up to science the largest collection of extinct creatures in the world.

In the days before man inhabited the world, giant mammals roamed the earth. From the mountains surrounding Rancho La Brea, they looked down upon what appeared to be an oasis in a vast desert. They saw pools shimmering in the sunlight, and believing they had found water to drink, they rushed toward it in vast herds and packs.

When they reached the pools in the lowlands, these lumbering beasts did not realize that the bubbles they saw were created by gases, that the rainbowlike colors resulted from the reflection of the sun on oil, and that a pit of tar thrust deep into the ground. Only the thinnest layer of water covered the surface.

But the beasts were thirsty, and they had come a long way for a drink. Some plunged in to cool themselves as they drank; others stepped in more warily, first one foot and then another. Regardless, all were trapped,

sucked into the thick tar as if into quicksand.

Bellows of fear and anguish filled the air as these doomed creatures struggled to escape. Other predatory birds and beasts heard the screams and hastened to the scene to feast on their unfortunate fellows. They, too, fell victim to the pits of tar, some dragged down by their battling prey, others doomed to flounder alongside their trapped brothers.

When, in 1875, a project for the mining of asphalt deposits in Rancho La Brea was started, the tooth of a saber-toothed cat was unearthed. This discovery led to further exploration. No bodies were found, but the bones of thousands of extinct Ice Age creatures were exhumed and transferred to a museum, there to be laboriously reassembled into complete skeletons.

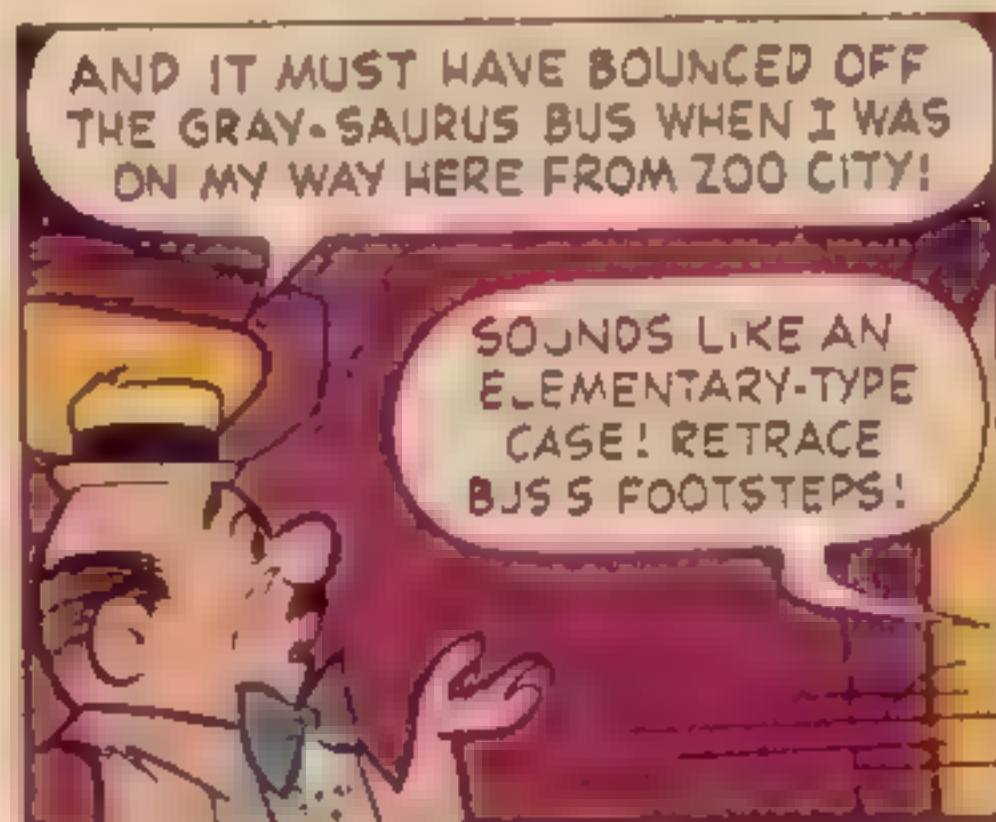
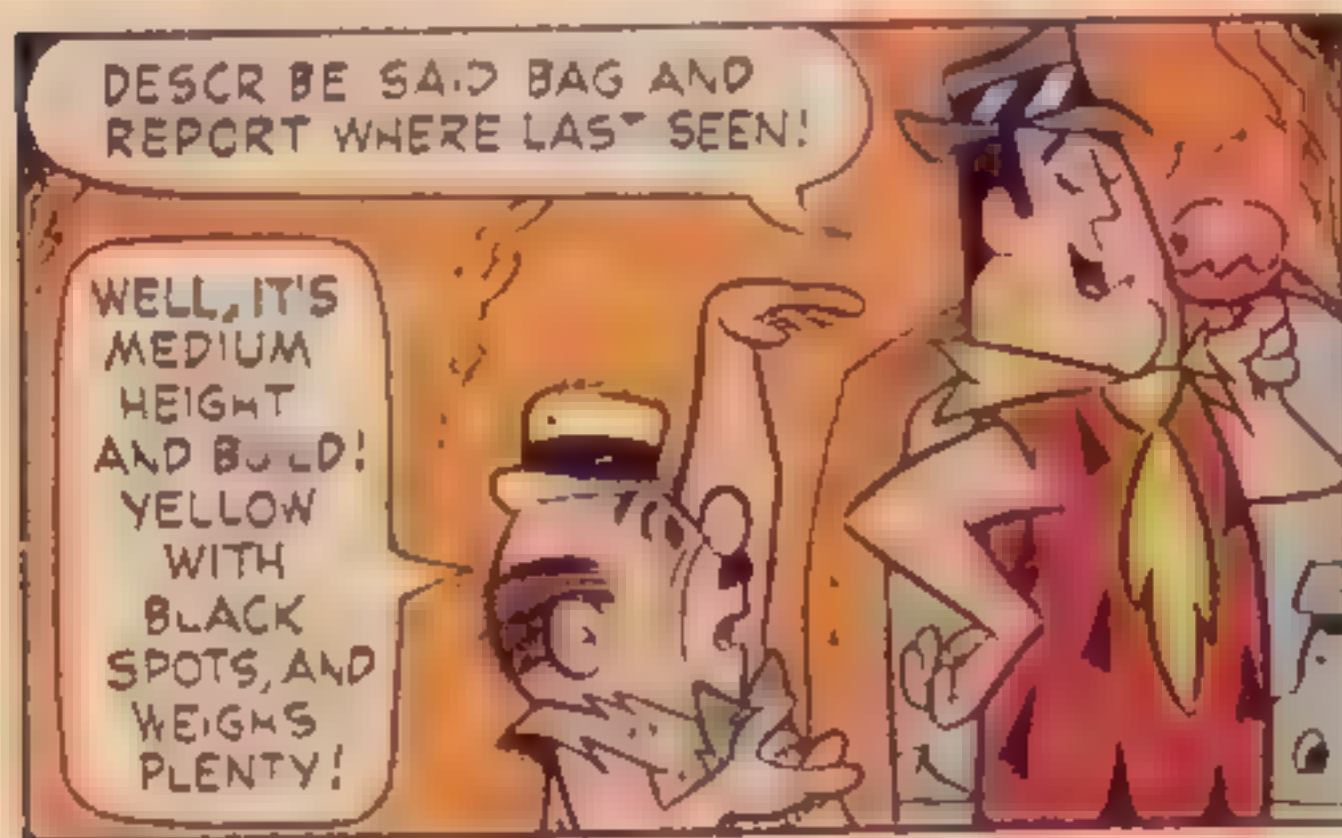
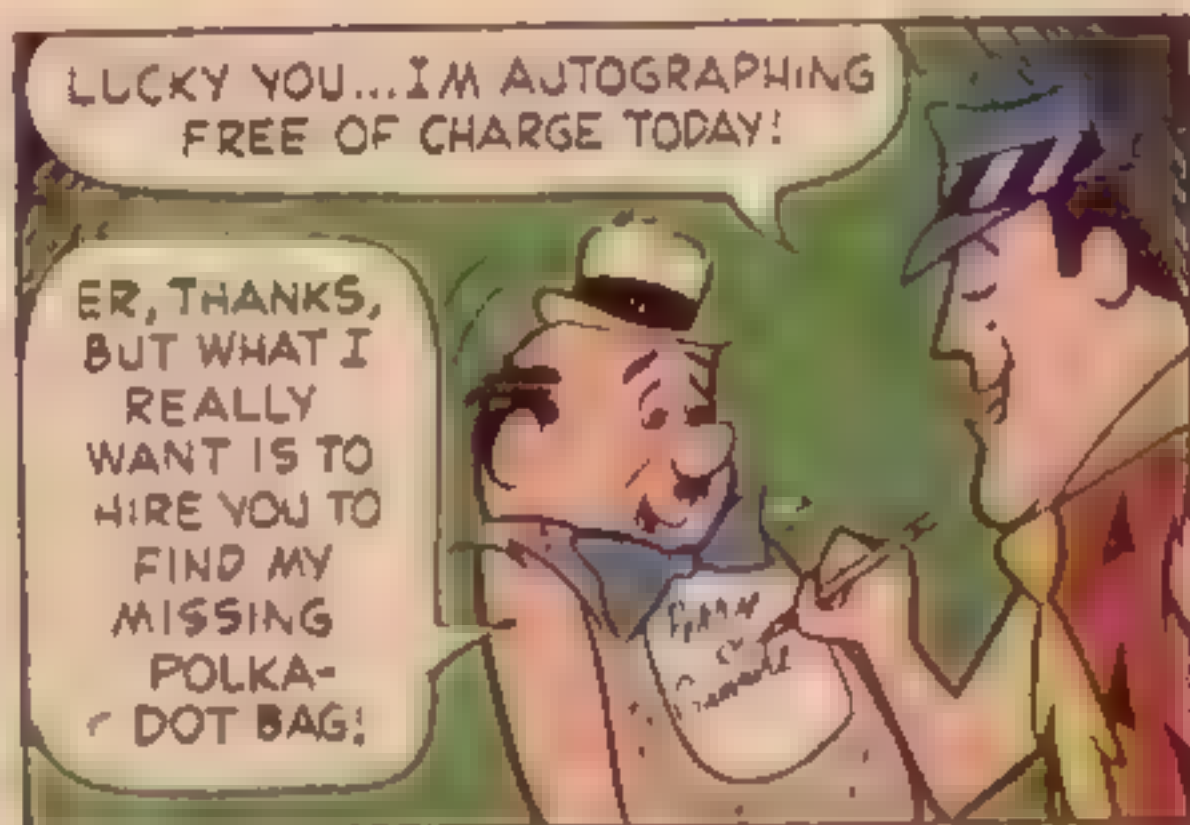
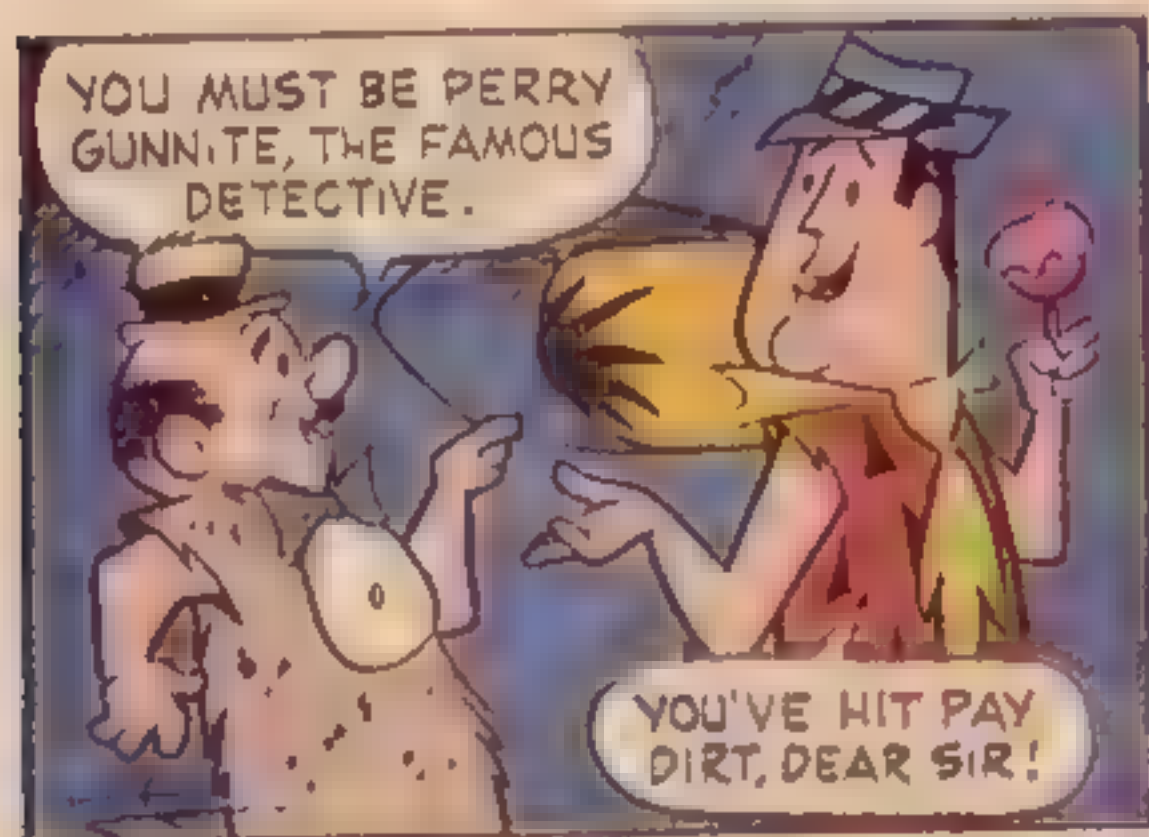
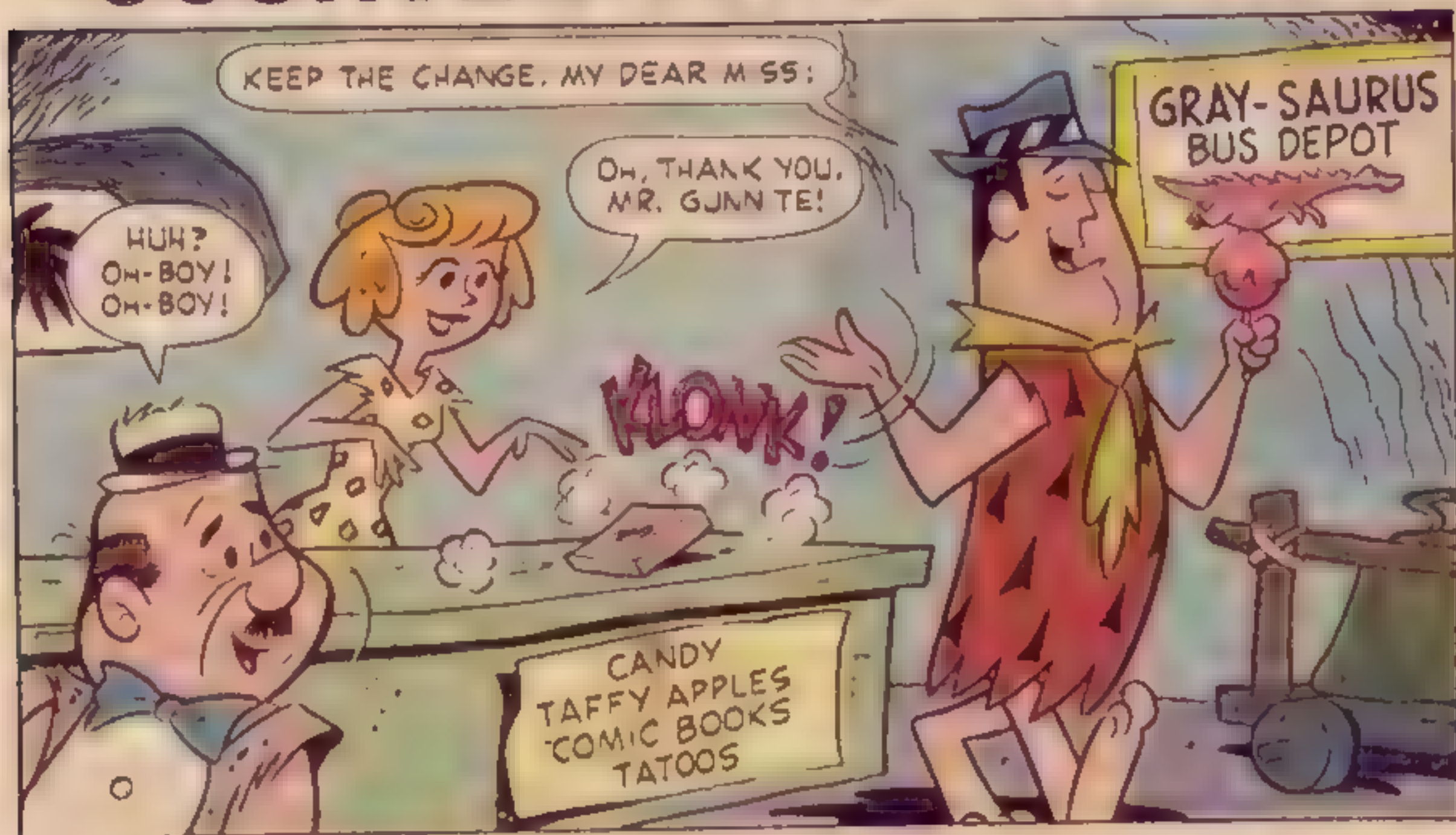
One pit was found to contain the bones of an entire herd of imperial mammoths. Another pit yielded the skulls of almost two hundred huge, fierce predatory wolves. Also found were the bones of giant ground sloths, mastodons, prehistoric camels, bison, and so many other birds and beasts that a complete record of the entire prehistoric animal kingdom was furnished.

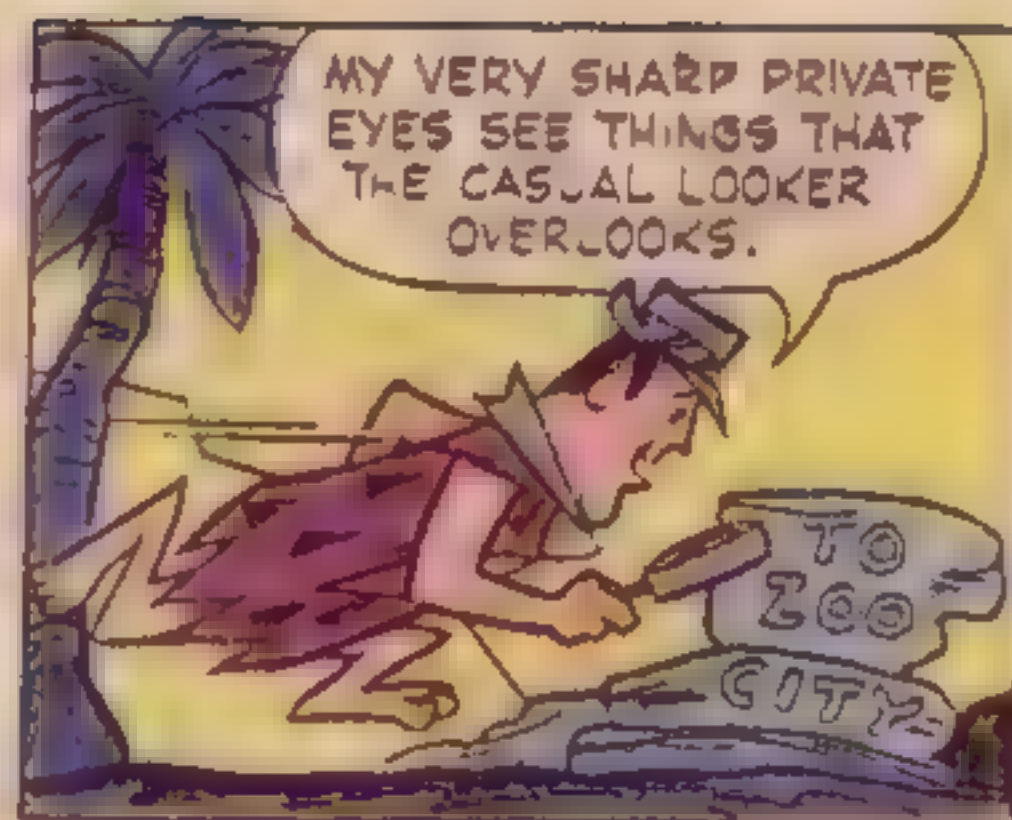
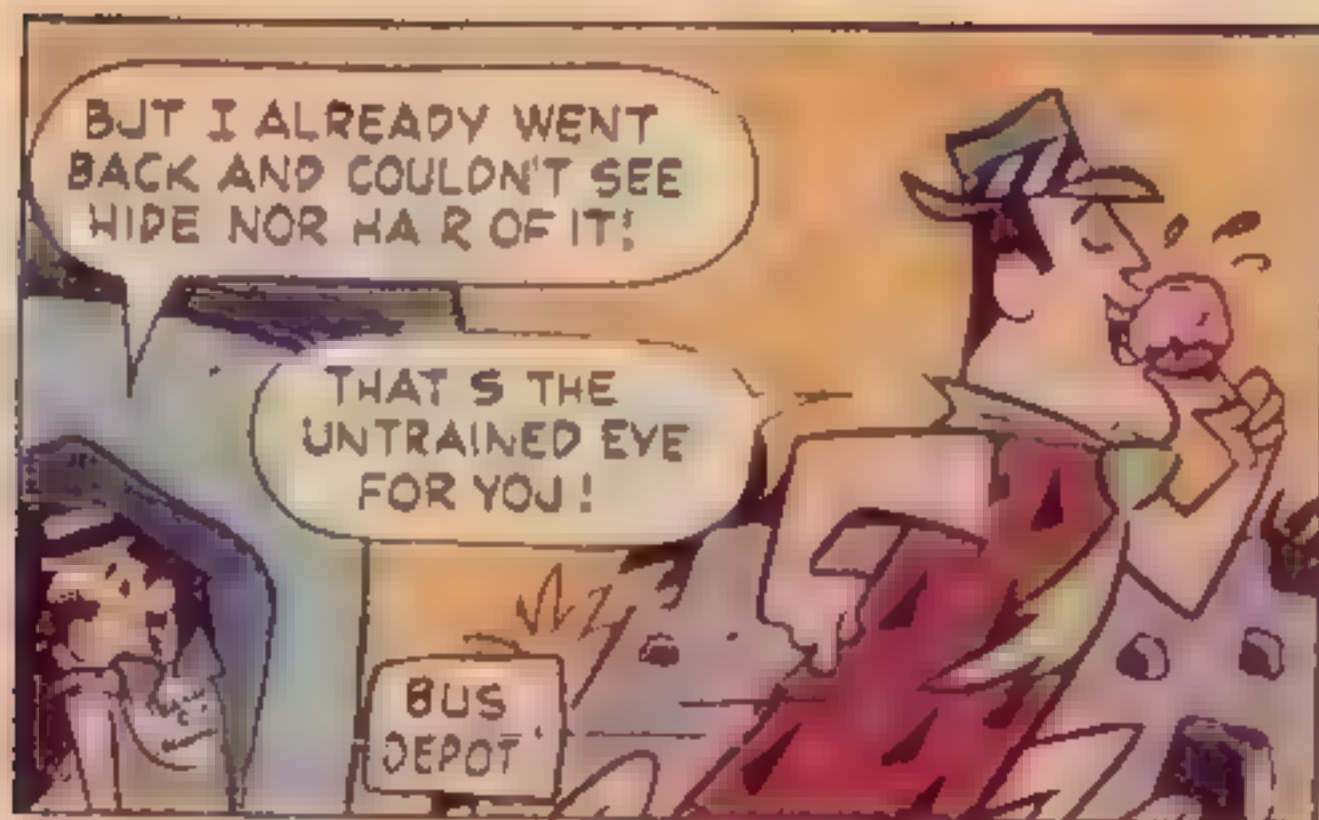
The discovery of Rancho La Brea dates back to 1769, when Gaspar de Portolá, the first white man to set foot on the territory which later became the city of Los Angeles, headed an expedition of Spanish explorers. It is believed that the existence of the tar pits was also known to early Indian residents of the area, who came there to gather the pitch to use for waterproofing their canoes.

Today, the La Brea Tar Pits are ringed by lush green lawns and paved paths; and tall, leafy trees shade the parklike area. Guard rails protect visitors from the fate of the prehistoric animals, but still the seething gases and the shimmering surface of the tar pits have an attraction for some of the smaller animals and birds. And, occasionally, one may become trapped in the tar, as was his ancestor of old.

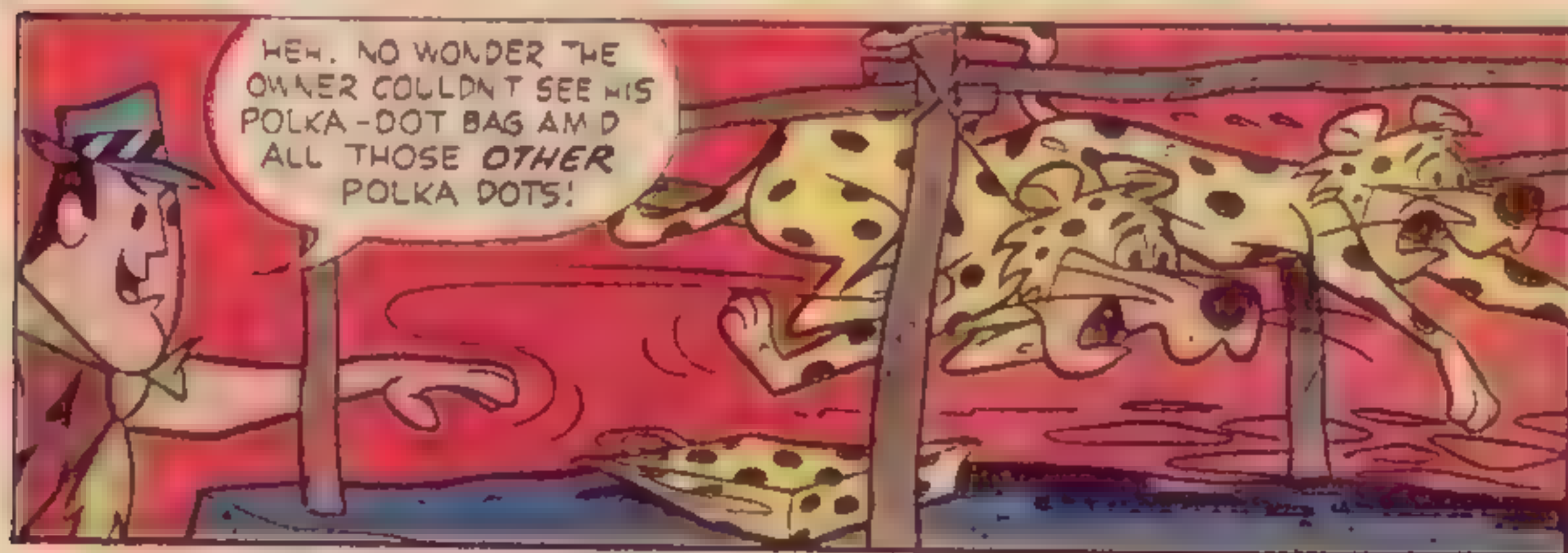
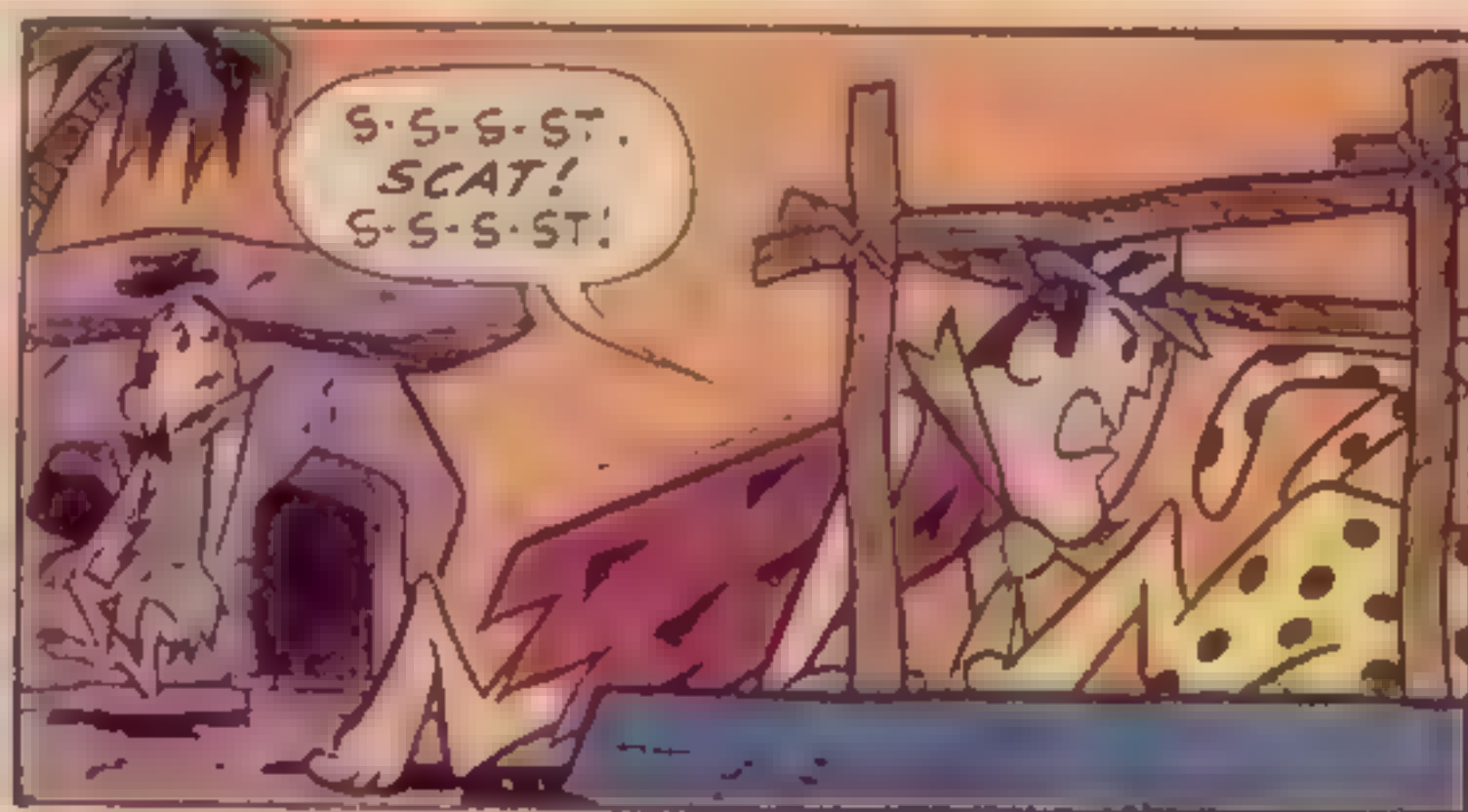
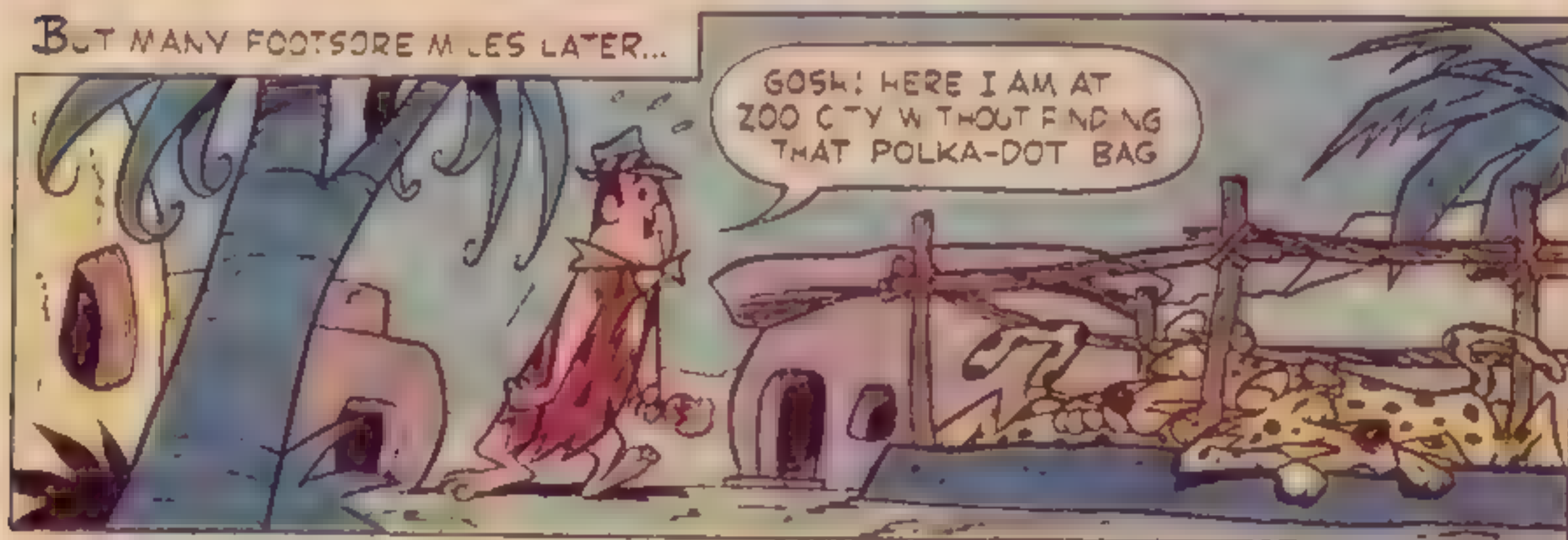
As one gazes into the bubbling blackness of the Rancho La Brea Tar Pits, five hundred thousand years of life on this earth seem to fade, except that the roar of the doomed prehistoric beasts has given way to the roar of modern traffic.

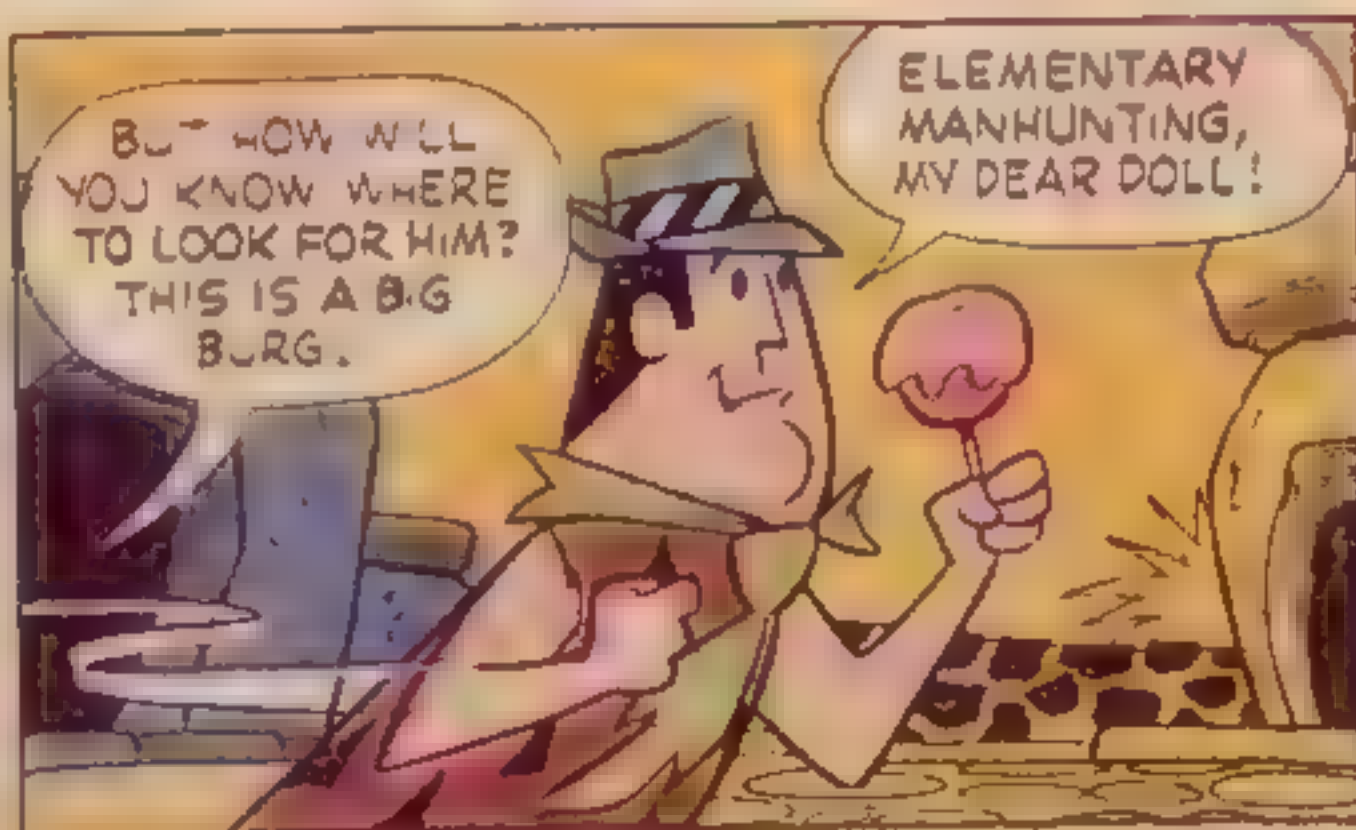
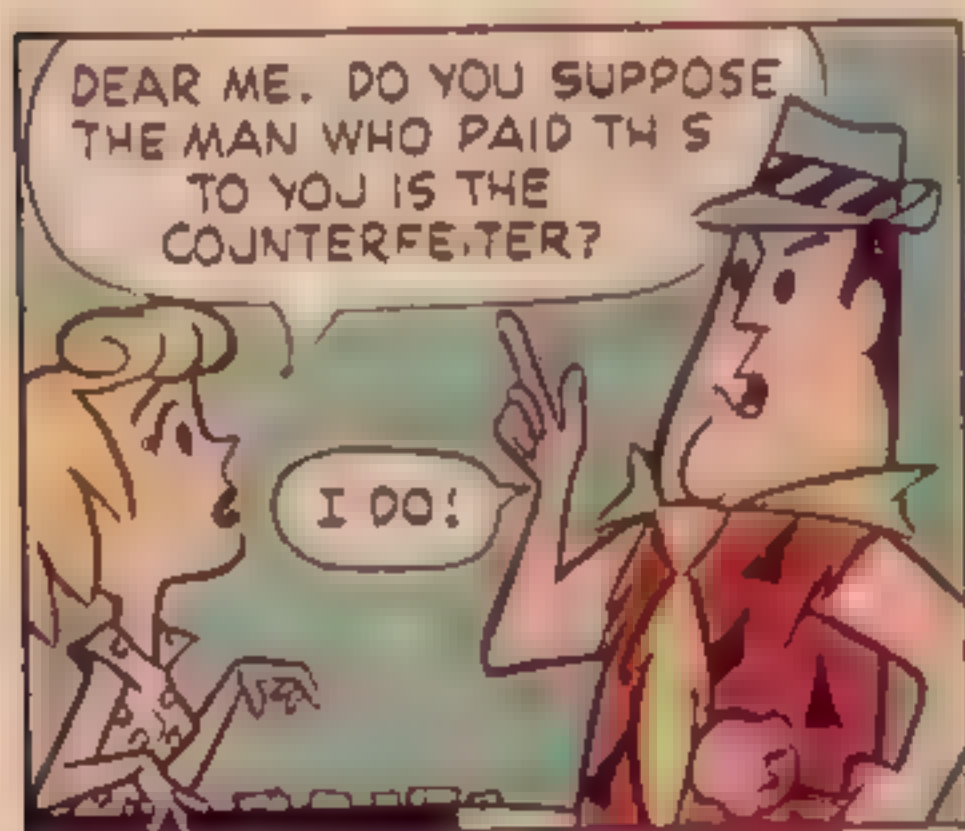
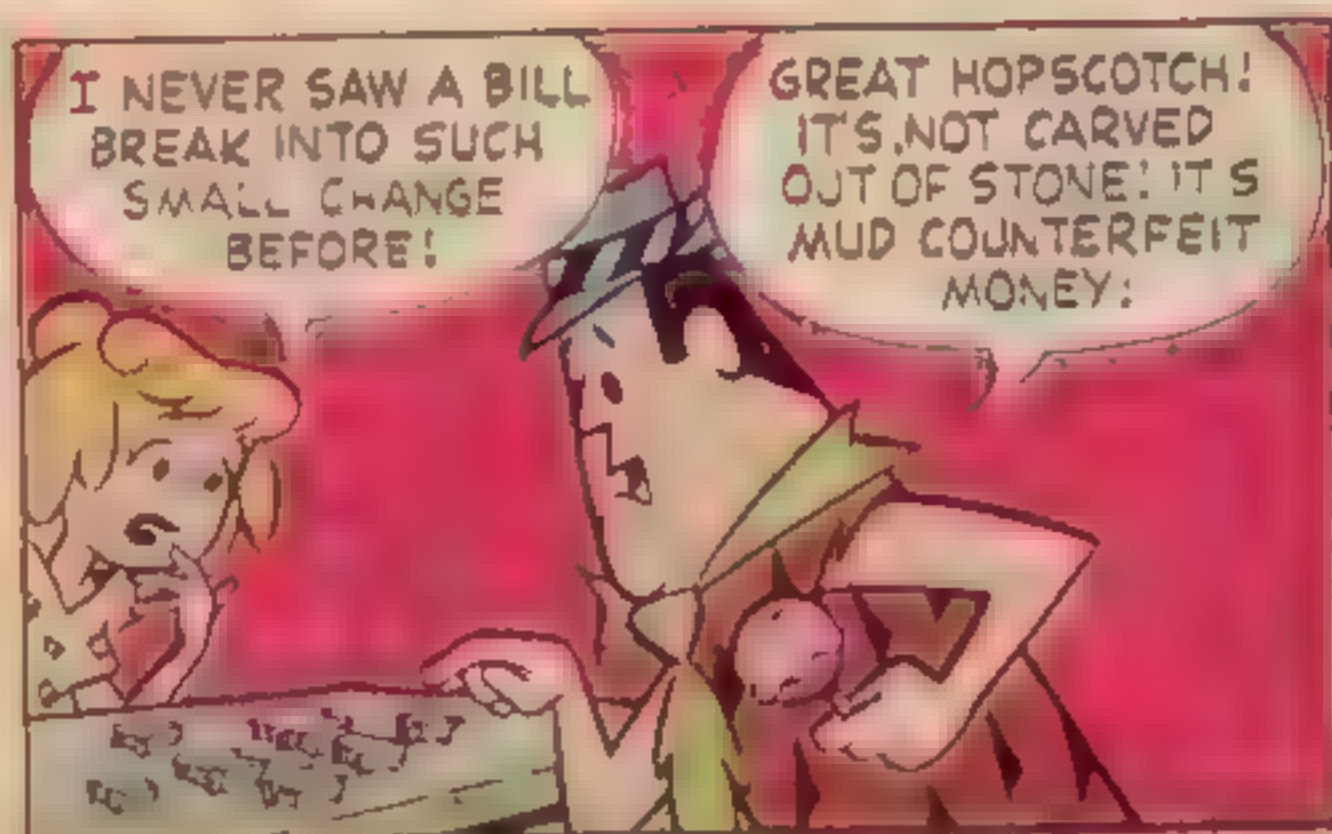
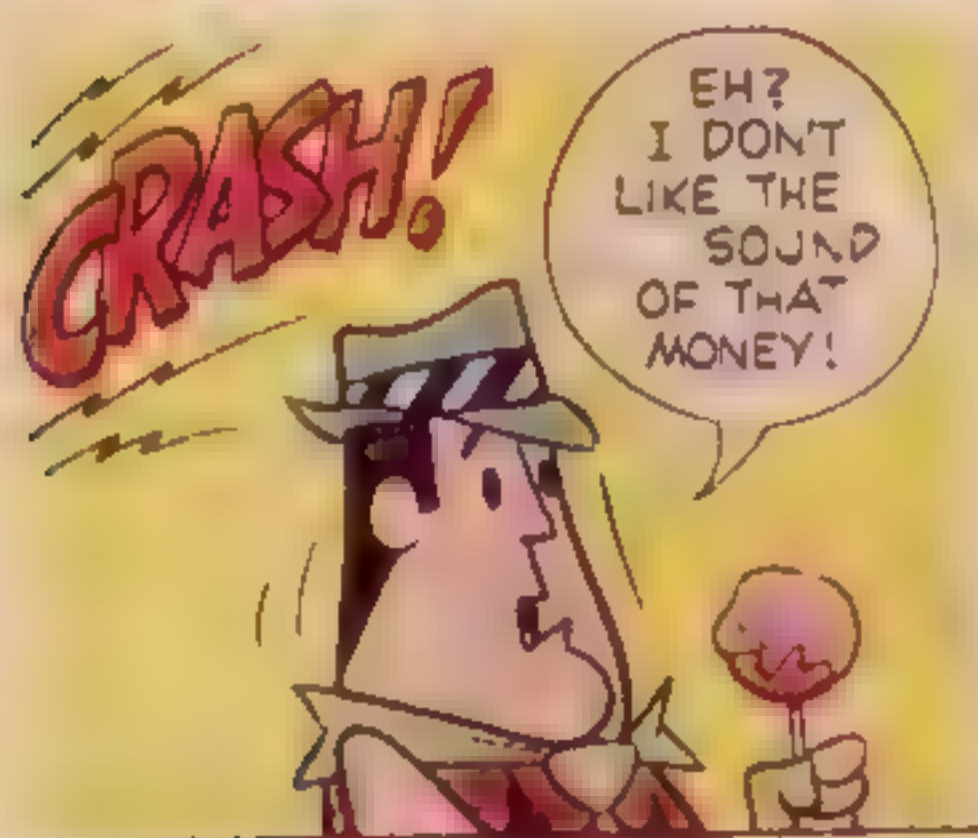
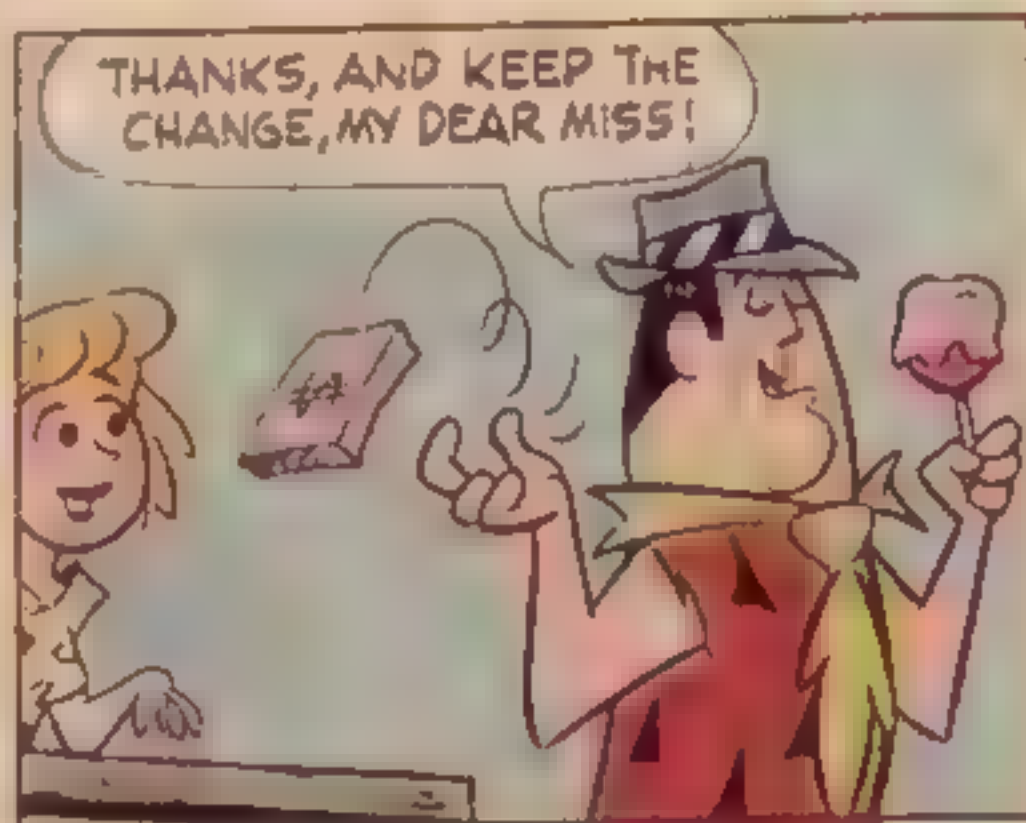
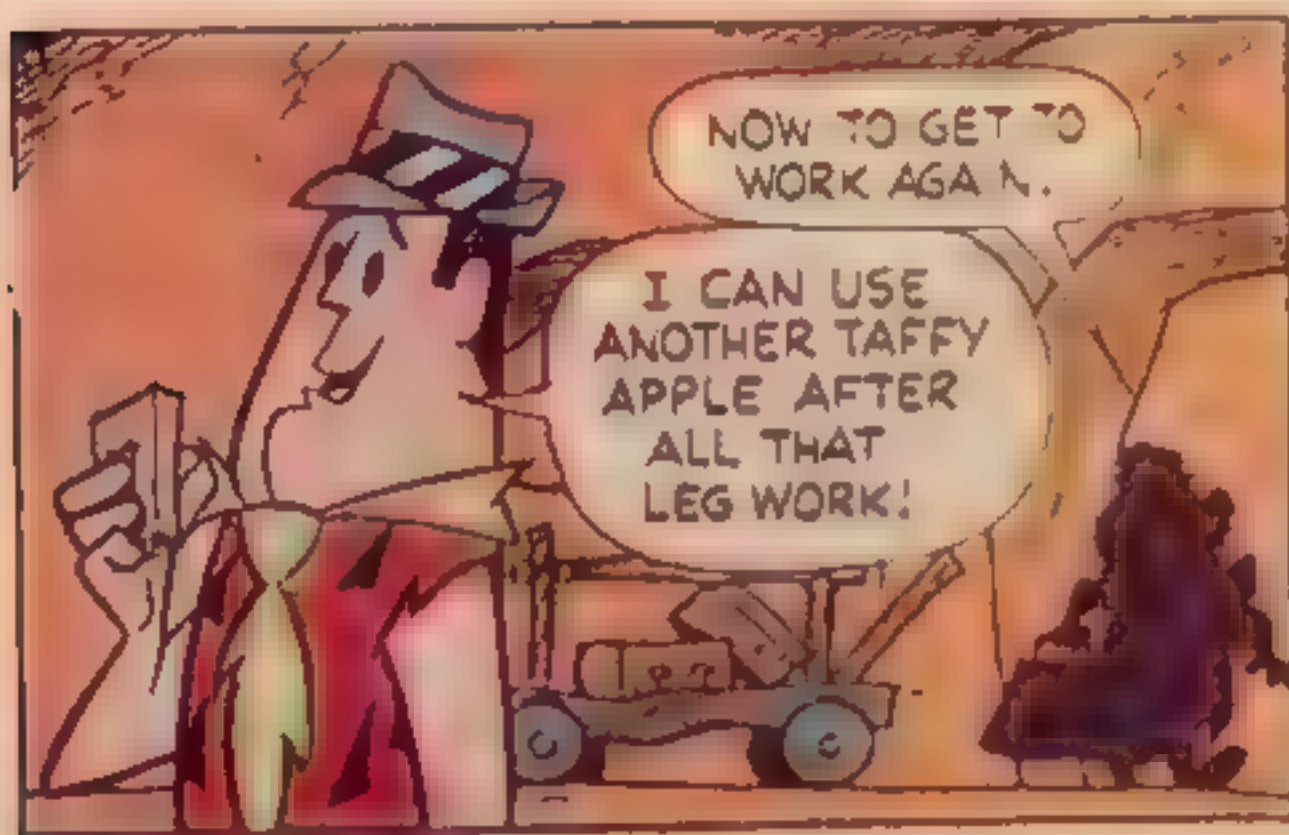
Hanna-Barbera **PERRY GUNNITE**
COUNTER-FIT-THROWER

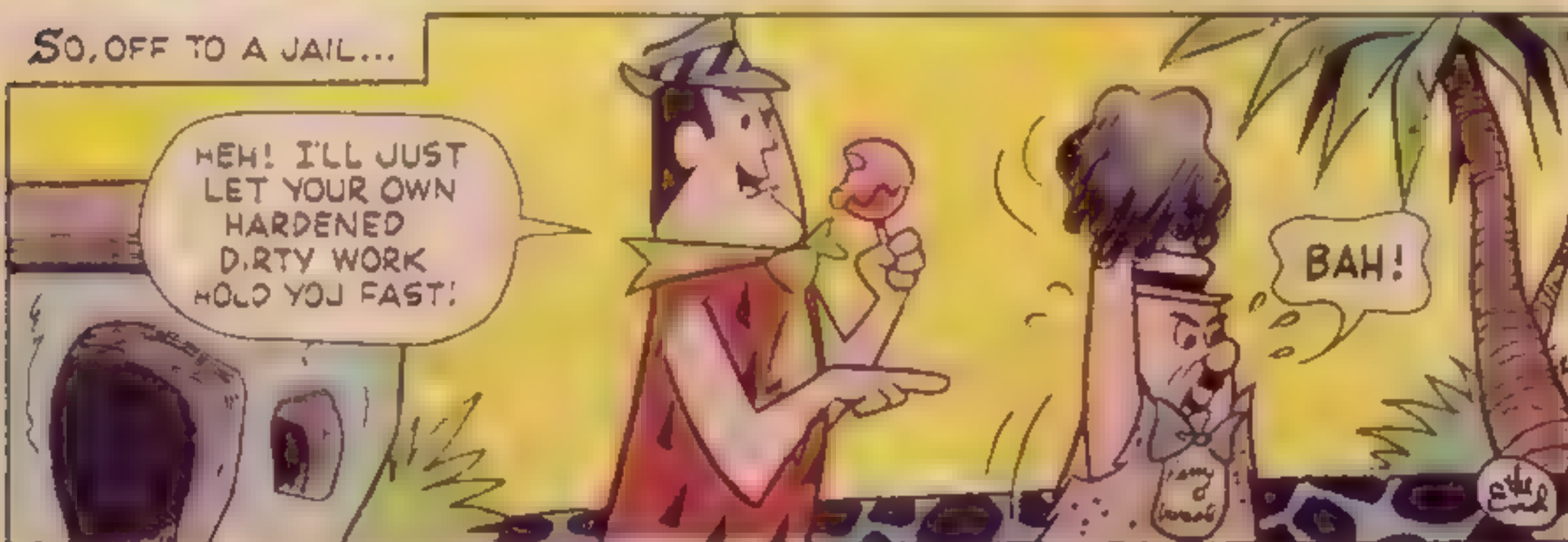
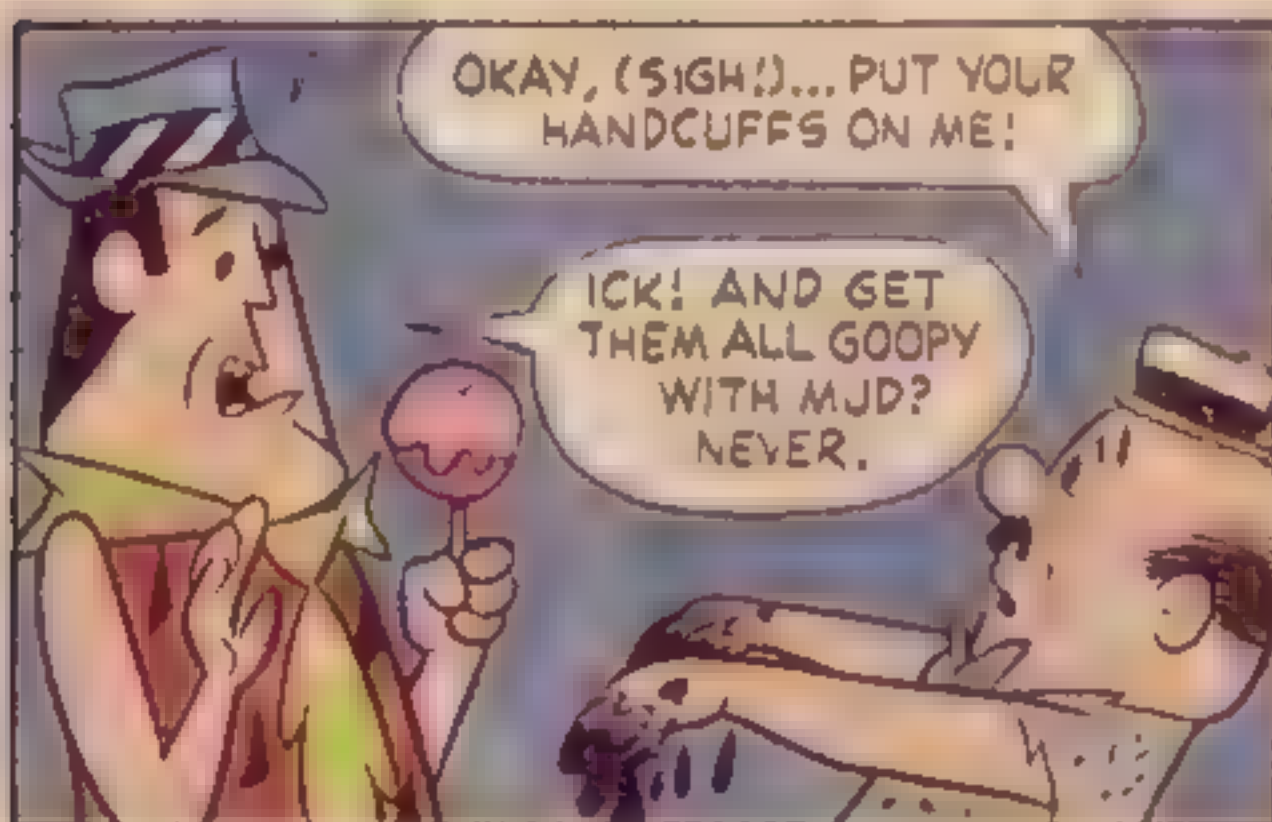
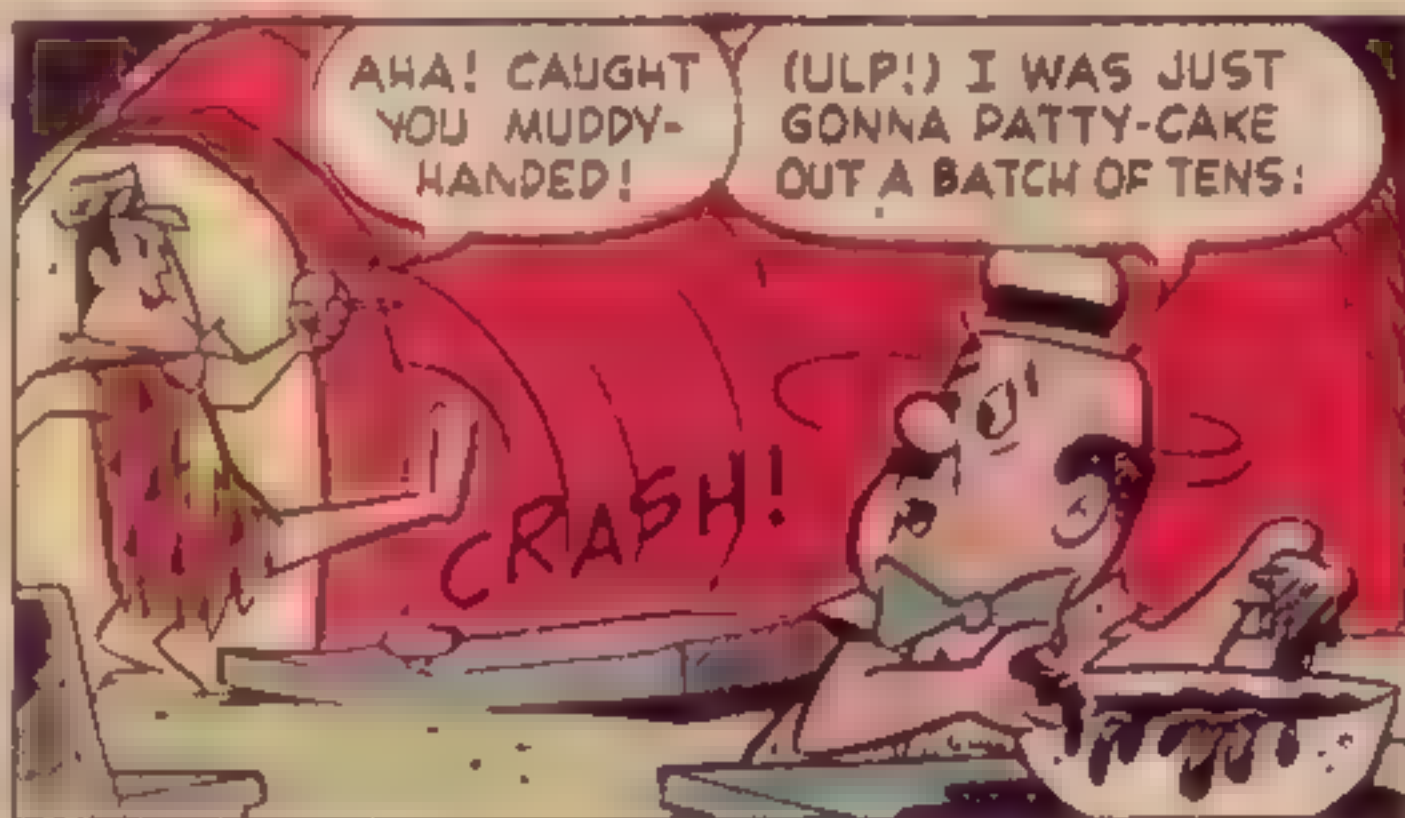
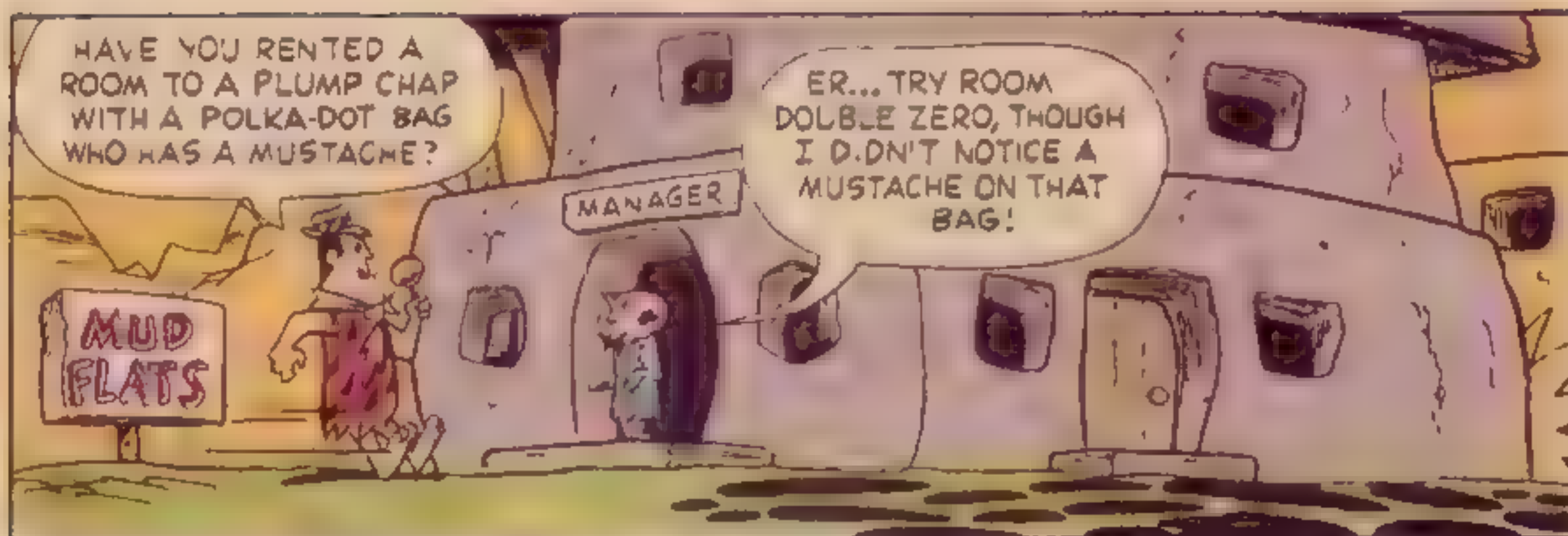




BUT MANY FOOTSORE MILES LATER...

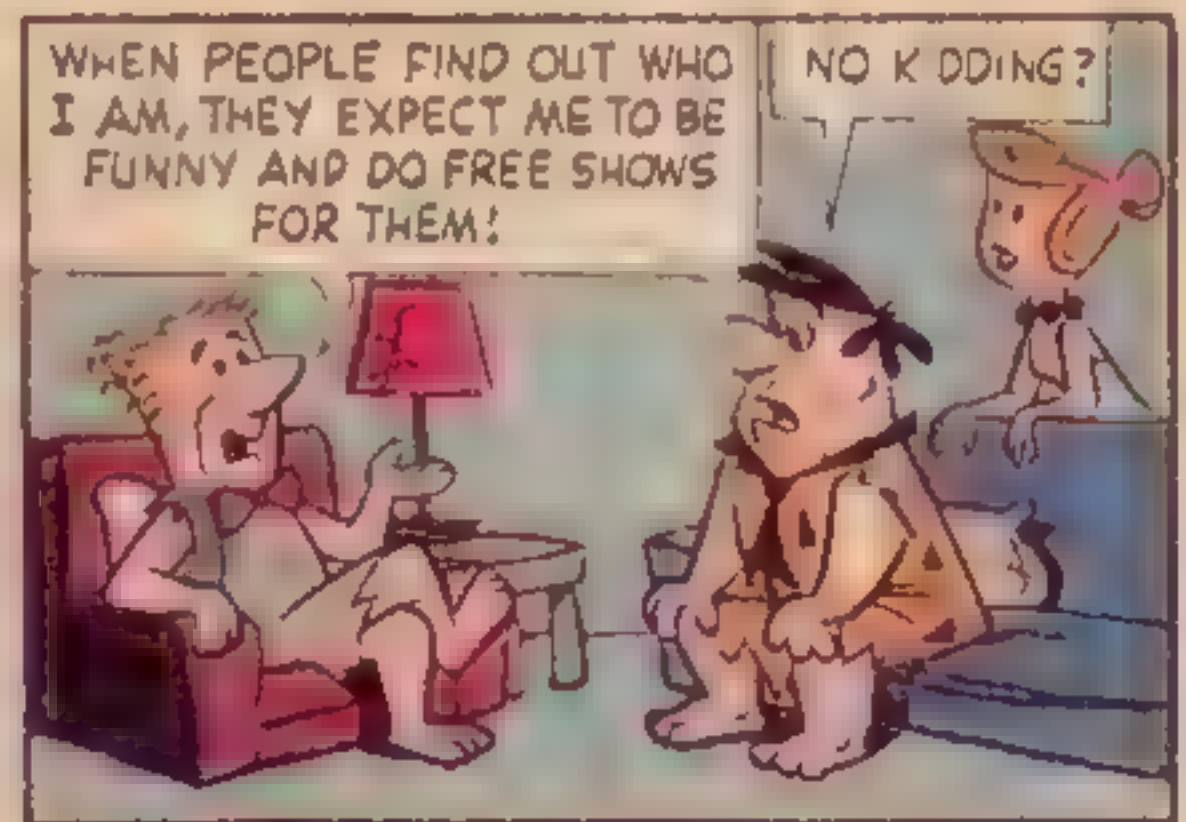
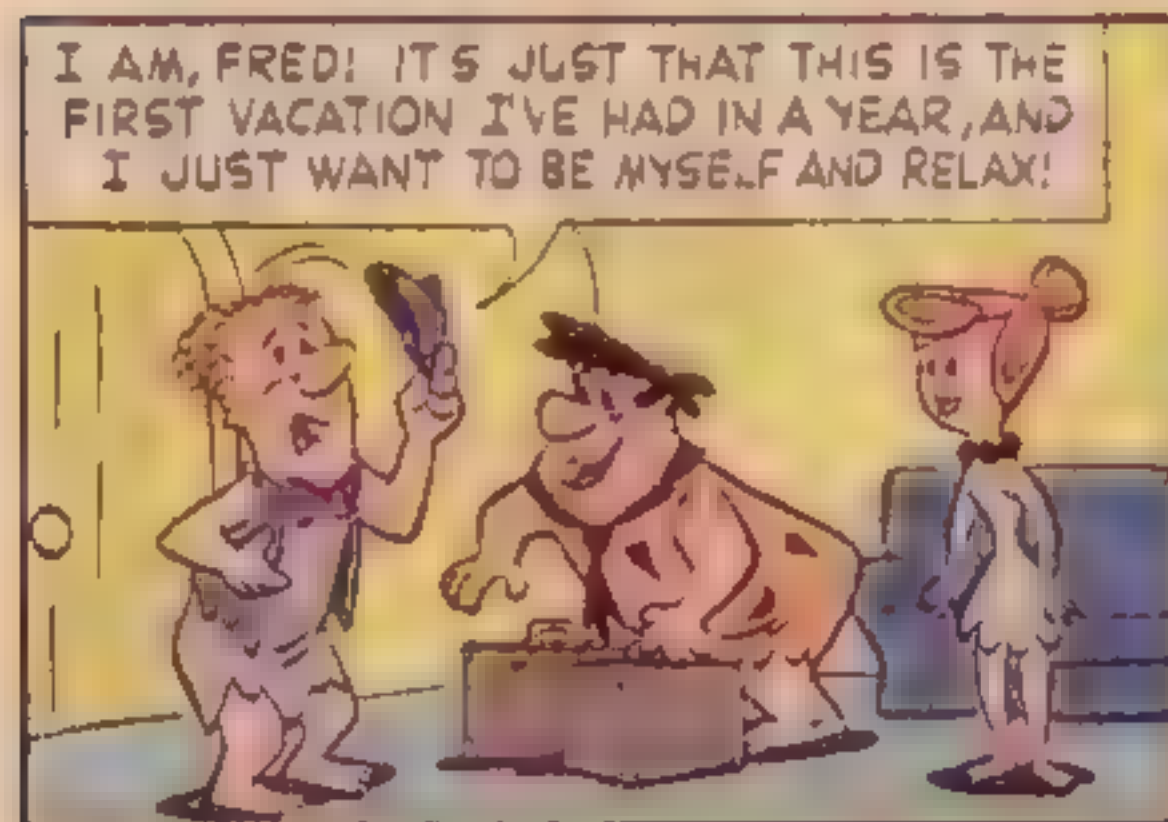
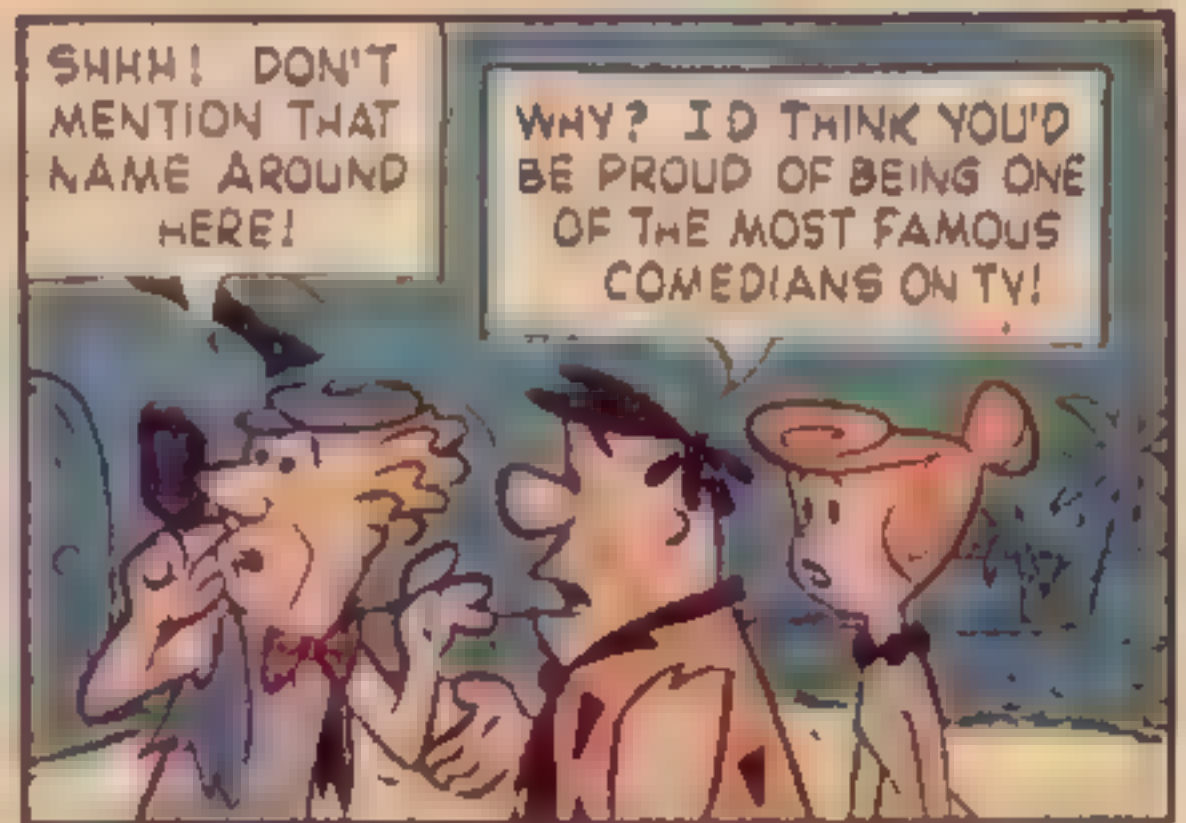
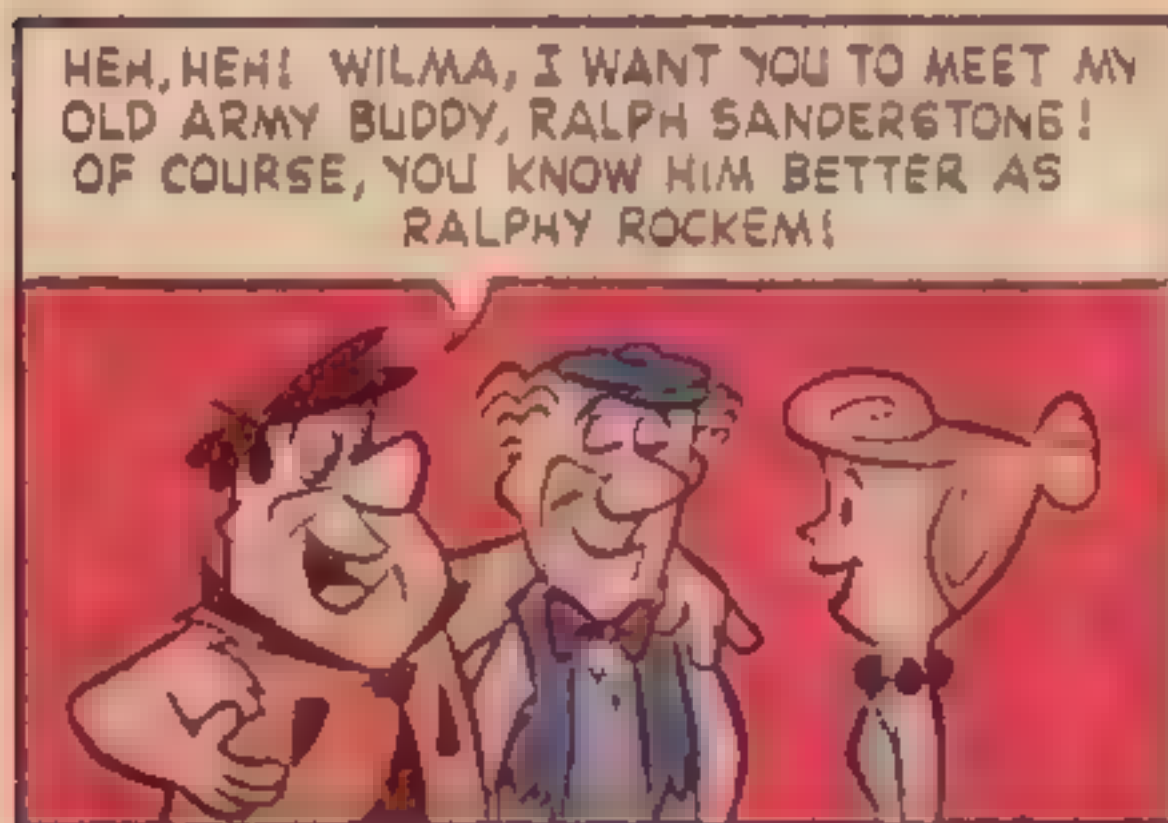
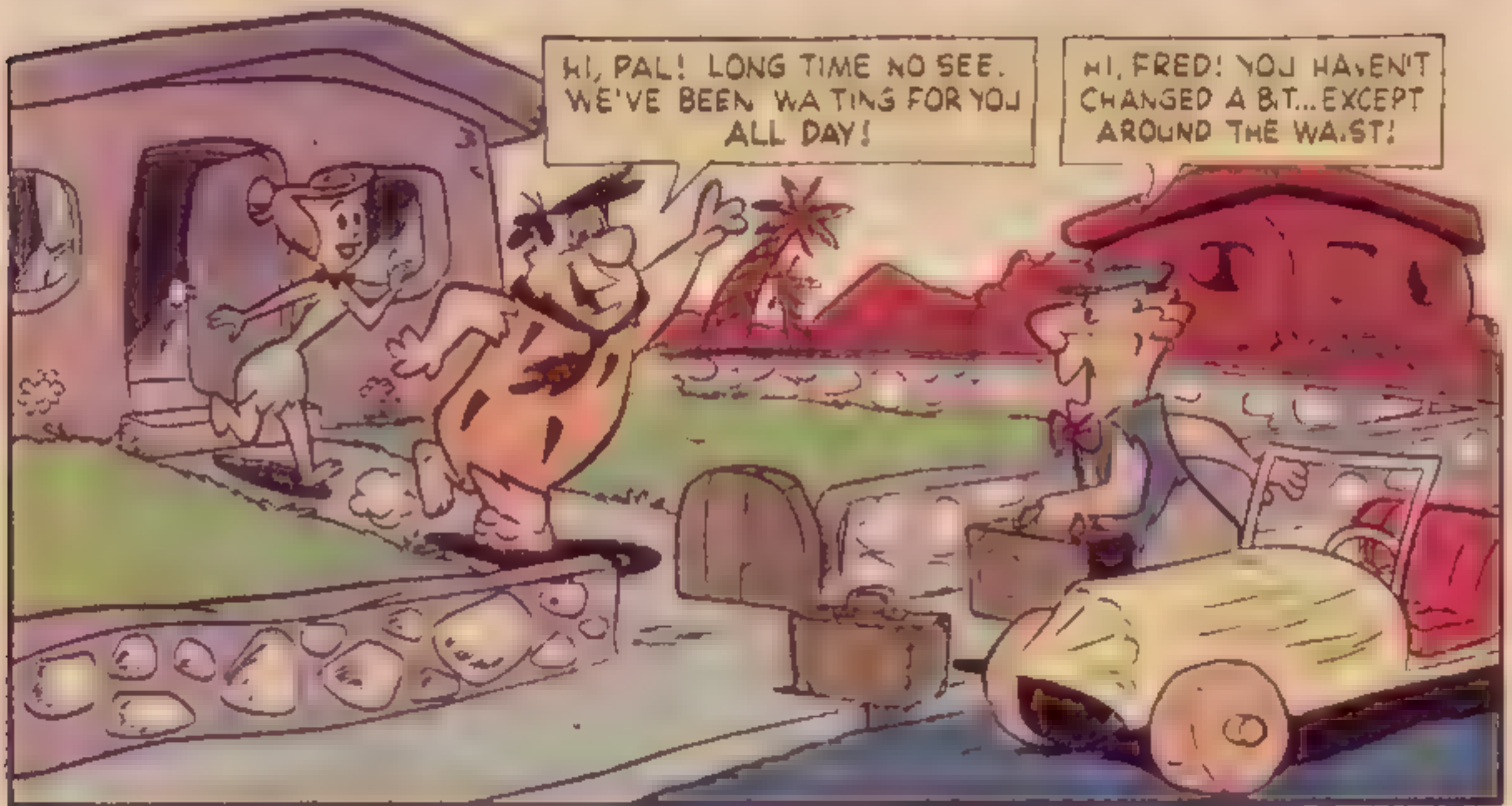






Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

A STAR COMES TO BEDROCK

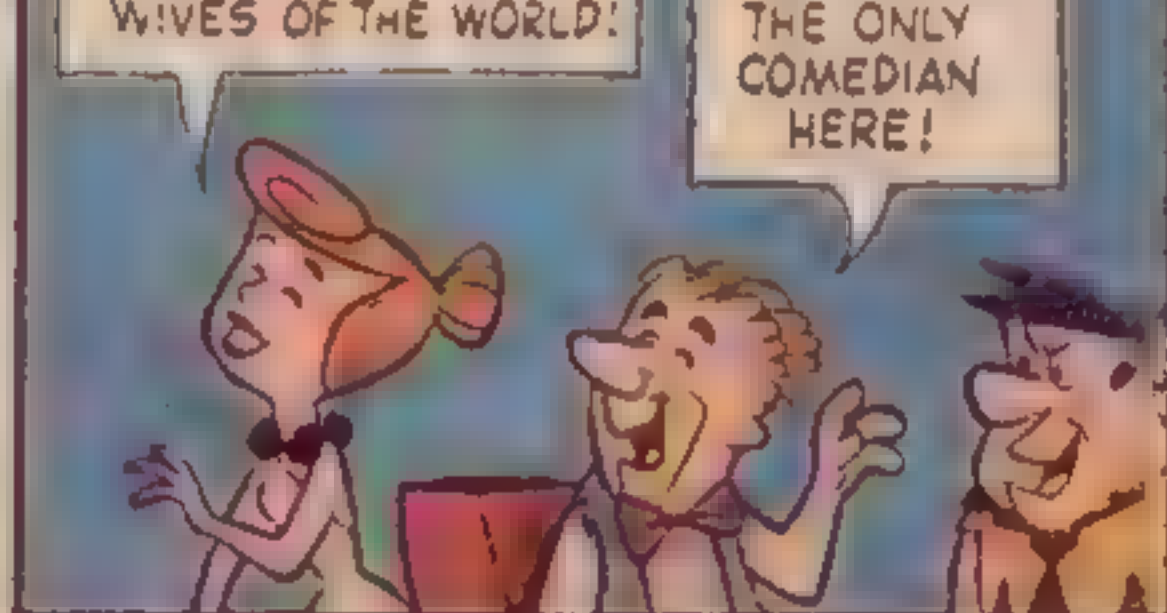


SURE! THAT'S WHY I WROTE AND ASKED TO STAY WITH YOU! TO AVOID THE CROWDS AND STAY WITH A TYPICAL LITTLE FAMILY!



IF FRED'S A TYPICAL HUSBAND, I PITY THE WIVES OF THE WORLD!

HEH, HEH! I SEE I'M NOT THE ONLY COMEDIAN HERE!



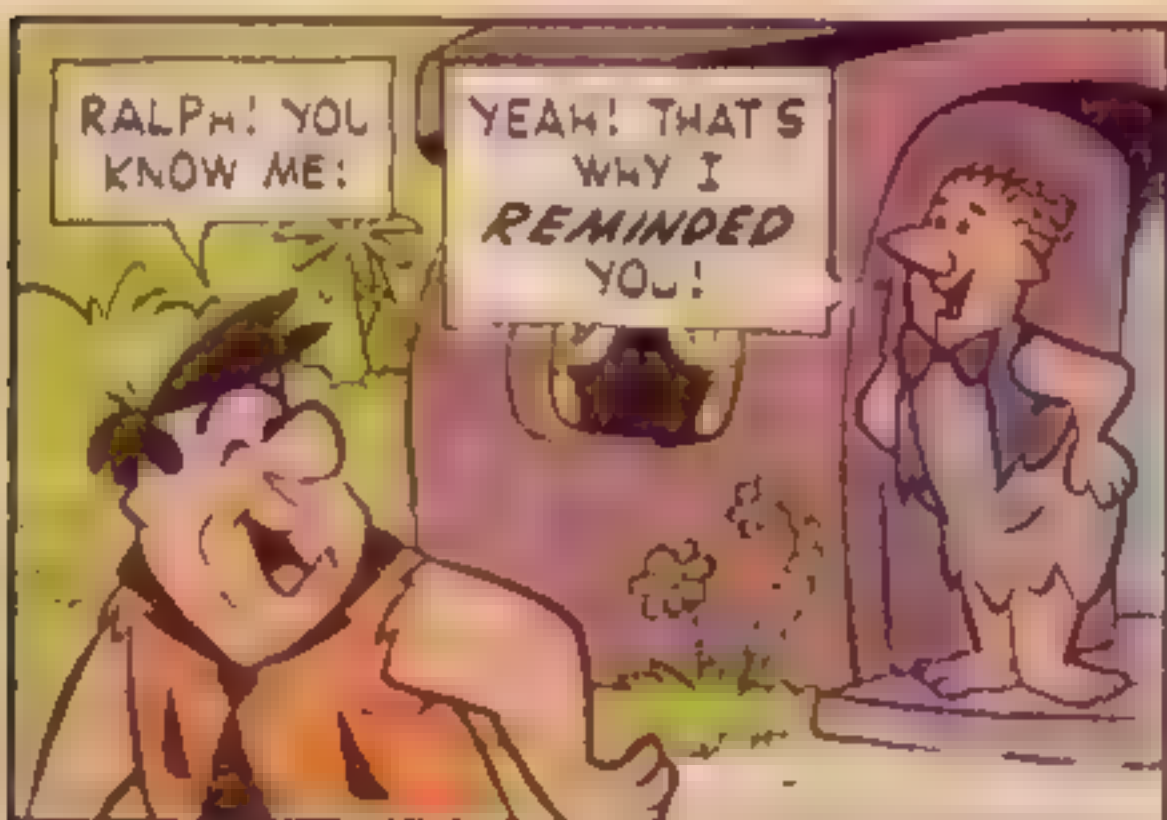
WELL, I'M GOING OUT TO GET A FEW GROCERIES! IF I REMEMBER THE ARMY, YOU'RE A BIG EATER!

OKAY, PAL! AND NOT A WORD ABOUT ME BEING HERE!

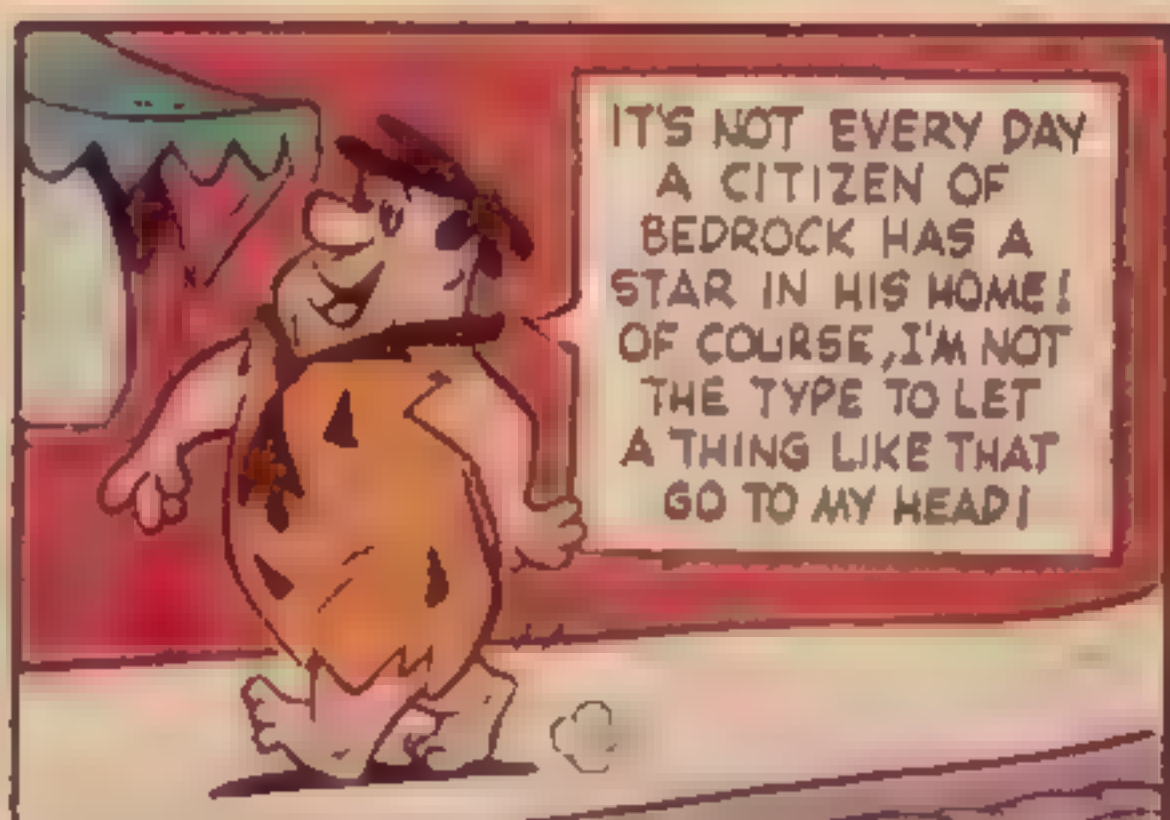


RALPH! YOU KNOW ME!

YEAH! THAT'S WHY I REMINDED YOU!



IT'S NOT EVERY DAY A CITIZEN OF BEDROCK HAS A STAR IN HIS HOME! OF COURSE, I'M NOT THE TYPE TO LET A THING LIKE THAT GO TO MY HEAD!

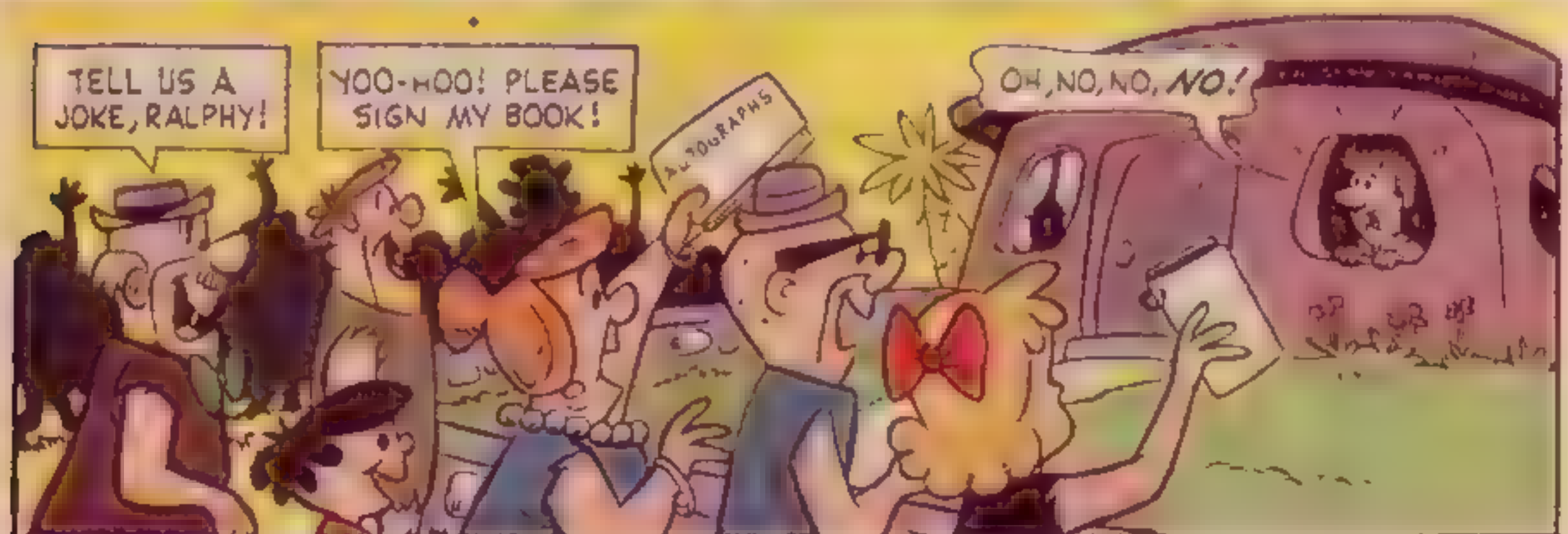
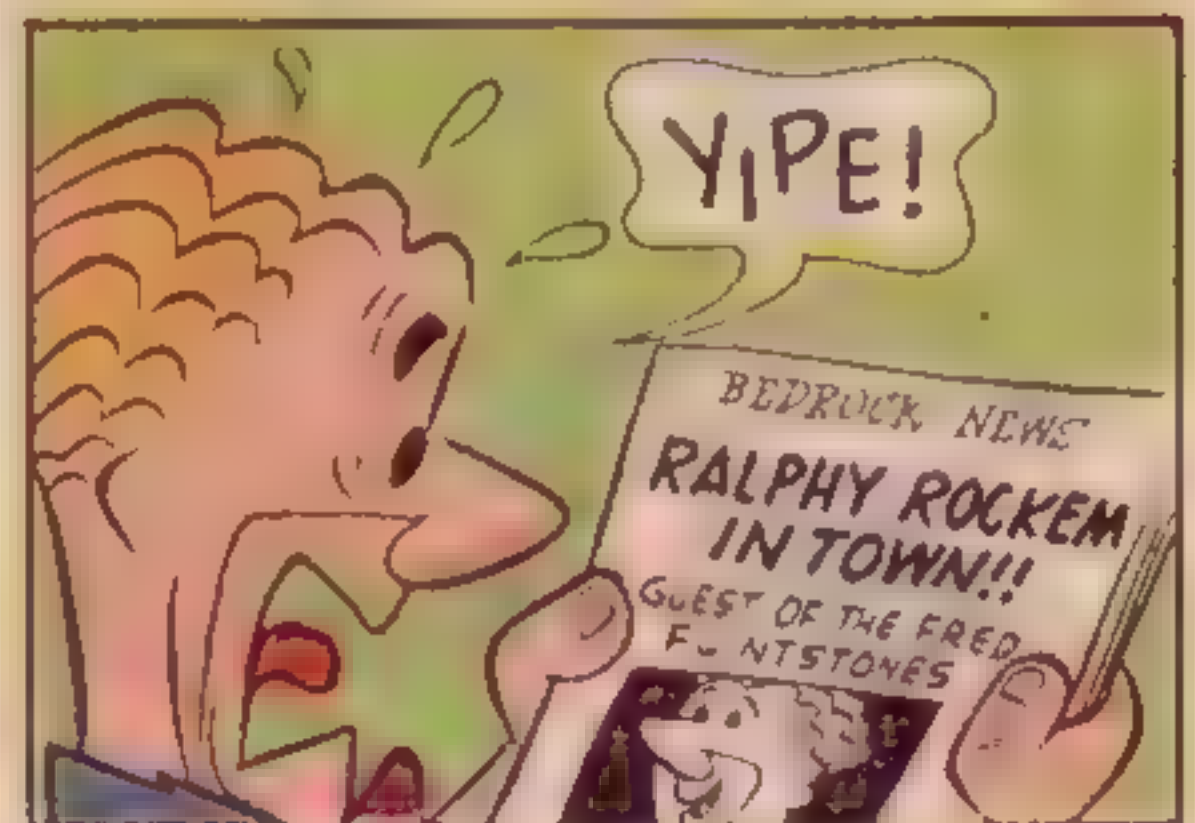
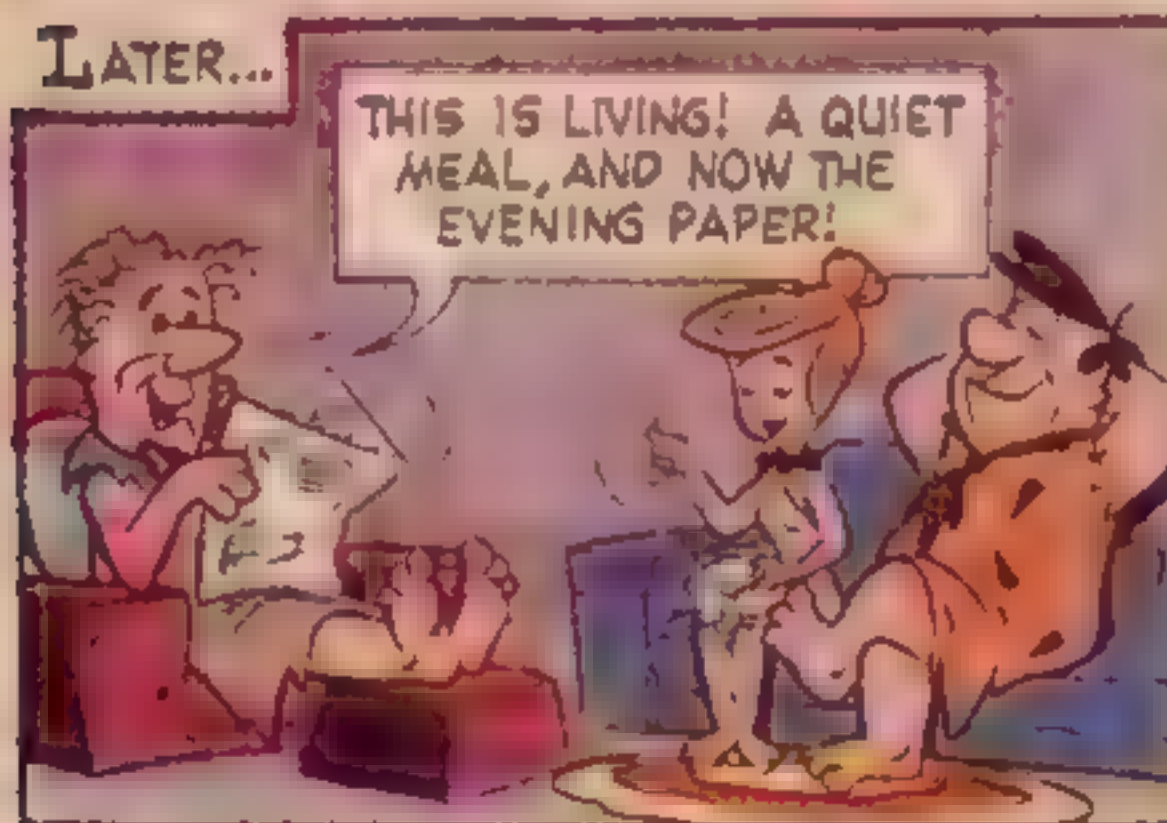
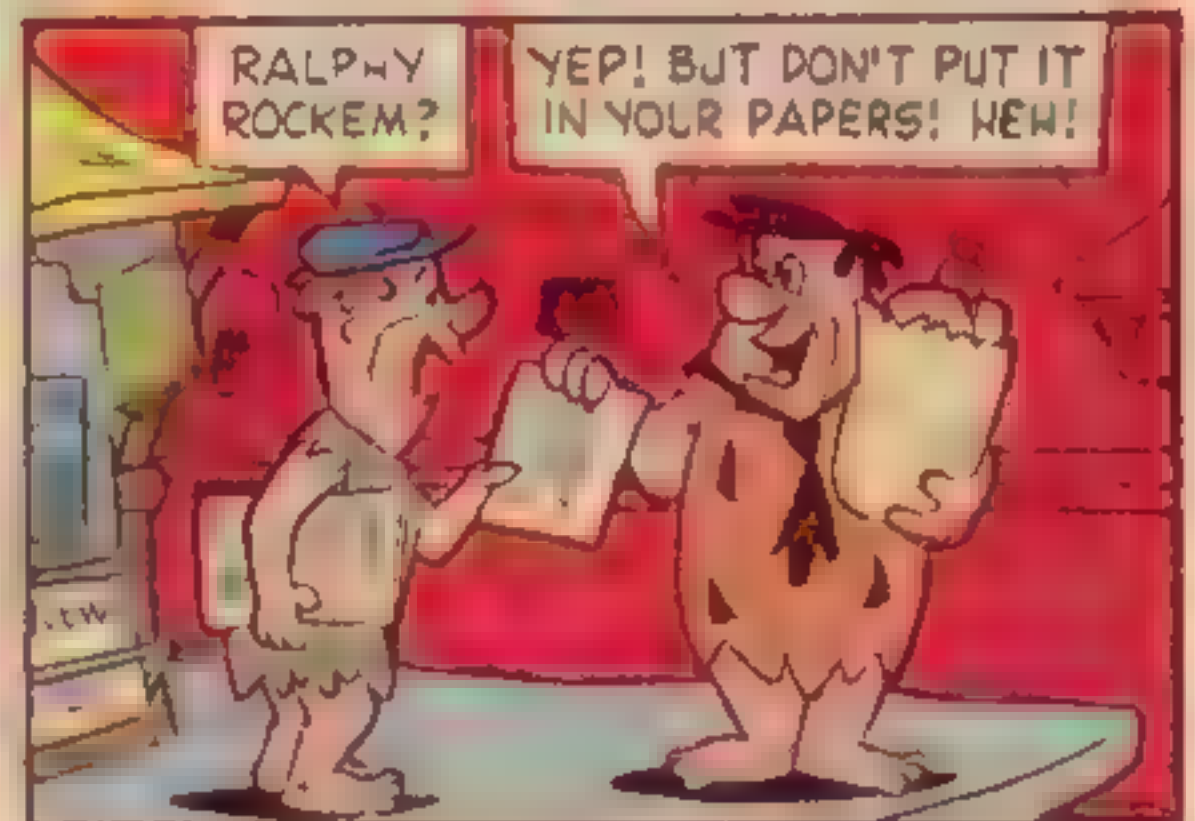
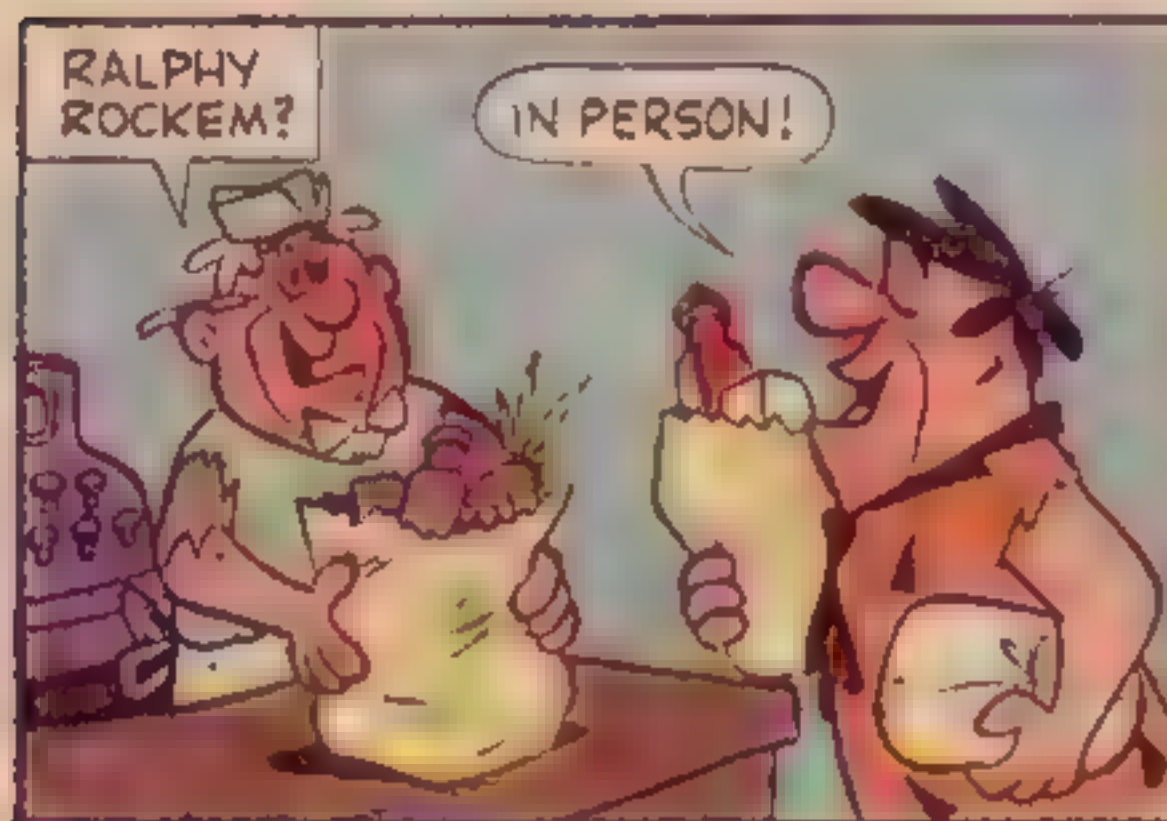
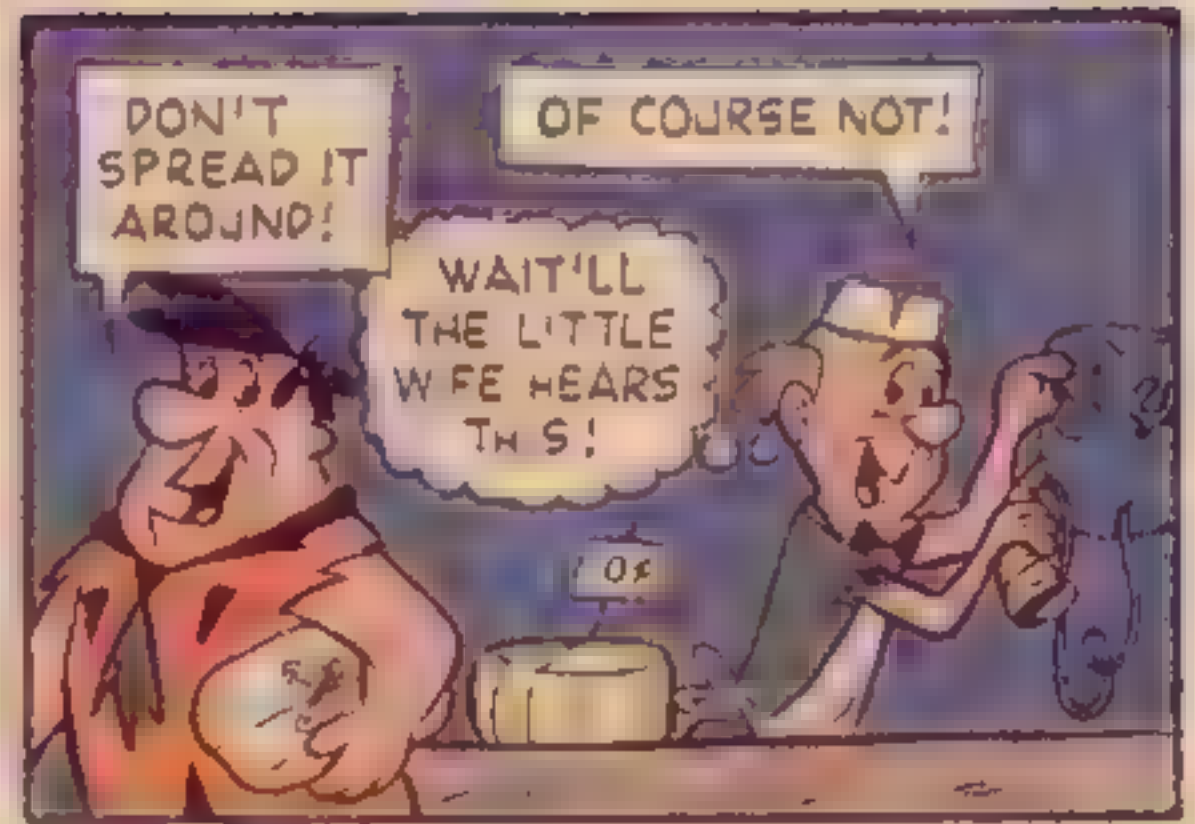
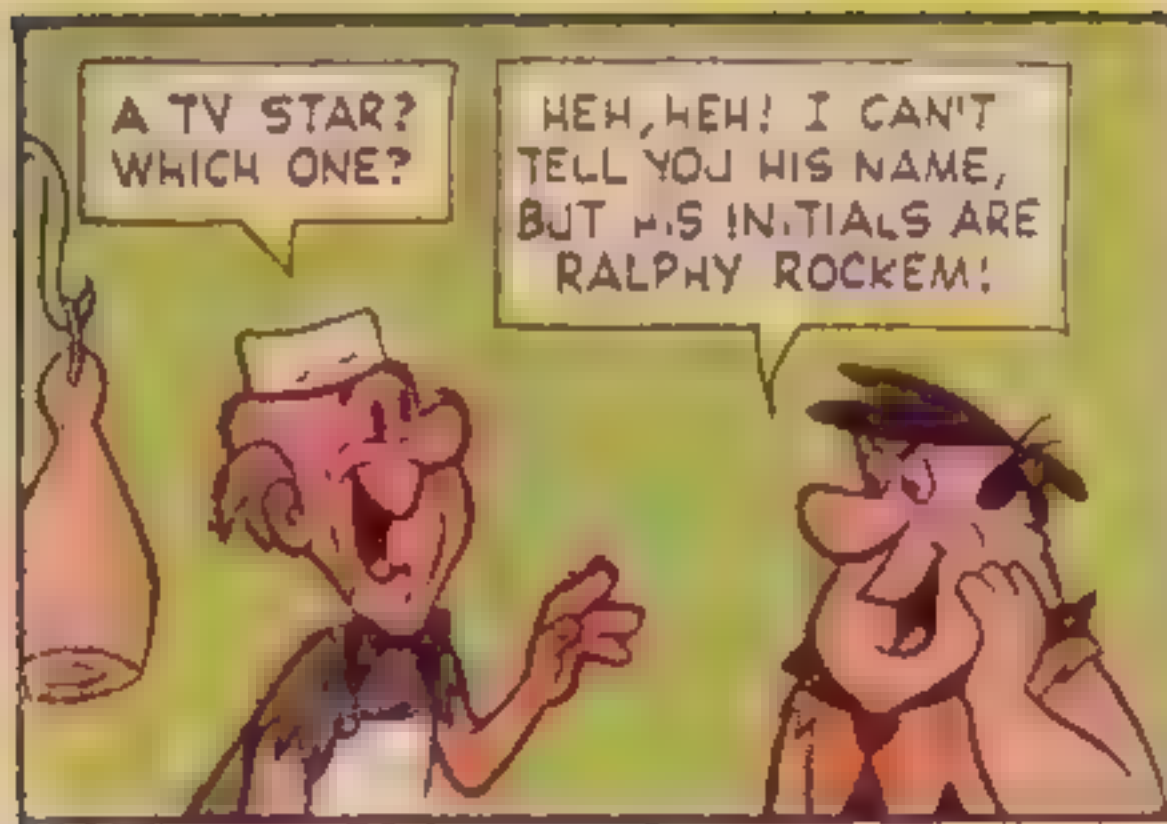


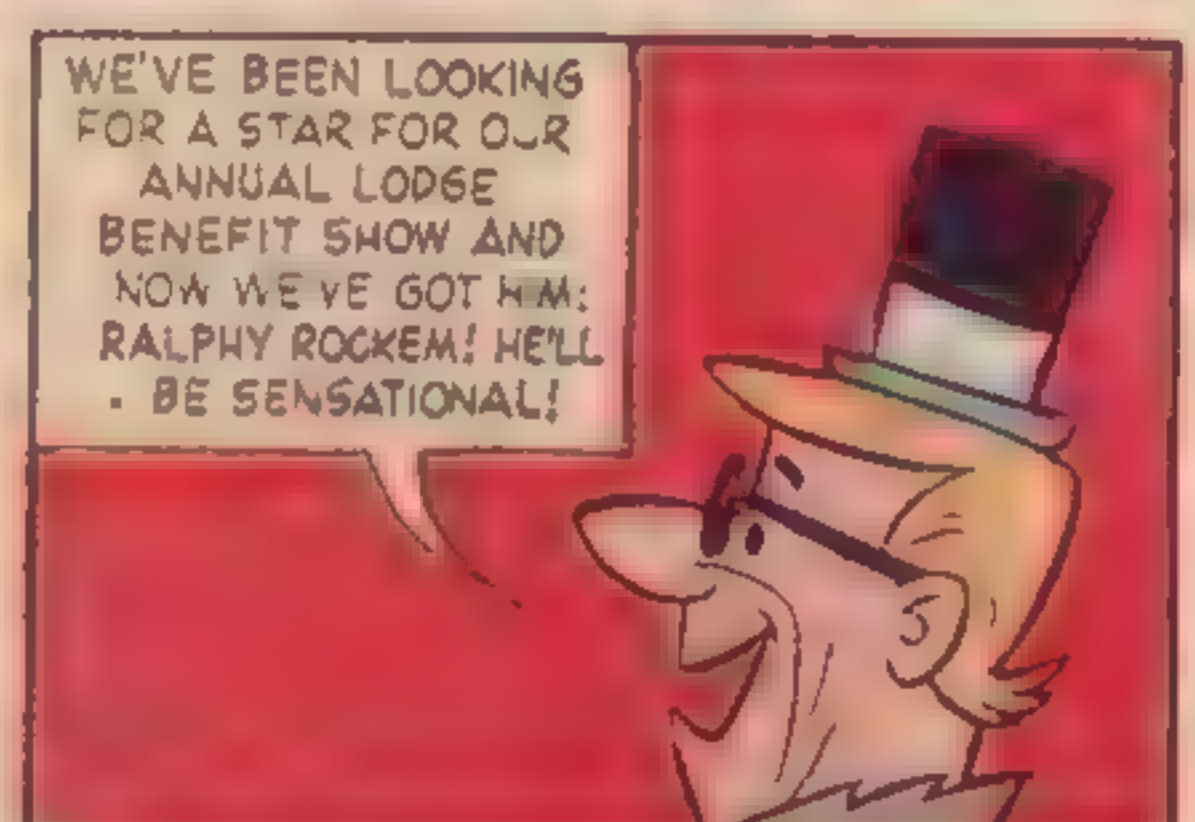
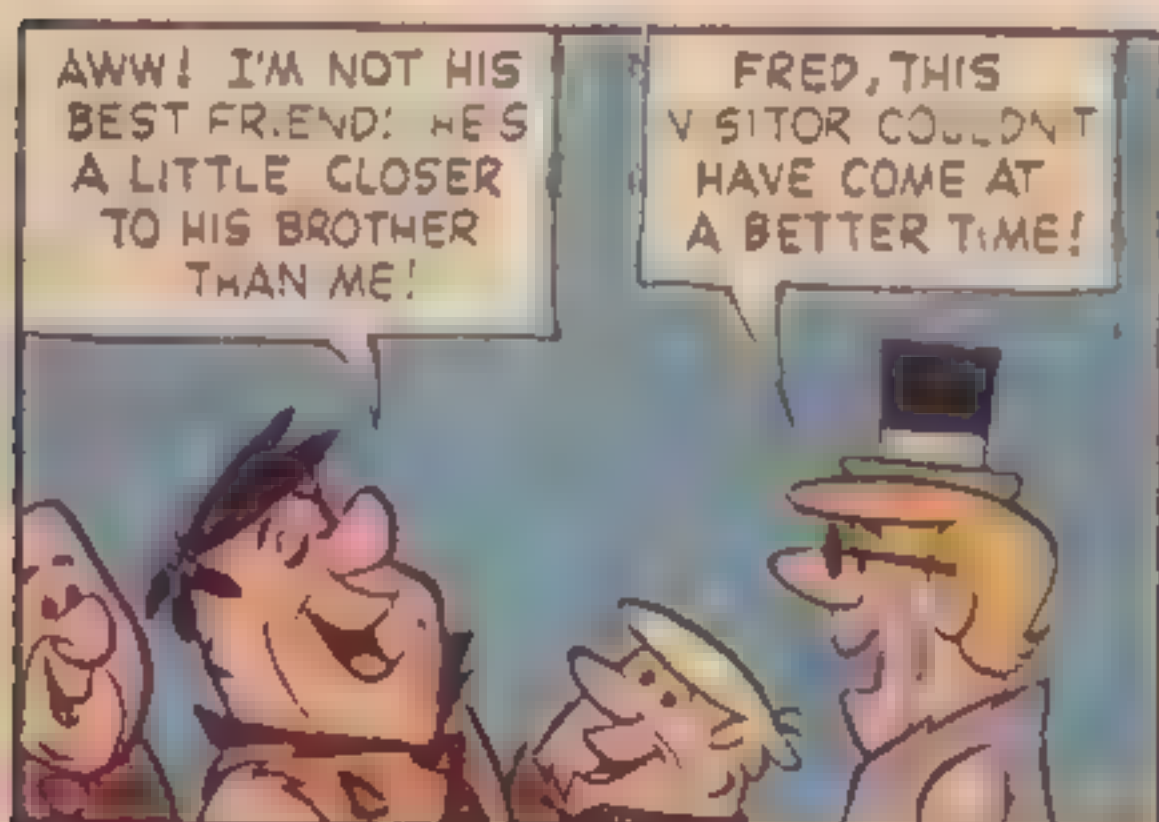
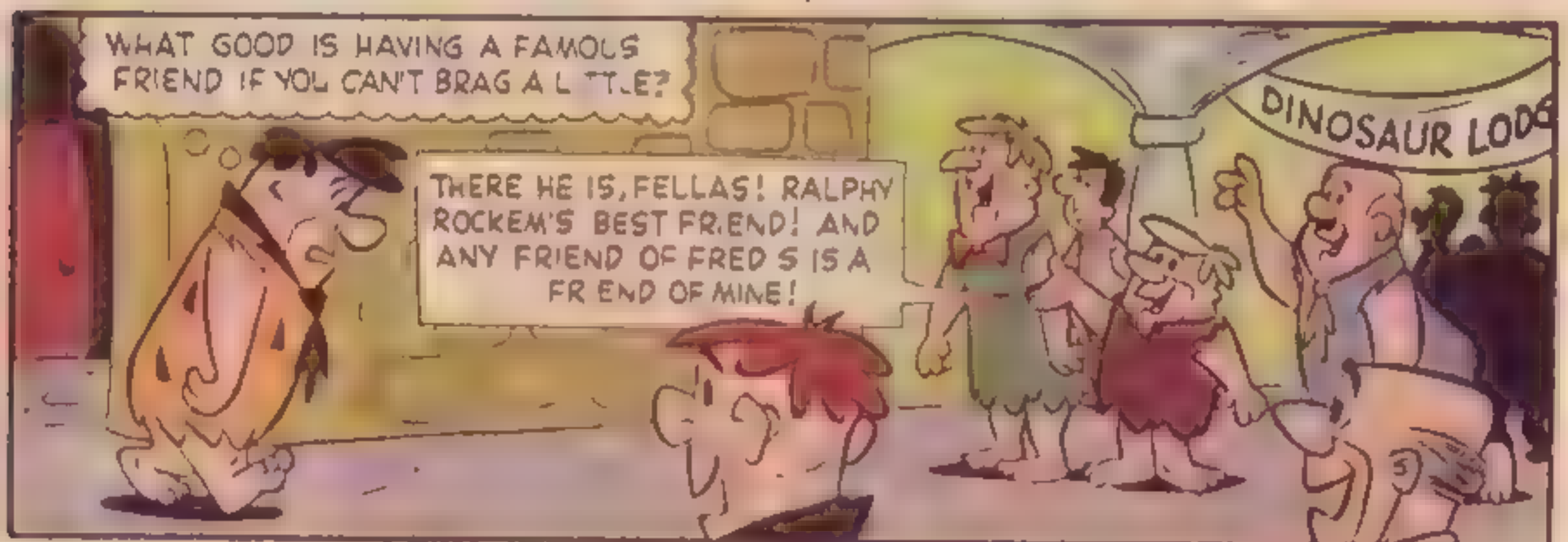
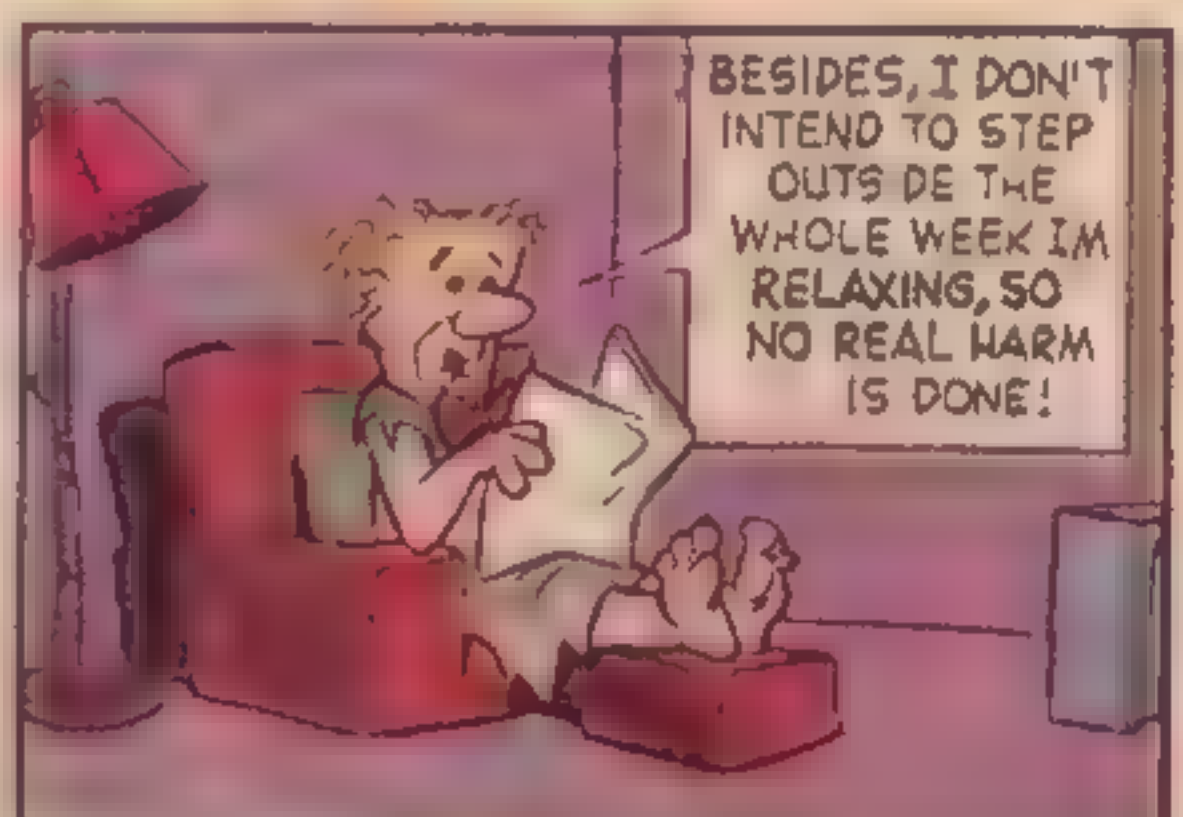
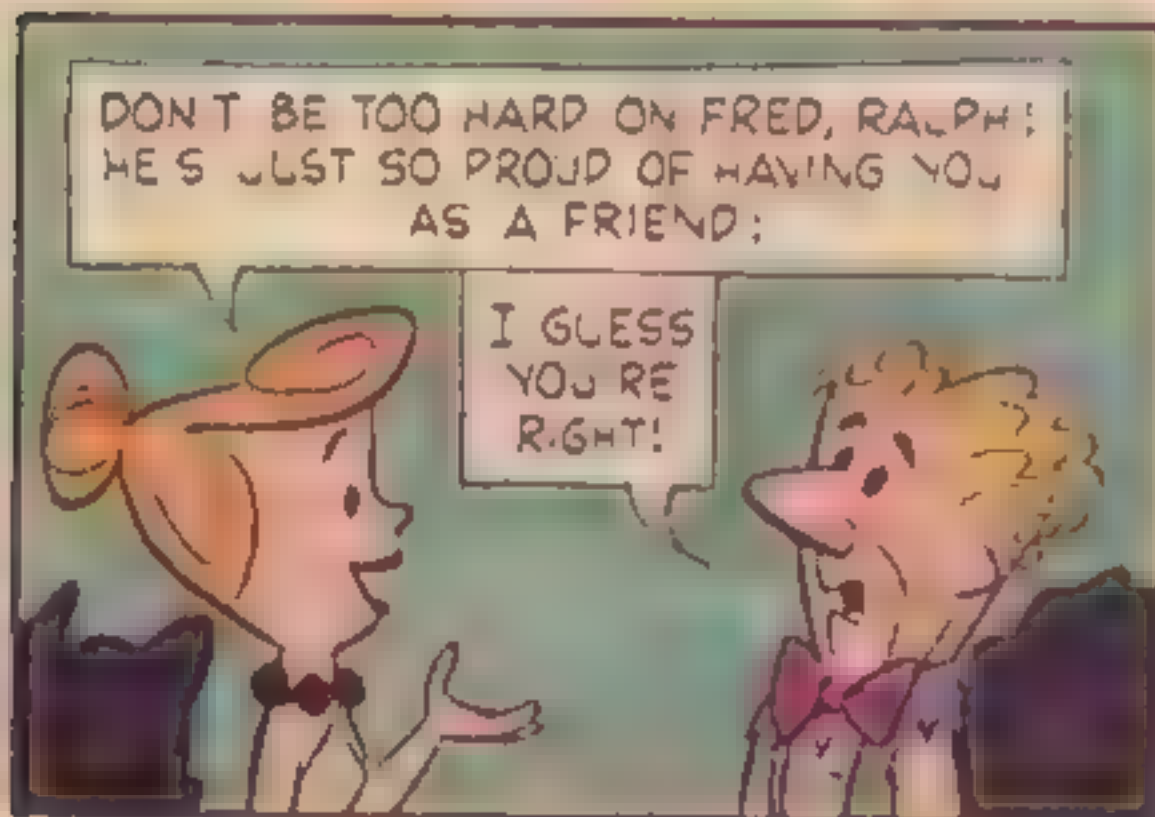
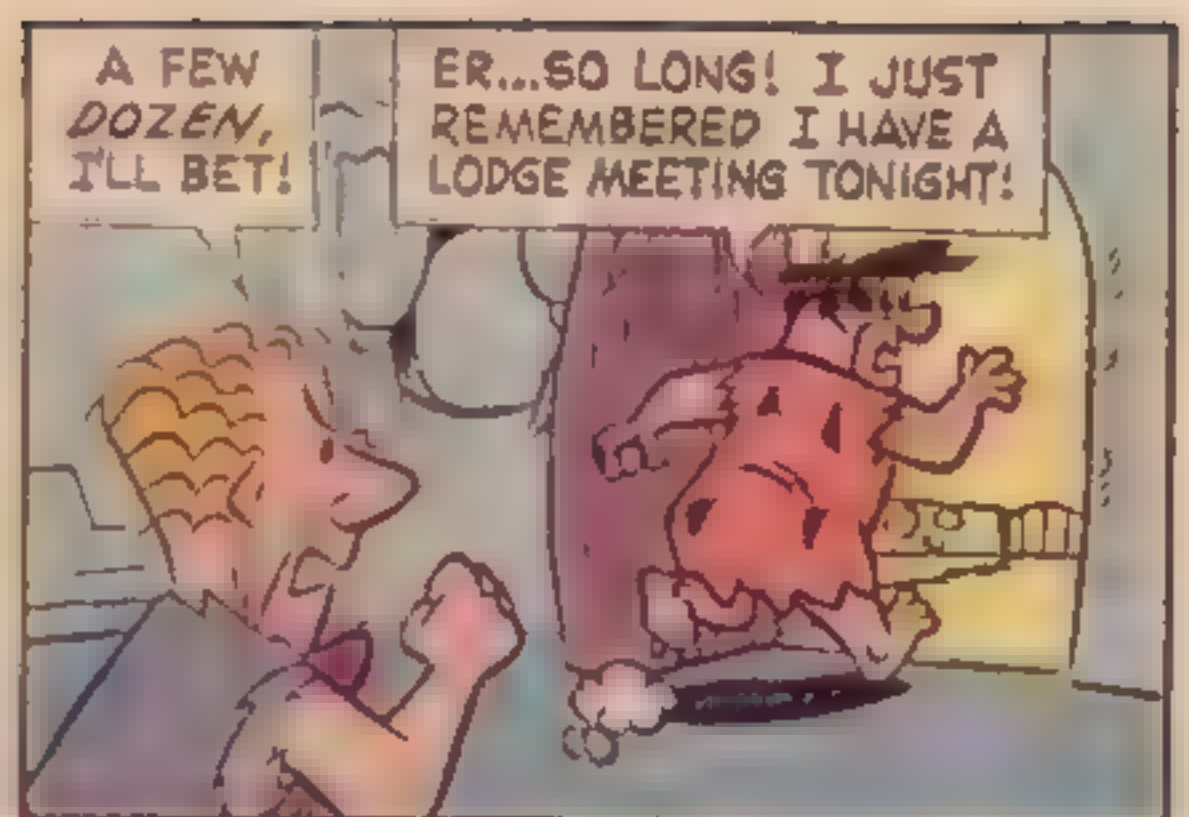
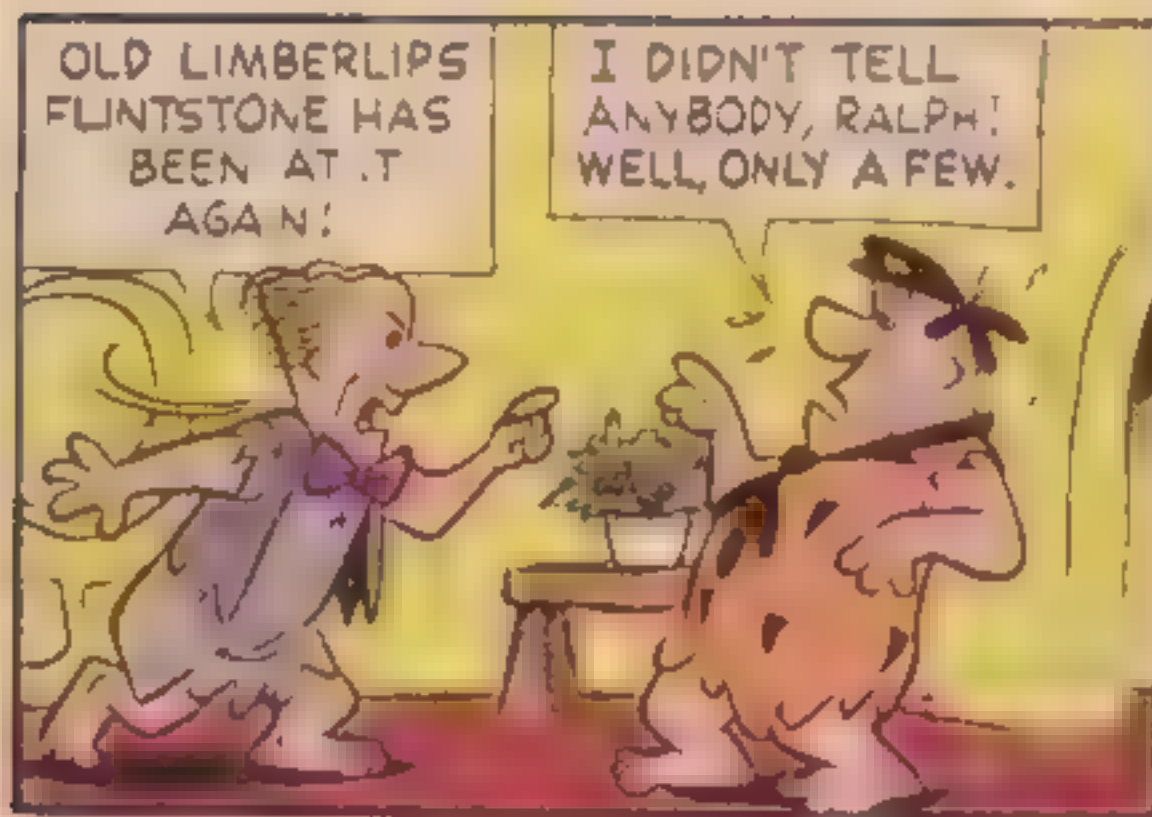
NOT MUCH...

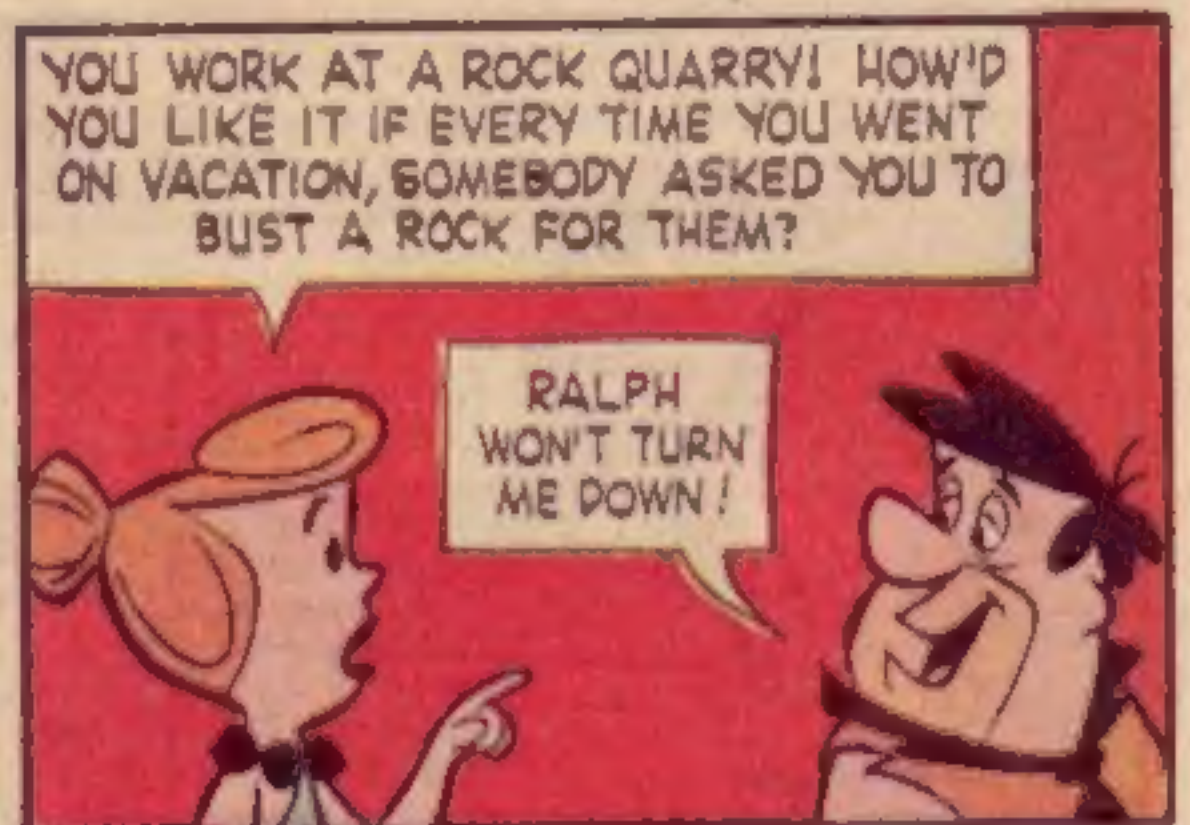
WHAT'LL IT BE, MR. FLINTSTONE?

THIRTY POUNDS OF TERRA-STEAK! AND MAKE SURE IT'S TENDER! MY HOUSE GUEST IS A TV STAR AND USED TO THE BEST!







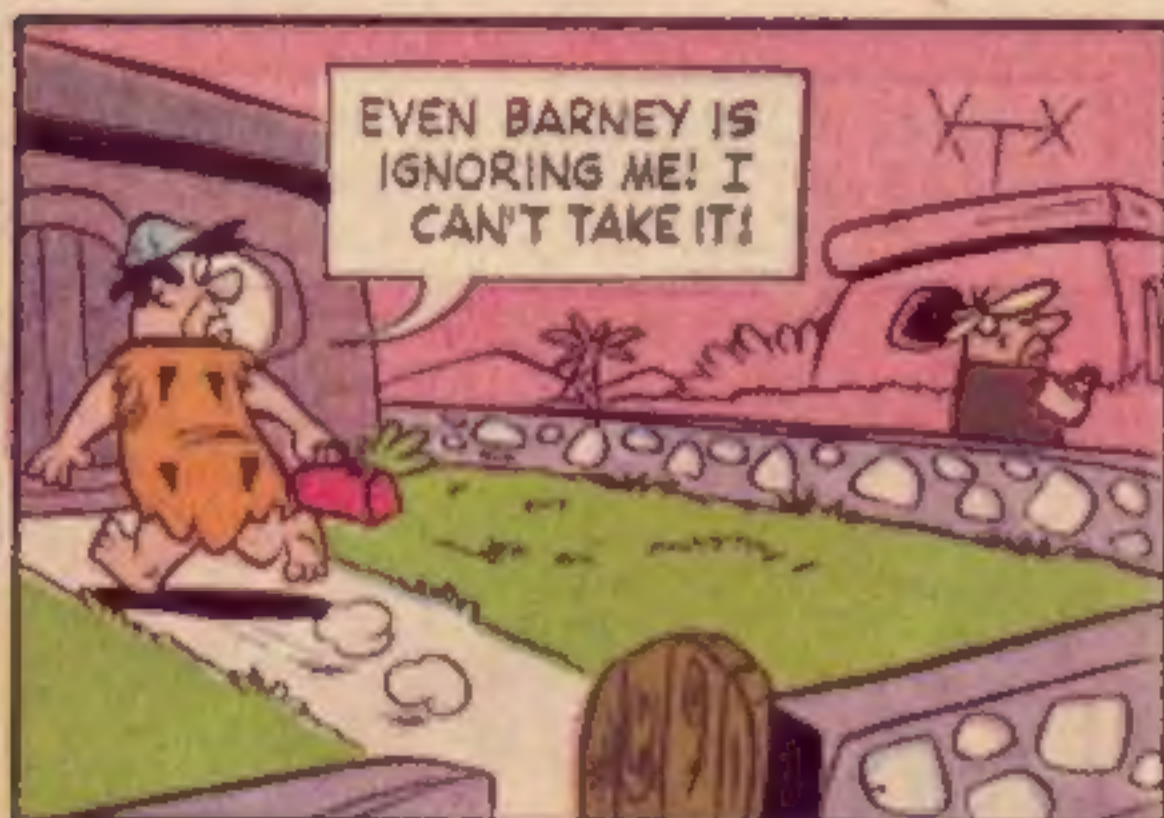


NEXT DAY...

(ULP!) EVER SINCE I TOLD THE CHIEF DINOSAUR RALPH WOULDN'T BE AT THE SHOW, MY LODGE BROTHERS HAVE BEEN GIVING ME THE SILENT TREATMENT!



EVEN BARNEY IS IGNORING ME! I CAN'T TAKE IT!



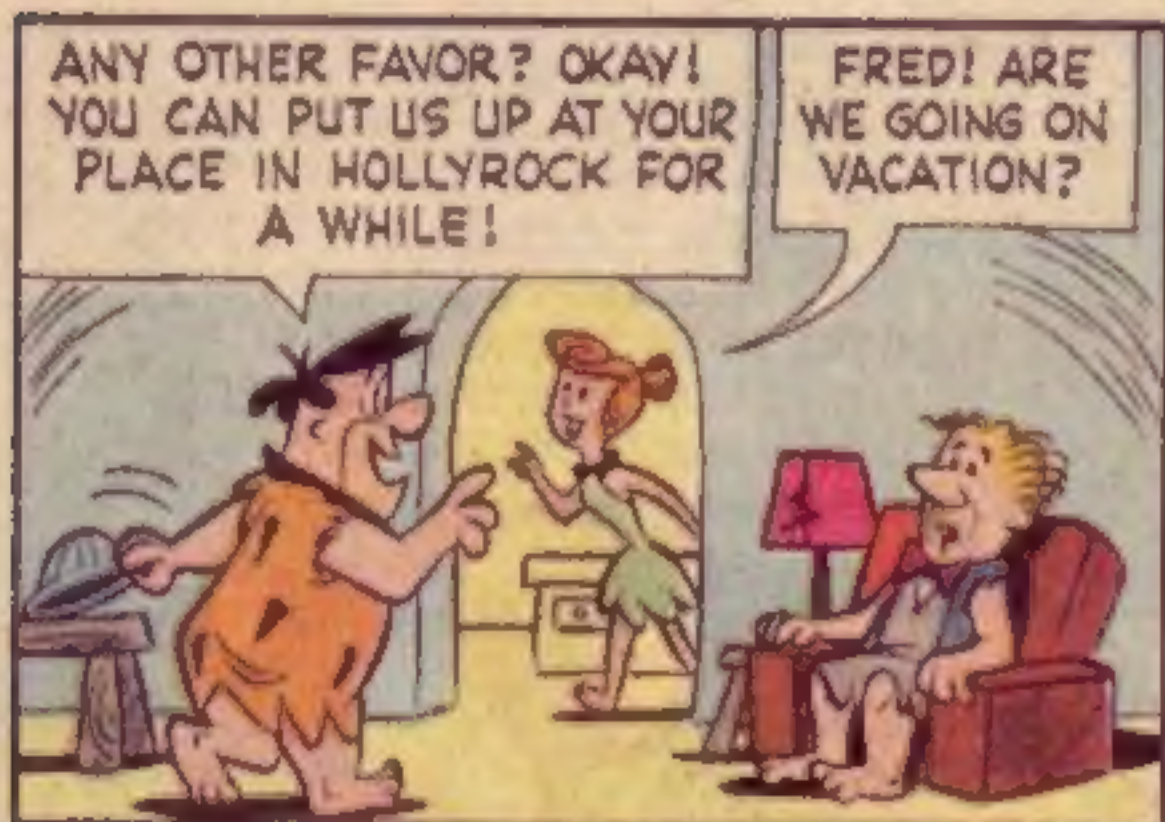
RALPH, YOU'VE GOT TO DO THAT SHOW FOR ME!

SORRY, FRED! ANY OTHER FAVOR IN THE WORLD, BUT NOT THAT!

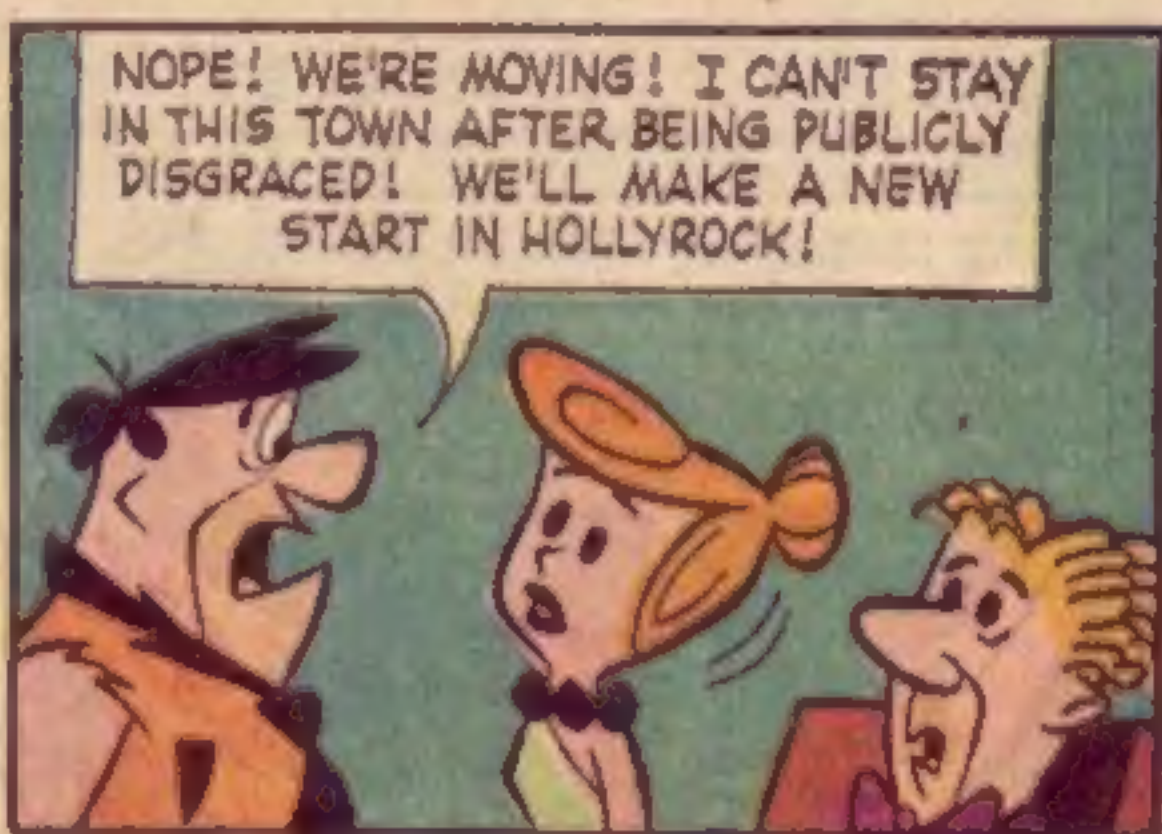


ANY OTHER FAVOR? OKAY! YOU CAN PUT US UP AT YOUR PLACE IN HOLLYROCK FOR A WHILE!

FRED! ARE WE GOING ON VACATION?



NOPE! WE'RE MOVING! I CAN'T STAY IN THIS TOWN AFTER BEING PUBLICLY DISGRACED! WE'LL MAKE A NEW START IN HOLLYROCK!



I'M SURE RALPH CAN FIND ME A JOB OUT THERE! IT'LL BE FUN TO SEE EACH OTHER EVERY SINGLE DAY!

(ULP!) EVERY DAY?

RING!



ER... WAIT A MINUTE, FRED! MAYBE I COULD DO THAT...

IT'S FOR YOU, RALPH!



WHAT'S THAT? A TELEVISION SPECTACULAR? OH, NO! YES, BUT ... OH, ALL RIGHT! YES, I KNOW!



I WAS ABOUT TO AGREE TO DO YOUR SHOW, BUT I'VE GOT A SPECIAL TV SHOW TO DO ON THE SAME NIGHT! I CAN'T TURN IT DOWN! IT'S IN MY CONTRACT!



OH, NO! IF ONLY THERE WERE TWO OF YOU! THEN YOU COULD DO BOTH SHOWS AT THE SAME TIME!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE...



THEY'RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR NEW ANGLES ON THESE SPECIAL SHOWS! I THINK I'VE GOT ONE FOR THEM!

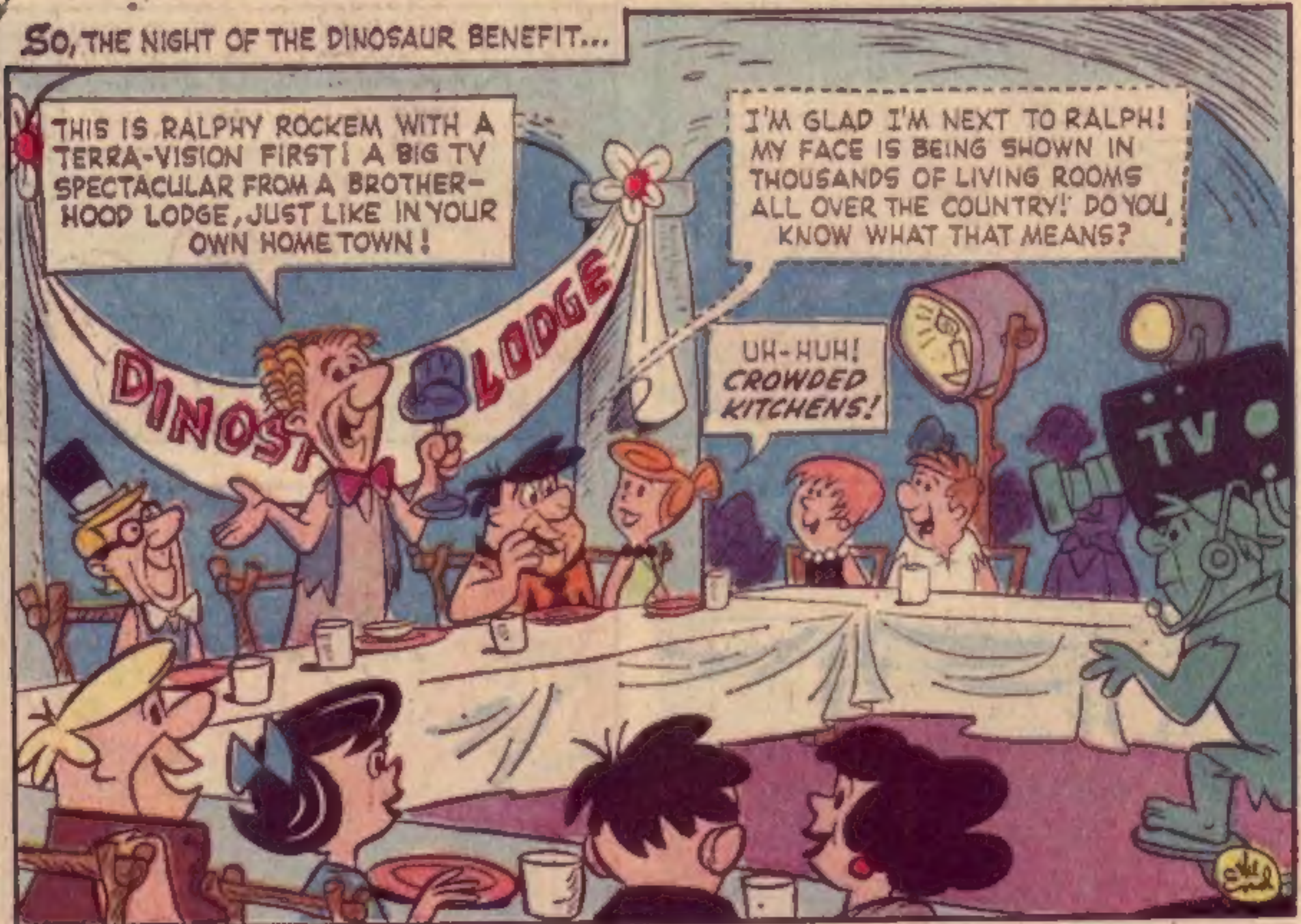


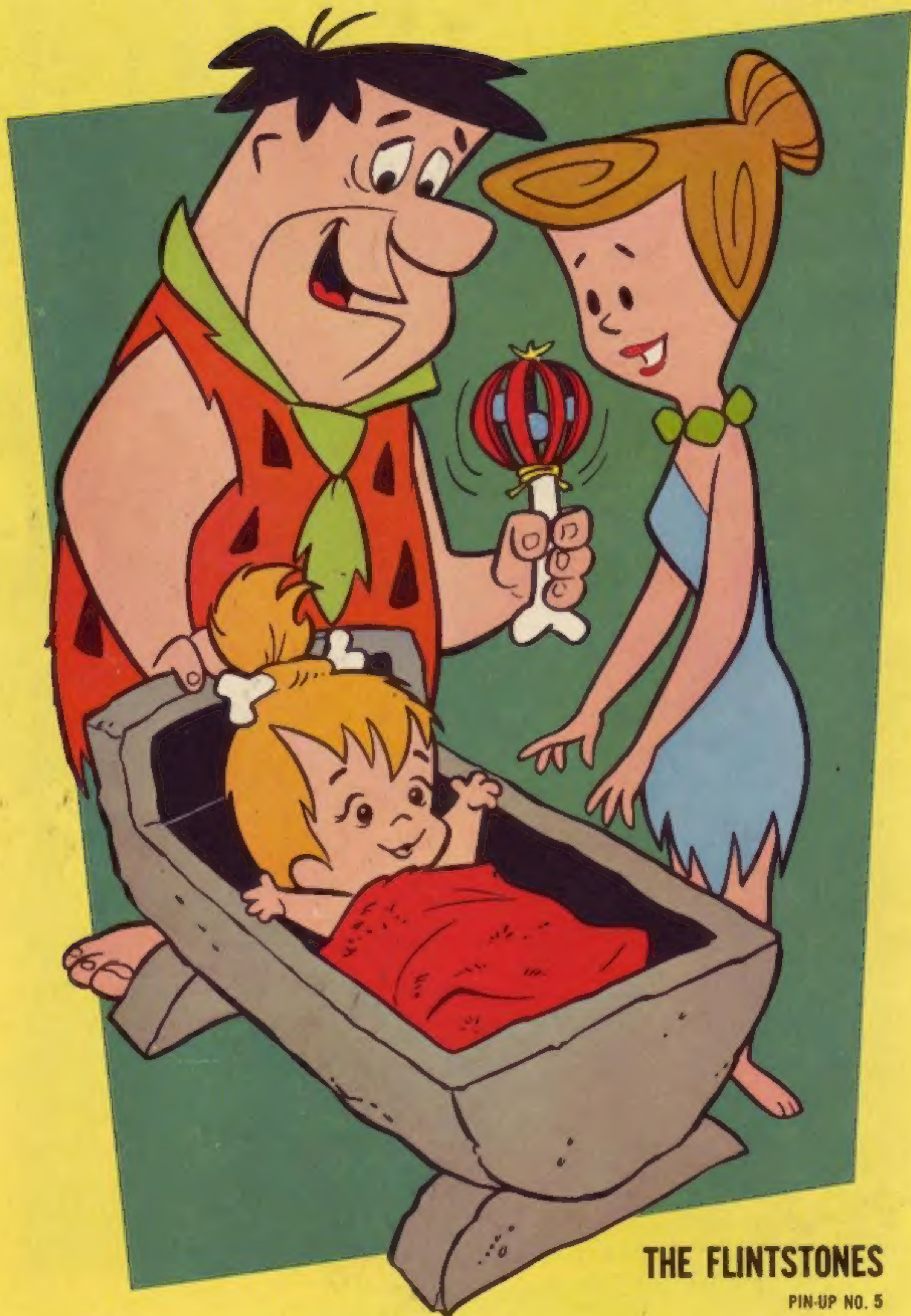
SO, THE NIGHT OF THE DINOSAUR BENEFIT...

THIS IS RALPHY ROCKEM WITH A TERRA-VISION FIRST! A BIG TV SPECTACULAR FROM A BROTHERHOOD LODGE, JUST LIKE IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWN!

I'M GLAD I'M NEXT TO RALPH! MY FACE IS BEING SHOWN IN THOUSANDS OF LIVING ROOMS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

UH-HUH! CROWDED KITCHENS!





THE FLINTSTONES

PIN-UP NO. 5